

MISC SONES - ~~REDACTED~~ 1157

III-1 TO III-23

III-1

PETER CELIS
BERGSTRAAT 9

2230 RAMSEL

BELGIUM

14 April 1992

Dear Dr. Getz,

Words cannot express what I felt when I saw these extremely beautiful books you sent to me!
THANKS A MILLION !

They are a never-seen-before treasure of what all aviators throughout the world links together: an undescrivable spirit, optimism and ability to recover from the loss of close friends.

Thanks also for the beautiful words you wrote on the front pages. You really are a great poet!
I can't lay the books aside, and even my girlfriend loves reading in them! They are so funny, some, or better most of the songs.

As a small expression of my gratitude, I enclose the songs we sometimes sing in my new squadron, 31 TIGERS, and in the rest of the TIGER CLUB.
I will soon take further steps to find Raymond!

Again THANKS !
All the best to you and yours,

your Belgian friend, Peter



AST LT P. CELIS
SUMMER '91

WILD ROVER ✓

I've been a wild rover for many year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
And now I'm returning with gold and great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus

And it's oh no never
Oh no never no more
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I went to an aishouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay,
saying custom like yours I can get any day.

I took from my pocket sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
she said I'd have whiskey and beer of the best
And the words that I spoke they were only in jest

I'll return to my family, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they caress me as oft times before
I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

THE "N" CLUB

We go to the "n" club
just for a swan
Once or twice a year
Breaking a' the furniture and smashing the glass
They get pissed and fall' on their ass
They go to bed early except when it's free
They're the first to leave the company
Nobody heads them, nobody needs them
Fuck of (eqs)



I've been a wild rover for many year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
And now I'm returning with gold and great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus
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814 vs ILLUSTRIOUS

Oh mother, illustrious is a terrible place
 And the size of the bunks is a bloody disgrace
 You've got to sleep well if you hunt submarines
 But P.Q.I pipes are disturbing my dreams

Chorus

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
 Will I be a shag pilot on bold 814.

The bar's only open when the fisheads are in
 But we're flying so we have to bypass the gin
 Its a nine to five wardroom and I'd much rather be
 Drawing in guiness than swimming in tea.

I remember one night when they let us all in
 We'd to sit on the side and were told not to sing
 But after a few beers a voice started sobbing
 Asking the gathering "Who killed cook Robin?"

Now that was the sign that we'd been waiting for
 Three fisheads were killed in the rush for the door
 We're sorry commander we know its not right
 But the new rucking thing's gonna happen tonight.

KLEINE BROGEL (LILY MARLENE)

Where is Kleine Brogel
 Where's the NDR
 Won't you punch up into a big Cu Nim with me
 Give me steer you Belgian git
 I'm sorry sir, we don't have it
 Oh where is Kleine Brogel
 When you're six miles North of track

After Kleine Brogel, Wildenrath we see
 Tell me what's the airfield state
 The wind and QFE
 Back comes the reply from ATC
 I'm on track just follow me
 O where is Kleine Brogel
 When you're six miles out of track.

Now we are at Gutersloh
 Reinschien is next
 Blue flight leader walks around
 Looking rather vexed
 The weather here is lousy, could I arrange
 For a Decca or check or radio change
 Oh where is Kleine Bro-o-gel
 When you're six miles North of track.

SON SONG FROM 230 SON (GUTERSLOH)

(FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM)

We have got a reputation
 for seducing little boys
 and for magging old age pensioners
 and for stealing children's toys
 we are the perverts of society
 bigger bums you'll never see
 we are a shower of pissed up bastards
 we are the boys of 230

dup², ✓ 51
HE'LL NEVER FLY HOME AGAIN (JOHN BROWN'S BODY)

I saw a burning body fall from forty thousand feet,
He kicked, he screamed, he clawed the air
my God it was so neat
The shute wrapped round his body, the shrouds
wrapped round his feet
And he'll never fly home again.

Chorus

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die (3 times)
And he'll never fly home again.

He was turning on to final when he got
too Goddam slow.
By the time he added power he was just
too fuckin low,
He ignored the frantic whispering of his screaming R I O.
And he'll never fly home again

Little bits of wreckage spread around airforce base
A fine pool of blood marks his final resting place
He wears a Voodoo windscreen were he used to wear his f...
And he'll never fly home again

There was blood upon the canopy it filled his flying boots
His entrails they hung down the front, outside his flyin.
So they wrapped him up inside the folds of his bloody pants
He'll never fly home again

Twenty thousand dollars going home to his wife
Twenty thousand dollars that they paid her for his life
A lot more Goddamned money but a lot less family strife
And he'll never fly home again

44
CONDESCEND TO SING

Chorus:

Ring the bell verger, ring the bell ring
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing
Perhaps the village organist sitting on his stool
will play upon the organ and not upon his tool.

Up in the belfry verger stands
Pulling pud with both his hands
Up from vestry vicar yells
stop pulling pud and start ringing bells.

Down in the garage mistress lies
f... great chauffeur between her thighs
master's voice is heard from afar
stop f... wife and start f... car.

Down in kitchen there stands cook
with the gardener having fook
mistress shouts with all her might
not toad in the hole again tonight.

SAMBO

Sambo was a lazy coon, used to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he, so tired was he
Down to the forest he would go
Swinging his chopper to and fro
When along came a bee, I ain't no rose
I ain't no syphilitic flower
Get off my bloody nose.
Arseholes rule the Navy (3 times)
But you get no Navy here THAT'S CLEAR.

MY BEST FRIEND (THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION)

May bleeding poles torment you
And corns infest your feet
And crabs as big as spiders
Chew up your balls for meat
And when you're old and weary
And feel a bloody wreck
May you fall back thr' your arsehole
And break your bloody neck

✓
THE BARDUFOSS SONG (MASH-tune)

43
The squadron went to Bardufoss
Looking for a place to doss
They found accommodation lacking
Snow and ice and beds a cracking

Chorus :

Because suicide is painless
on forty pints your brainless
and fourteen G & Ts
Will have you away, anyway

The ric they came to see our ball
They did not like us not at all
Because we wouldn't s
Let's face it there the missing link

The MT guys are all pissed off
They have to work day on day off
They tell us they are sick of it
Let's face it there the skiving shit

Now we've been going there for years
we only go to drink the beers
We all think that Mack-Ols shit
Let's face it it's the fucking Pits

✓
LAURIE'S MELODY

One day as I lay chirping upon the squadron line
P/SGT Mullen said to me "get up you big fat swine
Get off your big fat asshole lad. or you'll be doing time
So grab so rags and clean those kites, clean till the
bastards shine. pull them backwards, push them backwards
Till the nos wheels are in line.

Chorus :

For 41 sqn forever. pride of the jaguar force
in trouble you will find us, having sexual intercourse (X2)

✓ *change*
MY BROTHER SYLVEST

Chorus :

47
My brother (who) Sylvest (what has he got)
He's got a row of forty medals on his chest (big chest)
He killed 40 (niggers) in the west
He takes no rest
Sun of a gun
Strong in the arm
Thick in the head
Don't punch
Don't shove
Plenty of room for thee and me
What has he got
He's got an arm just like a leg (lady's leg)
And a punch that would sink a battle ship (big ship)
It would take all the Army and Navy
To put the wind up (who) SYLVEST.

So he thought he'd take a trip to Italy
And he thought he'd take a trip by the sea
Well he jumped into the waters at New York
And he floated like a man made of cork
Well he saw the Lusitania in distress
So he lifted the Lusitania on his chest
He drank all the waters in the sea
And he walked to Italy.

So he'd thought he'd take a trip to old Japan (Ah so)
And he went to see the big brass band
He played every instrument they had
And he blew down the whole damn lot
Well the church bells they did ring (ding dong)
And the choir boys they did sing (Ave Maria)
And they all turned out to see (who)
My brother Sylvest and me.

O'RILEY'S BAR

41
Standing in O'Riley's bar one day
Telling tales of blood and slaughter
Suddenly a thought came to my mind
Why not belt O'Riley's daughter

Chorus :

Yipee I A, yipee I O
yipee I A for the one eyed rider
Ram it up, stuff it up, balls and all
Jigger, jigger jig tres bon.

I grabbed the maiden by the hair
slowly slipped my left leg over
Never a word the poor girl cried
Laughed like hell 'til the fun was over

I heard a footstep on the stair
Who should it be but the one eyed rider
With two pistols in his hand
looking for the guy who belted his daughter

O'Riley took two shots at me
Missed me by an inch and quarter
Hit his daughter fair and square
Right in the place where she passed her water

I grabbed O'Riley by the hair
Shoved his head in a bucket of water
Rammed two pistols up his arse
A dam sight quicker than I belted his daughter

O'Riley died quite suddenly
Did we bury him
Did we buggery
Nailed him to the shit house door
jigger jigger jig tres bon.

✓ *DUP?*
THE UGLIEST WRAP

45
When I was young so very young
When I was just a lad
I met a Wrap down in the woods
she made me feel so bad.

Chorus :

Remember me remember me
Oh how could I forget
She really was the ugliest WRAP
I have ever met

Her hair was like spaghetti
and her nose was cherry red
and both her tiny ears
were on the same side of her head

One of her eyes were purple
and the other two were green
she really was the ugliest WRAP
I have ever seen

One of her teeth was green as grass
the other black as jet
Of she'd of had a yellow one
she'd have a snooker set

She had everything a man could want
muscles, hairy chest
And though I tried, I really tried
I tried my very best.

MY NAME IS JACK

My name is Jack Diddle Iddle Iddle Ack
I'm a necrophiliac
I fuck dead women
and I fill them full of semen

I get frustrated
When people get cremated
Because burial's a must
see you death first done

PUBIC HAIRS

42
Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's not another that can compare, pubic hairs,
Penis or vagina, nothing can be finer.
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear.
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthful of your
pretty pubic hairs.

MASTURBATION

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Oh, you should see me do it on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand.

Beat it, smash it throw it on the floor
Wrap around the bedpost, slam it in the door
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate
But I would rather stay at night and masturbate.

BLESS 'EM ALL

46
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all
The needles did cross and the wings did come off
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The needle, the airspeed and ball
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly
Sent me to solo and left me to die
If ever your blow jet should stall
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons
Bless all the corporals, the fat-headed ones
I'm saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
Here's to you and lots others you can shove it up brothers
I'm going back home in the fall

Through the wall, through the wall,
That bloody invisible wall,
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as the ride on the local bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it,
your butt or your neck --- not the wall.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

44
There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus

It was brown, brown, shit falling down.
Brown, brown, shit all around.
It was brown, brown, shit falling down.
My God, how that poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy
When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And on Brooklyn Bridge, you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck saying 'blinded by shit'

It was brown, brown, shit falling down
Brown, brown, shit all around.
It was brown, brown, shit falling down
His life it was ruined by shit, shit, shit, shit.

WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER (WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS)

48
When this lousy war is over
No more Crossmaglen for me
When I get my civvy clothes on
Oh, how happy I will be
No more ration runs from Reesbrook
No more nightsun rides near Forkhill
No more Aldergrove route three

ODE TO WIVES

Now I love my wife, love my wife, love my wife
I love her dearly
I love her hole she pisses through,
I love her tits, cuddly tits, cuddly tits
And her nut brown arsehole,
I'd eat her shit - munch munch gobble gobble
With a rusty spoon.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry
me home. (2X)
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'LEARY
are wrinkled and weary
They're shapely and stately like the dome of
St. Paul's
The women all muster to view that great cluster
Oh, They stand and they stare at that bloody
great pair of O'leary's balls.

STRAPE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE(WAKE THE TOWN AND TELL THE PEOPLE)

Strape the town and kill the people;
Drop your high-drag in the square.
Roll in early Sunday morning--
Try to catch them all at prayer

Spread your CBU down mainstreet,
See the arms and legs and hair;
Watch them crawling for the clinics,
Put a pod of rockets there.

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running 'cross the field in fear,
Run your 20 mike mike through her
Hope the film comes out real clear.

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard,
Watch the orphans gather 'round.
Arm your 20 millimeter,
How those little bastards down

Put some funnies in the village,
Put some napalm on the school;
If you pick up any ground fire,
Don't forget the golden rule.

Spray the crops and kill the farmers
Spray them with your poison gas.
Watch them throwing up their breakfast,
As you make your second pass.

Call the fence and safe the switches,
Another mission almost done
Out of gas and ammunition
Isn't killing people fun

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

It's on'y me from over the sea (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Who's that knocking on my door? (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

Open the door you silly old whore. (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

You may sleep upon my mat (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

Bugger the mat you can't f... that (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

You may sleep upon the stairs (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

Bugger your stairs they've got no hairs (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

You may sleep upon my chest (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

Bugger your chest I want to see the rest (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

You may sleep between my thighs. (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

Bugger your thighs they give me the rise (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What if we should have a child? (x3)
said the Fair Young Maiden.

We'll drown the bugger and f... for another (x2)
said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

MELODY FOR A FAT WRAP

She's a big fat bastard, twice the size of me
Hairs on her fanny like the branches in a tree
She can fuck, fight, ride a bike, just like anyone.
That's my gal.

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

We are the boys from _____
You've heard so much about:
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go put
We're always full of whiskey
and we're always full of booze,
We are the boys from _____
Now who the Hell are youzle?

As we go marching, and the band begins
to P.L.A.Y

You can hear the people shouting,
Raggedy rass, raggedy rass,
_____ on parade.

Whowava

Who owns this club, whowava (3 times)

Who owns this club, the people cried

We own this club,

We own this club, SQW, we replied
(repeat from 'Whowava')

BY THE LIGHT

By the light of the silvery moon
We still were flying 'cos you bastards gave up too soon.
We were there as we always have been
We flew and flew the whole night through
We'll be flying again soon, by the light of the moon

A14 back at sea once more
We plan to show you how the tigers can fight and roar
all you stovies we are sure to outshine
You make a noise whilst we drop buoys all around the force
We're the best of course.

SHUTDOWN TURNAROUND

You gotta shutdown turnaround get the cab away again
Shutdown turnaround take a suck of fuel
Shutdown turnaround get the bastard off again
Shutdown turnaround take a suck of fuel.

Ops can't brief us - work too hard
Telebrief's fucked so we'll brief on guard

"Man up seekings" can't mean me
Got a coffee waiting in teh A.C.R.D.

Flyco's screaming - "expedite"
Can't crack me wings. I don't give a shite

Checks on start-up - Take all night
We'll do the start if you do the flight

Sitting here cursing - A L W O
Just so the stovies can fly again

You go down to old Penang
Looking for a chinese bang
Rickshaw wallah he will holler
Jig-a-jig 'ohn for Malayan dollar

Chorus :

Singdag rum and coca-cola
Up you fat arse Lola
Mother and daughter
Rooting for Malayan dollar

A few days later you go sick
Show the doc your spotty prick
He says son you've got gun
Fifteen needles up your bum

All you moonies please take note
It's fucking long time before your boat
You stay tidy clean and neat
And keep away from Boogey Street

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Once a boy was no good
Took a firl to the woods
Bye bye blackbird
Laid her down upon the grass
Pinched her tits slapped her arse
Bye bye blackbird

Took her where nobody else could find her
To a place where he could really grind her
But this bird she was no sport
Took the bloke into court
Bye bye blackbird
Told her story in the morn
All the 'lury had a horn
Bye bye blackbird

Then the judge he came to his decision
This poor bloke got eighteen months in prison
So next time buddy do it right
Stuff her cunt with dynamite

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

Oh we have a reputation for seducing little boys.
And for raping old age pensioners
And for stealing childrens toys,
We're the perverts of the nation,
Bigger bums you'll never see,
We're a shower of louse bound bastards,
We're the boys of ..

From the whore hills of St. Andrews.
To the brothels of Dundee,
We will spread a dose of syphilis, gone-a-herie, and V.D.
We are the perverts of the nation,
Bigger bums you'll never see,
We're a shower of louse bound bastards
We're the boys of ...

To the shores of Montezuma
Where the Yanks have never been
Lies the carcass of a fucking great elephant
Shagged to death by a Royal Marine
We're the perverts of the nation
Bigger bums you'll never see
We're a shower of louse bound bastards
We're the boys of ...

OFF TO DUBLIN IN THE GREENChorus

And we're off to Dublin in the green. in the green
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
Where the bayonets flash and the rifles crash
To the echo of the Thomson gun.

I am a lonely ploughboy and I plough the fields all day
'til a sudden thought came to my head that I should roam away
For I'm sick and tired of slavery since the day that I was born
So I'm off to join the IRA, and I'm off tomorrow morn

I leave behind my pick and spade. I leave behind my plough
I leave behind my horse and yoke, I no longer need them now
I leave behind my Mary she's the girl I do adore
And I wonder if she'll think of me when she hears the rifle.

And when the war is over and dear old Ireland is free
I'll take her to a church to wed and a rebel's wife she'll be
Now some men fight for silver and some men fight for gold.
But the IRA are fighting for the land that the Saxons stole

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL

You can tell by the smell
that she ain't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
You'd better give up the rump
or it 'll be a bloody stump
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus

For it's Hi, Hi Hee in the Kotex industry
Shout out your sizes and strong
Small, medium, large, superduper, bale of hay,
mattness.
For where ere you go, you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.

NELLY DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a million crabs abounding 'round your pussy,
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one and the song has just begun

Chorus

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew
" " " " three, and his hand is on my knee.
" " " " four, and he's got me on the floor
" " " " five, and his hand is on my thigh
" " " " six, and he's got me in a fix
" " " " seven, and I think I am in heaven
" " " " eight, and the doctor's at the gate
" " " " nine, and the twins are doing fine
" " " " ten, and he's started once again.

THERE'S

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's only got one ball.
He ought to be publically chastized, (pissed on)
He ought to be publically shot,
And tied to a urinal and left,
there to fester and ROT
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM ...

variation

26

HISTORY SONG

Hitler -- has on'y got one ball
Göring -- has two but very small
Himmler -- has somethin' similar
But poor old Gobbles got no balls at all

HERE'S O

Here's to _____, he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh, he might to go to heaven but he went
the other way
so drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, so drink, drink

JUSTICE (CLARE DE LA LUNE)

Was it you who did the pushing?
Left the stains upon the cushion?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it you, you sly woodpecker, got inside my girl
Rebecca?
If it was you'd better leave this town.

It was only me who did the pushing
Left the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
But since I've been inside your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water
So I guess we're even all around.

30

JUMP (TE DEUM)

As I was walking down the street one day
I saw a house on fire
There was a man shouting and screaming out
of an upper storey window
To the crowd that was gathered there below
For he was so afraid.

Jump, you F.... Jump
Jump into this 're blanket wot we are holding
And you will be alright,
He jumped, hit the deck, broke his F neck
There was no blanket.

Laugh, we nearly shat.
We had not laughed so much since grandma died
Or Auntie Mable caught her left tit in the mangle
We are miserable sinners,
Filthy F.

28

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying,
And he never saw the medal that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley,
And a number have never returned.

So I thought as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar we will sing
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley,
And today I am flying his wing.

Oh the flak is so thick on the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley,
And guard we'll trail of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to trouble in the valley,
And the briefing that I give you didn't heed.
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightening all around us,
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,
'Twas a target that he couldn't shun.
And the first to roll in on the bomb run,
Was my leader old TEAK number one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target
With his rockets and bombs drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,
We will sit there and tickle the beads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign today is TEAK lead.

32

SCROTUM

Scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M
Mangey, grangey covered with hair.
What would you do if it wasn't there?
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Hangs a little low and a little behind,
comes in a bag with a fancy design.
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Fun to play with every night
Better watch out if you get in a fight.
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Fits just right in the palm of your hand
Only thing that proves that you're really a man.
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

It holds your balls in, SCROTUM
It's fun to play with, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

DAN DAN (TO A JAZZY BEAT)

It was Dan Dan the sanitary man
Leader of the local shit house gang
Picking up the paper and changing the towels
All to the rhythm of the rumbling bowels
Oh those shithouse blues

First a gentle sigh is heard
Then comes the sound of a sliding turd
Splish splash Flip Flop
That's what's called the shithouse blues

Way down deep under the ground
All the little turdies go sliding around
Some are wet, some are dry
Some don't smell but others ... Oh my.
Yes those shithouse blues.

THE CREWMAN'S DREAM

I don't want to join the Air Force. I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hand around Piccadilly underground
Living off the earnings of a high-born Lady
I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole. I don't want my bollocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England, in merry merry England
And fornicate my bloody life away Cor Blimey

On Monday I toughed her on the ankle
On Tuesday I toughed her on the knee
On Wednesday night success, I lifted up her dress
On Thursday after tea, cor blimey
On Friday I put my hand upon it
On Saturday she gave my balls a tweak
But on Sunday after supper, I rammed the P... up her.
And know I'm paying 30 bob a week. Cor Blimey

I don't want to join ...

27

HEY LOOK US OVER

Hey look us over, we are the boys,
We fly around in our supersonic toys,
Tax payers money. Who gives a shit,
Whatever the weather, we'll kick the tires.
light the fires, faster, higher.

If there's a war that needs to be won,
We are the chaps that will surely get it done,
For we're the boys in green and gold and we
will not liver to be old, for we will fight
and die for you.

Hey look us over, we are the boys,
We fly around in supersonic toys,
Taxpayers money. Who gives a shit,
We'll chase the women around the bar, and
then we'll drink a bit.

You know, in bombing and strafing none can compare
Red commie bastards shit their underwear,
When they think of the men that are gonna
defend their Audi's and their wine,
WE ARE THE BOYS FROM 439

DUP?

25

ROTAREE - TARREE

When I was young. I asked my C.O. Where to find fame?
Should I fly fixed wing? Should I wank cats?
He said "They're much the same"

Rotaree - tarree The sea king's the bird for me
She flies so gracefully Rotaree - tarree

Then ten years on. I asked my C.O. If things had changed?
"If you fly fixed wing" here's what he said "you will end up deranged".

Harriers take off they sound so punchy on the R.T.
But when they rang out. fifty miles off. They call for rotaree

This is our song now we have sung it there is no more
But once you've heard of rotaree wing You'll think of 814

31

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, they say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fuckin' string
What a silly fuckin' thing, fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, the sheriff will be there too
With his silly fuckin' crew
They've got fuck all else to do, fuck 'em all

Oh, the Parson he will come, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, the Parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom bung, fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, the hangman wears a mask
For his silly fuckin' task
He can shove it up his ass, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all (2X)
Oh, they say I greased the rope
With a piece of fuckin' soap
What a silly fuckin' joke, fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crow, fuck 'em all (2X)
I saw Molly in the crowd
And I felt so fuckin' proud
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL

23

DIE FUCHSE (WIR LIEBEN DIE STURME, DIE BRAUSENDEN WOGEN)

Wir sind die Fuchse, die besten der NATO,
wir sind auch 'Tgers', man weiss das schon lang,
wir fliegen den 'Alfons', den fighter der Zukunft
und furchten uns weder vor Freund noch vor Feind.

Chorus :

Heijo - heijo - heijo - heijo -
heijo - ho - heijo, horrido - joho.

Wir jagen die Kieslaster, die trügen, fetten,
die Rauchfahne zeigt sie auf 8 Meilen an
und sollten die Blinden uns wirklich mal sehen
gehen sofort ihre Angstlichter an

Da gibt's om Geschwader die ewig Zweitbesten
man nennt sie die Jabos, sie bringen es nicht,
ein Horn auf der Linken, ein Horn auf der Rechten,
und in der Mitte ein leerer Ballon

MARKISCHE HEIDE

Markische Heide, markischer Sand
" sind des Markers Freude, sind sein Heimatland"

Chorus :

Stiege hoch, du roter Adler,
hoch über Sumpf und Sand,
"hoch über dunkle Kiefernwälder,
Weil dir mein Brandenburger Land."

Uralte Eichen, dunkler Buchenhain
"grünende Birken umrahmen den Wiesenrain"

Bauern und Bürger, vom markischen Geschlecht
"hielten stets zur Heimat
in markischer Treue fest"

'Nie Brandenburg allwege', sei unser Lösungswort,
"der Heimat die Treue
in allen Zeiten fort"

THE FAMILY SCANDAL (FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA)

It almost broke the families heart
When Lady Jane became a tart
But blood is blood and race is race
And so to save the families face
They bought for her an exclusive beat
On the shady side of Weyn Street

Within 6 months she was doing well
With a most exclusive clientele
And many were the sahba pukka
Who regu larly used to (visit) her
And it was rumoured without malice
She'd had a client at the palace

No balls could nestle twixt her charms
Unless they bore a coat of arms
No prick in her could force an entry
Unless it came from landed gentry
And long before her star had set
She'd worked her way right through Debrett

Nor did it take the families fancy
When Lord Delmuir became a nancy
But so that others should respect him
They had tattoosed upon his rectum
All commoners should travel steerage
This passage is reserved for peerage.

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the road side,
I knew right away she was dead.
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
the hair was all gone from her head.

Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd sot in.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd sot in.

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHIT HOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shit house down
Mother has promised to pay.
Mother is drunk, Father's in jail,
Sister's in a family way.
Brother dear is fucking queer,
Times are fucking hard.
So, please don't burn the shit house down
or we'll all have to shit in the yard !

THE TIGERS ARE FLYINGChorus :

What a shame, they can't pole
'cos the deck's out of limits in pitch and in roll

The tigers are flying by night and by day
But the sharks only fly when the weather's O.K.
Vectored thrust and 'V' take off we think is a farce.
So swivel your nozzles and blow out your arse

Their name is eight hundred, our harrier jet buffs
They mince round the ship and they act just like puffs
With their leg restraint garters and anti 'G' jeans
They think they're aces. but we think they're queens

They stand in the bar looking steely and tough
No flying tonight chaps, the weather's too rough
They talk about bombing and pulling five 'G'
As long as it comes between breakfast and tea .

They'll be there tomorrow, we're willing to bet
'cos the end of the bar is as far as they get
So we'll drink and we'll sing and we'll show them the doc.
'cos we are the tigers - the boys of one four '

19
LILI MARLEEN

Vor der Kaserne, vor dem grossen Tor
stand eine Laterne
und steht sie noch davor,
so woll'n wir uns da wiedersehn,
bei der Laterne woll'n wir stehn
"wie einst Lili Marl"

Unserer beider Schatten sah wie einer aus,
dass wir so lieb uns hatten,
das sah man gleich daraus.
Und alle Leute soll'n es sehn,
wenn wir bei der Laterne stehn,
"wie einst Lili Marleen"

Schon rief der Posten, sie bliesen
Zapfenstreich,
es kann drei Tage kosten,
Kamerad ich komm ja gleich.
Da sagten wir auf Wiedersehn,
bei der Laterne woll'n wir stehn,
"wie einst Lili Marleen"

Deine Schritte kennt sie,
deinen schönen Gang,
alle Abend brennt sie
doch mich vergass sie lang.
Und sollte mir ein Leide gesch'hn,
wer wird bei der Laterne stehn
"it der Lili Marleen".

23
THREE OLD WHORES

First old whore up and said
"Mine 's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in, ships sail out
and never bother me"
Ohhhhhhh...

Chorus
Roly-poly, tickly my wholey,
Up my Slimy, sloop-poop-poop-poop,
Drag your nuts across my guts,
And join my whorey group.

Second old whore up and said
"Mine's as big as a well
A farm boy slipped on the edge one day
and never knew he fell."
Ohhhhhhh.

Third old whore up and said
"Mine's as big as the air.
Planes fly in, planes fly out,
never tough a hair."
Ohhhhhhh.

OUR FAVOURITE

Aunt Mary had a canary up the leg of her drawers
When she farted, it departed, to a round of applause

HEY HEY what do you say - shit in your hat and throw it away

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole deary me
But I'd rather be an asshole than to be on 33.

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole, I'm an assholeoh how dirty
But I'd rather be an asshole than to be on 230

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole oh how true
But I'd rather be an asshole than to be on 72.

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole though alive
But I'd rather be an asshole than to be on 845.

17
For our friends auf 230 on their request

ENGLANDLIED

Heute wollen wir ein Liedlein singen;
trinken wollen wir den kühlen Wein,
und die Gläser sollen dazu klingen,
denn es muss es muss geschieden sein

Chorus :

Gib mir deine Hand, deine weisse Hand,
leb wohl, mein Schatz, -
leb wohl, mein Schatz, leb wohl, lebe wohl,
denn wir fahren, denn wir fahren,
denn wir fahren gegen Engeland, Engeland

Unsere Fliegge, und die wehet auf dem Meere
Sie verkundet unsres Reiches Macht;
denn wir wollen es nicht länger leiden,
dass der Englischmann darüber lecht

Kommt die Kunde, dass ich bin gefallen,
dass ich schlafe in der Meeresflut;
weine nicht um mich, mein Schatz, und denke,
für das Vaterland, da floss sein Blut

24
THE F-16

We fly the F-16 at a hundred fucking feet
We fly the F-16 through the rain and snow
and sleet

And though we think we're flying south,
we're flying fucking north,
And we made our fucking landfall on the
firth of fucking forth

CHORUS : Glory, glory hallelujah (3X)
On the firth of fucking forth
(insert last line of each verse)

We fly those F-16's at the fucking hundred feet
We fly those F-16's through the trees and
corn and wheat.

Though we think we fly with skill, we fly
with fucking luck,
But we don't give a fucking damn or care
a fucking fuck.

We fly those F-16's at the fucking hundred feet.
We fly those F-16's through the rain and
snow and sleet

And though we think we're flying up,
we're flying fucking down,
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit
the fucking ground.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly.
I love the hole that she pisses through.
I love her little white tits and her rubbly red lips
and the hair around her asshole.
I'd eat her shit-gobble, gobble,
Chomp, comp, with a rusty spoon.

CANZONE DELL'INTERCETTORE 21 SQN CAMERI

Figlia ti voglio dare per sposa a un bombardiere (3 v)
 La mamma si la figlia no il bombardiere lo voglio no
 Perché, perché?
 Al bombardiere gli spaccano il sedere (3 v)
 Oh mamma si oh figlia no il bombardiere lo voglio no

Figlia ti voglio dare per sposa un ricognitore (3 v)
 La mamma si la figlia no il ricognitore lo voglio no
 Perché, perché?
 Il ricognitore fa foto per I.F. ORE (3 v)
 Oh mamma si oh figlia no il ricognitore lo voglio no

Figlia ti voglio dare per sposa un bel trasporto (3 v)
 La mamma si la figlia no il bel trasporto lo voglio no
 Perché, perché?
 Il bel trasporto c'ha il cazzo troppo corto (3 v)
 Oh mamma si oh figlia no il bel trasporto li voglio no

Figlia ti voglio dare per sposa un bel frullino (3 v)
 La mamma si la figlia no il bel frullino lo voglio no
 Perché, perché?
 Al bel frullino non tira il pistolino (3 v)
 Oh mamma si oh figlia no il bel frullino lo voglio no

Figlia ti voglio dare per sposa l'INTERCETTORE (3 v)
 La mamma no la figlia si l'INTERCETTORE lo voglio si
 Perché, perché?
 L'intercettore mi scopa a tutte l'ore (3 v)
 Oh mamma no oh figlia si l'INTERCETTORE lo voglio si

Yes you must marry a good old TIGER (3 times)
 The baby yes the mother no with a TIGER I wanna go
 Why, why?
 Because with a TIGER my pussy catch on fire (3 times)
 The mother no the mother no the TIGER PILOT ..
 .. a lot

SQN SONG FROM 31 SQN

We're back again, we're back again, 31, 31 (2X)
 The tigers of the best squadron
 we fly and fuck like nr. one
 31, 31, the tigers of 31.

We fly so low, we fly so fast, 31, 31 (2X)
 lower than the woman's tits
 and higher than the thighs a bit
 31, 31, the tigers of 31.

We love the girls, we love the girls, 31, 31,
 we fuck the girls, we fuck the girls, 31, 31,
 and if the girls are not too clean
 we still can fly the F-16
 31, 31, the tigers of 31.

We drink so much, we drink so much, 31, 31, (2X)
 and if there is no beer no more
 we ask the CO to buy some more
 31, 31, the tigers of 31.

IK ZOU ZO GRAAG EENS VOGELN

Ik zou zo graag eens vogelen (2x)
 al met mijn stekeldoortje, din don deine
 " " " " " " " " don

mijn lief ze had haar regels weer (2x)
 het was dus voor een andere keer din don deine
 " " " " " " " " don

Ik ging dus bij die dulle griet (2x)
 en vroeg: "wilt gij van mijne piet" din don deine
 " " " " " " " " don

en zij zij had het fel van doen (2x)
 en ik gaf altijd maar katoen, din don deine
 " " " " " " " " don

maar 's anderendaags, och heer och god (2x)
 stond er een broebel op mijne zot din don deine
 " " " " " " " " don

KAK-LIED

'k Zou zo geerne ne keer kakken
 Maar mijn broeksake wil niet zakken
 't Is aan mijn kontje blijven plasakken

Chorus

Kak hier kak al hier, kak al hier kak aldaar
 Kak hier kak al hier, kak al hier kak aldaar

'k Heb ze d'r eindelijk afgekregen
 Oh mijn God dat was een zegen
 't Komt uit mijn holleke gereezen

Oh mijn God 'k kon 't ni meer stoppen
 gans de kamer ligt vol brokken
 'k Ben hier een schijtrekord aan 't klooooooppen

MEM OF A14
 ..
 North. we hear the stories shouting sounding like a virus cloud out-ing
 Made on hips and heavily pointing. (typifies the scene
 C.S. is too hot to handle. turns a salient face a wonder!
 Half a pint per squadron man'll show you what we mean
 We enjoy a bender and we'll not surrender
 The warroom bar's always been ours
 Despite the claims of other "young pretenders"
 "Who owns this pub" it sounds so crazy 't'd still take the glory
 Hence the ending of our story. One four rules the waves

TIGERSONG 521 SON

Forward, left and right, we shoot in our fight
with our cameras
with our cameras
during day and night our pictures are just right
if the system does not fail

Chorus :

tigers from Leck are roaring in the sky
we paint our smoketrail in the air on the banks
of northern friesland

fishbeds, floggers and submarines we chase
in the baltic
in the baltic

we even take a picture of the russian pilots face
with the 18 '' oblique

we fly low and fast, shock the birds in their nests
in goose bay
in a phantom

the girls in the world say those guys are the best
in the east and in the west

2

TIGER SONG 439 SON

When 439, goes flying by
When 439, goes flying by
How I wish that I was a Tiger
When 439 goes flying by

We fly so low, we fly so fast
You know we are the very best
I'm so proud that I'm a Tiger
When 439 goes flying by

We tigers give, a mighty Roar
The 104 forever more
I'm so proud that I'm a Tiger
When 439 goes flying by

We like our wine, and women too
So hide them well when we come through
I'm so proud that I'm a Tiger
When 439 goes flyin by

When Injuns howl, and checkers crow
The Tiger Roar will let them know
I'm so proud that I'm a Tiger
When 439 goes flying by.

4

HET ZAAD

De nacht was lang, het gras was kort
Ze had haar broekje afgeschort
Ik lei haar op ne gladder steen
en gleed er ritmisch overheen

Te laat te laat riep zij mij toe
Het zaad spoot reeds naar binnen toe
Ze stond van binnen gloeiend heet
De vonken sprongen uit haar spleet

ALS HET KAMPVUUR BRANDT

's Avonds als het kampvuur brandt
dan zit de cowboy met zijn piepel in zijn hand
Hij schudt hem zachtjes heen en weer
In zijn broek van geteiler
's Avonds als het kampvuur brandt

's Morgens brandt het kampvuur half
dan zit de cowboy met zijn piepel in zijn hand
Hij schudt hem nog steeds heen en weer
In zijn broek van geteiler
's Morgens brandt het kampvuur half

's Middags is het kampvuur uit
Dan speelt de cowboy niet meer met zijn fluit
Hij schudt hem niet meer heen en weer
In zijn broek van geteiler
's Middags is het kampvuur uit.

8

53 TFS SON SONG

CHOSTFUCKERS IN THE SKY

A Tiger jock lit up a smoke and cursed the desert heat.
He jumped into his Eagle jet and beat his fuckin' seat.
A silent-eyed bitch came flyin' by and overbore her pass
He called 'em Two behind her and rammed it in her ass

Chorus :

Yipeellloo... Yipeellloo Chostfuckers in the sky

Her tits were long and floppy and her cunt was full of clap
He threw her on the desert sand and gave her ass a slap
She pissed she moaned, she shit, she groaned,
he threw him from her crack
He landed on the desert sand and broke his fucking back

It's said she's married to a queen, a Falcon queer from Rahn
but all she sucks are five-three jocks, our dicks they turn her on
She cried, chew me, lick me, Tiger man.
I was more than she could stand
So while he fucked her steaming gash, he packed her ass with sand

6

11

THE BLUES (met handengeklap)

Ma mère m'a donné cent sous
pour m'acheter des bretelles
j'ai donc pris les cent sous
pour aller au bordel

Chorus :

La la la la la la , la la la la la la

J'ai rencontré grand-mère
elle me dit où vas tu
je m'en vais au bordel

Donne moi tes cent sous
je ferais bien l'affaire
j'ai donné les cent sous
et j'ai baisé ma grand-mère

Chemin rentrant
j'ai rencontré mon père
il me dit d'où viens-tu
je viens de baiser grand-mère

Enfant d'salaud
tu es baisé ma mère
salaud toi même
tu baises bien la mienne

POTPOURRI 31 SQN

Ik stuur je deze bak met lege flessen,
Een voor elke kus die jij me gaf.
Waarom heb je die alle leeg gezopen,
Keerde jij je steeds weer van me af?
En ik hoor je nog steeds zeggen :
Ziede gij me geere ?
Je vous aime, Ich liebe dich. .
Das heisst, ik heb een bloemke geplukt
al in de wei.
Het is dat van Mona Liza, Mona Liza, Mona Liza
Welke bloem wil jij behagen ?
Charelke, Charelke, hangt hem mee z'n kloten aan
Die mooie molen, die mooie molen ...
Aan de oever van de Schelde zat m'n Aai-Ai-Aai
Maria
Marva van Bahia alle jonge herten kloppen sneller
voor Jezabel, Jezabel.
Er hangt een paardeklootzak aan de muur
En 'n huisje met een tuintje
En 'n klein klein kleuterke wat doet ge in Milano
In dat klein cafetaria zat m'n Bella Bella Bella
Maria
Laat je broekje zakken tot op je knie Bella Bella
Bella Marie, Vergeet me nie. Ze zit er nog

13

DRINKLIED VAN 31 SQN

In we klasse van der zijn,
en wij bierendrink met emmerkeas,
terwijl die arme patatten aan het schachten jassen zijn,
vertroepen wij de geet en de dagige droeven,
dan gelijken wij de roep,
lappersen ge kwijt ons zijt.

15

WIR FLIEGEN GEGEN ENGLAND

The sun shines on the mast head
We'll fly for the freedom of the Reich-sieg heil.
And tonight we fly in battle 'gainst England's
military might.
Give me your hand Fraulein
Your lily-white hand Fraulein
For tonight we fly against England
England, England's island shores, island shores
island shores - sieg heil.
And if I should die in battle
And sink to the bottom of the sea, big splash
Remember this my darling, I died for thee
Give to me your hand Fraulein
For tonight we fly against England
England, England's island shores, island shores
island shores - sieg heil (tickety boo)

THE ASS HOLE (O MY DARLING CLEMENTINE)

I'm an ass hole, (3X), of 31
but I'd rather be an ass hole
than to be in (SQN X)

LIEF MARLEENTJE

Ik pak mijn klein marleentje
al bij haar hoofdje
en vroeg aan mijn marleentje
wat is dat ?
staat er daar haar op ?
dat is mijn krullebol
'k heb elken avond lol
want iedere avond slaap ik
met mijn vinger in mijn la la la
oogjes kijkerdekijk
neusje ruikerderuik
mondje gapperdegap
keeltje slikerdeslik
borstjes melkfabriek
buikje kindertehuis
foefke steek hem erin, trek hem eruit

DE KEIZER VAN CHINA

De keizer van china, hij poept zijn uina
siechter nen dikke pilaar
't was stampen en stoten, dat vel var. zijn kloten
en nog kwam den smeersap niet klaar
awai mijn kloten

GEILE SIEN

Geile Sien was kogelrond, kogelrond
Had een kut van 18 pond
18 pond is wel wat zwaar
10 pond kut en 8 pond haar

Chorus

Kom erin, gij geile Pieter
steek hem in mijn zoute mieter
Hij kwam klaar (3x) op die reuze kittelaar

Geile Sien was ingedut
met twee vingers in haar kut
Toen ze 's morgens op wou staan
bleef haar kut wijd open staan

Geile Sien had laten maken
voor haar kut 2 koperen platen
Eén voor het slabberen van de zak, slab, slab
Eén voor spetteren van haar sap sap sap

HOCH AUF DEM GELBEN WAGEN

Hoch auf dem gelben Wagen
sitz ich beiß Schwager vorn.
Vorwärts die Rosse traben,
lustig schmettert das Horn
Berge, Wälder und Matten, wogendes Ahrenfeld.
'Ich möchte wohl ruhen im Schatten,
aber der Wagen, der rollt! (2 times).

Postillion in der Schänke
füttert die Rosse im Flug.
Schäumendes Gerstengebräu
reicht der Wirt mir im Krug.
Hinter den Fensterscheiben
lacht ein Gesicht so hold,
'Ich möchte wohl so gern bleiben
aber der Wagen der rollt! (2 times)

Sitzt einmal ein Gerippe,
dort bei dem Schwager vorn,
schwing statt der Peitsche die Rippe,
Stundenglas statt das Horn,
sag ich : ade nun, Ihr Lieben,
die Ihr nicht mitfahren wollt.
'Ich wäre so gerne geblieben,
aber der Wagen, der rollt! (2 times)

LA SALOPE

Il était une fille
qui s'appelait Suzon
et qui aimait à rire
avec tout les garçons

Chorus

Ah la salope
va laver ton cul malpropre (2x)
car il n'est pas propre tirelire
car il n'est pas propre tirelire

et qui aimait à rire
avec tout les garçons
mais à force de rire
son ventre devint rond

mais à force de rire
son ventre devint rond
sa mère lui demande
qui t'a fait ça Suzon

sa mère lui demande
qui t'a fait ça Suzon
c'est le fils du gard-champêtre
avec son grand bâton

c'est le fils du gard-champêtre
avec son grand bâton
y avait du sucre au bout
mon dieu que c'était bon.

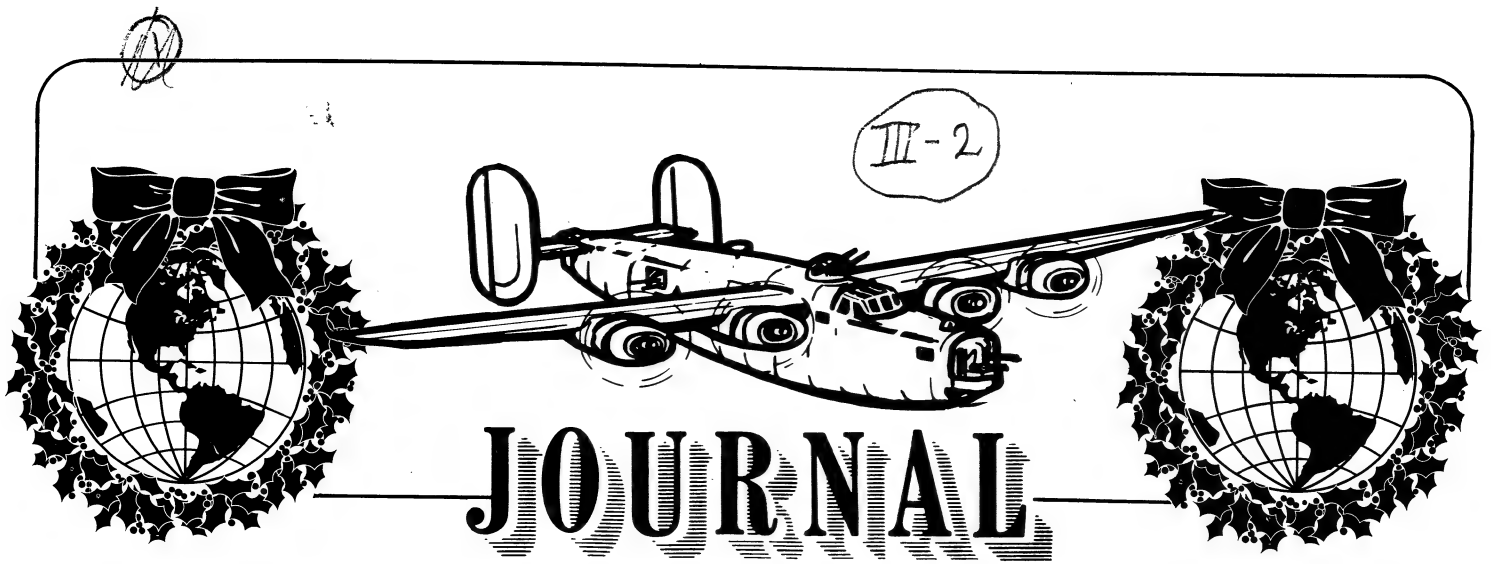
ME 109 - LIED

In den Lüften zieht dahin
hell im Sonnenschein
eine kleine Mädelin
Me 109.
Herrscherin im Luftrevier
über Land und See
Alles soll sich beugen Dir
tapfre kleine Me

Chorus

Horrido, horrido, horrido k'eine Me 109
Immer wirst Du Sieger sein,
Herrscherin der Luft allein
Horrido, kleine Me 109.

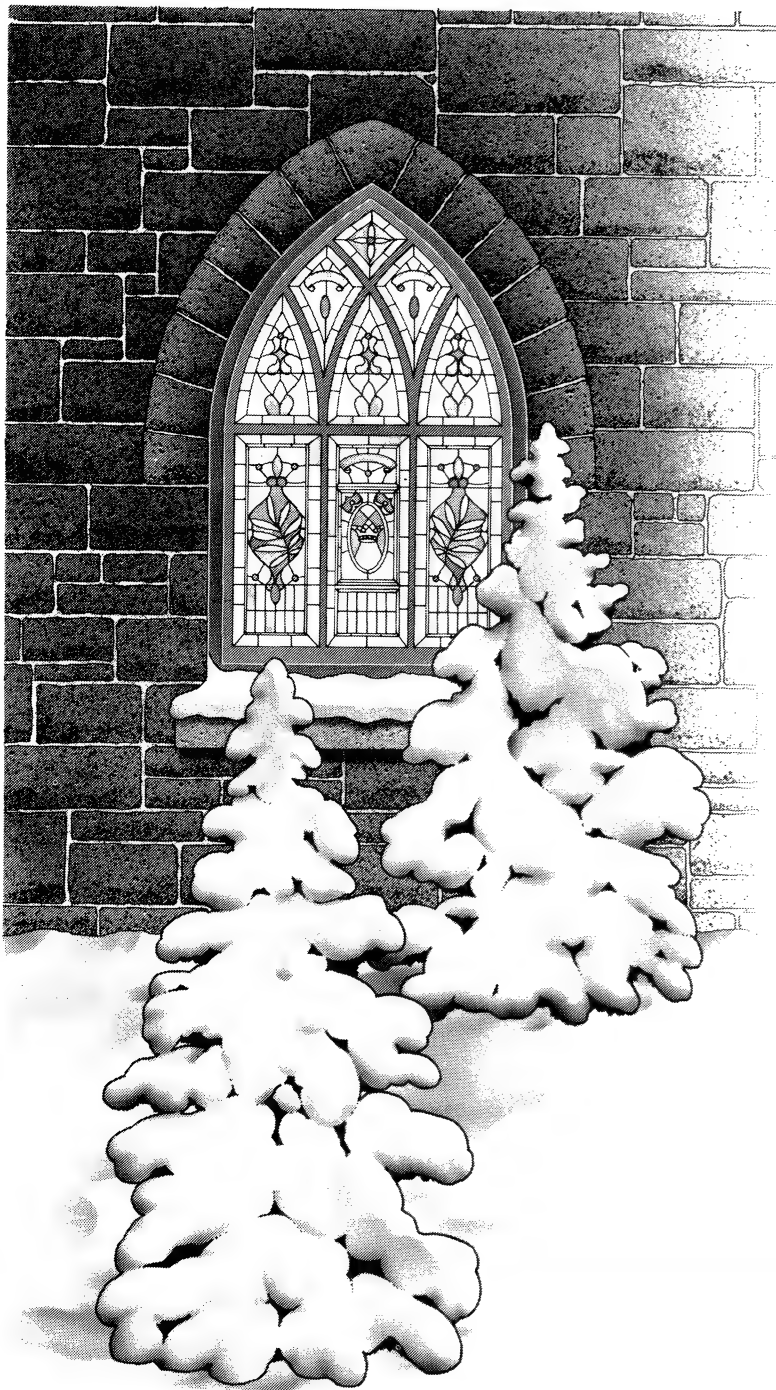
In der Wolkenwand versteckt
lauert Raubgetier
Mädelin hat es entdeckt
stürzt sich drüber her.
Schleicht sich an den Feind heran
bis in seine Nuh,
schiesst, bis dass der Feind besiegt,
tapfre kleine Me



Vol. 30, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1991



Joy
to the
world



HEADQUARTERS

2nd AIR DIVISION

BOMB GROUPS

44th 93rd 389th 392nd

445th 446th 448th 453rd 458th

466th 467th 489th 491st 492nd

FIGHTER GROUPS

4th 56th 355th

SCOUTING FORCE – FIGHTER GROUPS

361st 479th

OTHER GPS & ATTACHED UNITS

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President's Message (continued from page 2)

Also included will be displays of all Eighth Air Force groups, units, and individuals, to include aircraft, personal photos, diaries, and official documents. Easy to use computers will be available for visitors to review information about veterans who served in the Eighth. Included also will be recognition of individuals, not only for their Eighth Air Force role, but for their accomplishments after the war years. Additional accommodations include: a library/historical archive for serious researchers who want to learn more about the Eighth Air Force; major recognition of all contributors who make the Heritage Center possible; a Chapel; a gift shop where Eighth Air Force related items will be available; and the display of historic aircraft.

WHY ARE THE EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE HERITAGE CENTER IMPORTANT? The Eighth Air Force Heritage Center planners feel that "education" is the cornerstone of the Heritage Center simply because the youth of America represents our future. It is strongly recognized that youngsters in their formative years, 6-12, need to be convinced that they do have control of their future. They must be motivated to use their potential to become part of society in a productive and positive way by pursuing a lifestyle that is both interesting and rewarding. One of the objectives is to teach by "hands-on" experiences so they can become productive, self-supporting persons, raise their own self-esteem, and gain financial and social independence, thus strengthening our country and their own well-being. Learning experiences that motivate will be used in programs for all ages.

WHAT IS PLANNED: The establishment of a curriculum that is compatible with area schools and colleges to reach specific objectives, using resources at the Heritage Center; to instill a sense of pride and interest in America through workshops showing by

example what others have done. (Subject matter will vary depending on the immediate need of the community and students, but may well include aviation subjects such as the theory of flight, history of flight, recognition of air pioneers, and practical projects (such as "hands-on" restoration work, historical research projects, ballooning, model aircraft flying, and tours of industrial facilities); to inform youngsters about the opportunities in all fields of endeavor; to create a feeling of excitement about their future, using current event subjects, perhaps relating to space exploration, to ensure an awareness of their future world role. (It should be noted that the educational program is not designed in any way to glorify war or to promote the Eighth Air Force. The idea is to germinate the seed of success.) Many of the veterans of the Eighth Air Force became the leaders of our great nation and were successful businessmen. Many of them attribute their success to their time in service with the Eighth Air Force. We want to pass along this feeling of pride to all Americans!

As your President, I am gratified to sit, with the full approval of the 2nd ADA Executive Committee, on the 8th AF Heritage Center's Board of Directors and Executive Committee. I will do my part, with proper vigor, presenting the desires of the 2nd ADA. I'd like to take this opportunity to ask each of our 2nd ADA members to champion this effort in any manner they can! Your support, moral and financial, is vital to the success of a very worthy and important endeavor.

I want to thank the membership for affording me the honor to serve as your President for another year. Holding this office has been a most uncommon and pleasurable experience.

Bobbie and I wish each of you and yours a delightful Holiday Season and a healthy and extremely fruitful New Year.

God bless you all!

Report on the Memorial Trust and Library

by E. Bud Koorndyk

This report is written after a very successful trip to Norwich to attend the September 23rd meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Jordan Uttal, at my request, made the trip over to be in attendance with me and assisted in tying up some loose ends as it relates to our American Librarian Fund Drive and the Agreement that guides its administration.

My first report has to do with the Tony North situation, and I am glad to share with the membership that Tony is now in accord with the position that the Governors reluctantly had to take in regards to his termination. Jordan and I had Tony to dinner on Sunday the 22nd of September and he shared with us the sequence of events as to his termination. First of all, he was not initially aware of the seriousness of his condition, and after receiving the full doctor's report, realized that an operation could not correct a more serious problem of continuing loss of eyesight. He regretted writing the letters that he did and we both realized that it was done in a state of shock, not being aware at the time of the seriousness of his condition. Tony is now very appreciative of what Tom Eaton, in particular, has done for him and I am in possession of a letter written to Tom expressing these feelings. Now that this unfortunate occurrence is behind us, I can assure you that the Board of Governors will continue to utilize Tony's invaluable knowledge at the library on a consultant basis. They offered to hire Tony on an hourly basis but Tony expressed his desire to contribute his time, in appreciation of all the work done in his behalf by the Board of Governors.

Secondly and of equal importance was the report given at the Board of Governors meeting that in spite of poor economic conditions in England at this time, the market value of our investments in the Memorial Trust had grown to 400,218 pounds from 370,240 pounds the previous year. We certainly should be appreciative to our Board and its finance committee for the wisdom shown in managing its portfolio of investment so successfully.

A good deal of the meeting had to do with the finances and the shortfall that is anticipated for this year and the following year of 1992. This has come about due to having to absorb the full cost of the salaries of Phyllis DuBois and Tony North this year and also the salary of 23,000 pounds for our Fulbright Archivist, less the \$25,000 or 14,350 pounds that was given by the 2nd Air Division Association towards this salary. This coupled with the cost of transportation and handling of the Greenham Commons donation of books has resulted in an anticipated shortfall of 17,500 pounds over the anticipated income from the Memorial Trust. The one rainbow is the wonderful gift of 25,000 pounds from the Town Close that can be used for a portion of this shortfall and the remainder to be added to the corpus of the Trust itself. Because the Trust dictates that only the income can be used for the operation of the Library, the funds were derived from drawing from the General Arnold gift of \$100,000 which was given with the option to do so.

The Board of Governors is accumulating a complete dossier of what is involved in

having a Fulbright scholar at our library, such as living accommodations, transportation, costs of going out on speaking engagements on our behalf, etc. The Fulbright Commission only advertises the salary of the position itself and from that the person appointed is expected to make his or her own living and transportation arrangements. This whole process and cost involved will be discussed in the meetings of the Board in the future.

Jordan and I were privileged to meet the new Cultural Attache, Mr. Edward McBride, at the Board of Governors meeting and also at a subsequent meeting the following week at the American Embassy in London. Captain John Franklin, the head of the Fulbright Commission, was also in attendance at this meeting. At this time we discussed the questions that had arisen between the Board of Governors and the Fulbright Commission on the language of the Agreement itself. Jordan, myself, Captain Franklin and Edward McBride are in complete agreement on the language of the document and its intent.

Along with this report I have again included an article sent to me from Norwich which shows the terrific coverage we are receiving from the media in regards to our Memorial Library:

VIP's LIBRARY INSIGHT

A top American embassy official was given an insight into vital work organising Norwich's Memorial Library archives — which has a collection of more than 3000 items of wartime nostalgia.

Cultural attache at the American embassy in London, Mr. Edward McBride, found out about the work to be carried out this year to catalogue, document and preserve records and memorabilia relating to the 2nd Air Division of the U.S. Air Force.

He was making his visit to the city to attend the annual meeting of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division, of which he is one of the governors. He met trust members and Dr. Martin Levitt, who has just been appointed the new archivist.

The library was set up as an enduring memorial to the Americans of the 2nd Air Division (8th Air Force). It is hoped much of the archive organisation will be ready for next year's celebrations — to mark the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the 8th Air Force.

Dr. Levitt's appointment has been made possible by a 350,000 pound fund — supervised by the Fulbright Commission trustees — which was raised by members of the 2nd Air Division Association.

Dr. Levitt is on a year's sabbatical leave from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

Dr. Levitt said the archive material formed an important record of what life was like during the war for the average American servicemen stationed here.

"We call them men, but most were no more than boys just 18 years old. For them it was a combination of youthful exuberance broken up by periods of terror."

Memorial trust chairman Mr. Tom Eaton said they were delighted at Dr. Levitt's appointment: "There is important work to be done."

The American Librarian Fund

by Jordan R. Uttal

Well, dear friends, after the publication of the Fall Journal, you all know as much about the agreement concluded between the 2nd Air Division Association and the Fulbright Commission as your Association officers and Executive Committee do. It represents over a year of work by the Committee, our legal counsel, and the Association officers and Excom.

The net is that *insofar as our income will permit*, we will be able to provide for the Memorial in Norwich, a permanent AMERICAN PRESENCE (Librarian, Archivist or Historian) selected by the Fulbright Commission and the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Also, *insofar as our income will permit*, we hope that the income will help toward the expense of a Librarian Aide.

Once more, all of us, the American Librarian Fund Committee, the 2ADA officers and Excom, and the Group Vice Presidents who helped so much, thank each of you who have contributed to enable us to reach our present level.

But... please notice the phrase in italic that I used twice in the second paragraph. You all know that the best laid plans can go wrong. We just did not expect such a decline in interest rates between the time we set our goal and started our drive in 1988 — and so now, WE CAN USE MORE INCOME!!!

In the Fall Journal article, I mentioned that we had received contributions from 2,641 members. Since then there have been more checks received, but the fact remains that we have over 8,000 members. So, I address this appeal to the more than 5,000 of you who have not contributed, more particularly to those of you who can afford it, to send us a donation, to my attention (my address is on page 2 of the Journal) made out to the 2nd Air Division Association. Please specify on the check "American Librarian Fund" and indicate your Group number.

I had the pleasure of attending the Governors meeting with our 2ADA Representative, Bud Koorndyk, in late September. Although I have stated my feelings about the Memorial on numerous occasions, I must mention that walking into our Second Air Division Memorial Room once again, gave me an awesome feeling. It was a combination of intense rededication to the memory of our Fallen, great pride in the Division for its accomplishments, and for the creation of the Memorial Fund, and gratitude to the Association for its support, and to all our British Governors and the Library Authority for the careful nourishment and development of this unique testimonial to the very best instincts of human nature.

Mishap of Crew '92'

(continued from page 6)

came closer, I saw some of the Cossack hats with the Russian star on them. I shouted "Ya Amerianets," but they thought we were German paratroopers. They had me walk in front with my hand overhead to a truck where they had the radio operator and the tail gunner. As we were driving off a soldier rode up on a horse waving a revolver. He swung at the tail gunner a couple of times and pointed the revolver at his head, snapped it several times. Luckily it did not go off until we were about 50 yards away, at which time some of the other soldiers stopped him.

We were taken to the Commandant's Office of the 29609 Field Unit at Vermefeld, Germany, about three miles from where we were picked up. It was now about 1430 hours. After an hour I convinced him we were Americans. They then fed us and sent us to the hospital about two miles away in a wagon accompanied by a Polish flyer. The radio operator had his ankle bandaged and I had my rump bandaged. They also gave me a tetanus shot. The airplane had crashed, and they told me they had the body taken from the wreckage. They insisted on our eating again and brought out some food, but I only drank some "Spirits" (white lightning). Pretty soon the radio operator and I looked at the body, but the ship had burned and there was no identification. They gave us some papers and Mickey's log book which were in the ship and picked up out of the wreckage.

A car was waiting for us then, and we were taken about six miles to Landsberg, Germany. We were given supper, and they opened a bottle of vodka for us and gave us a room. There was a fire built in the room and everything possible was done to make us comfortable. The next day I was carried across town and met the co-pilot, mickey operator, and waist gunner. They were then brought to the place we were staying and given an adjoining room. There were still three of our crew unaccounted for.

The funeral for the navigator was set for 1800 hours March 19, 1945. The Russians came by about 1630 hours for us to write an inscription to go on the grave. Later we went down to the street, and there were two trucks waiting. The one in front had a rug over the back. On it was the corpse in a metal casket with four palms in pots at each corner. There were two armed guards of the Russian Army standing on each side of the casket. The second truck had rows of chairs placed on it for the crew members with some Russian guards. We rode about 3/4 mile to a large square in Landsberg, Germany. About 90% of the buildings enroute had been bombed or shelled. When we arrived at the square, I noticed about twenty graves of Russians with wooden crosses and a Red Star on top. We met our top gunner for the first time at the funeral. There were three Russian Colonels, a major, several other officers, plus a company of about 50 soldiers. I said a few words and gave a short prayer. Then we all came to "present arms" and the company of men fired three volleys. The body was then placed in the

grave. The Russians took several pictures. They placed a black marble marker about four feet high at the head of the grave and an oak leaf wreath about the top of the marker. The inscription read: "Lt. Van Tress, Harold, U.S.A.A.F., Born 1923, Springfield, Ohio, K.I.A. March 18, 1945." The Russians said it would be inscribed both in Russian and English the following day.

The top gunner went back to our quarters with us. After we had eaten that night, we were carried about 20 miles to a hospital where we met the pilotage navigator and the bombardier, which accounted for all the crew that had bailed out. We arose at 1000 hours on the morning of March 20, ate breakfast, and were motored to an airfield near Posen, Poland. From there we were flown in a Russian C-47 to Lublin, Poland, where we were met by Lt. Col. Wilmeth of the U.S. Military Mission to Moscow. We were quartered at a hotel in Lublin where he had his office. We remained at the hotel until a plane from an American air base in Russia came to pick us up. The food at the hotel was very good, as was the Polish beer.

Crew "92" consisted of the following personnel: William R. Chapman, pilot; John W. Wallace, co-pilot; Edward J. Alexander, pilotage navigator; Harold P. Van Tress, DR navigator; Martin F. Bezon, mickey (radar) operator; William M. Yarcusko, bombardier; George E. Fuller, engineer; Albert B. Palmer, radio operator; Myrl L. Anderson, tail gunner; Robert C. Twyford, waist gunner; Alsie C. Austin, top gunner.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

There were a lot of things going on at Hq that, for security reasons, only those directly involved knew much about. I knew that Jack Nye was the Division Radar Officer, but I had little knowledge of how radar worked or how it affected our bombing missions. I have been urging Jack to write something about his experiences as Division Radar Officer, and just recently he sent me the following article and is preparing another for future publication. I hope that it will jog your own memories and that each of you will write something and send it to me for publication in the Journal or in the Newsletter.

THE RUSSIANS ARE HERE!

by Allen "Jack" Nye

Many of Hq 2AD will recall the visit of a group of officers from the USSR in the final days of WWII in Europe. Late one afternoon I was informed that the group would arrive the following day, and that some of them wanted a conference with me, the Division Radar Officer.

I was incredulous because at the time most information about radar was still

being guarded like the family jewels. The radar and electronic countermeasure equipment was the only B-24 equipment other than the bombsight that remained classified.

When I expressed concern to some of the senior staff, I was advised that while there was no enthusiasm for this visit, we would be good soldiers and not fuss. The visitors were entitled to secret information, but no documents to retain, nor any classified information on British equipment we were using.

We made no special preparations in our office, but I did suggest to my assistants Capt. Charles Marlatt and Lt. Jim Marantos that if they wished not to participate in this prospectively distasteful operation, they might catch up on some visits to the bomb groups. With Marantos absent, I might avoid talking much about electronic countermeasures "due to absence of our ECM officer."

After lunch the following day, a Soviet colonel and a major were escorted to my office. After pleasantries, their first question revealed considerable knowledge. They asked me to compare the operational effectiveness of the B-24 radar bombing equip-

ment versus the B-17's equipment, which were made of different designs by different manufacturers. Intending humor, I replied that I preferred the B-24 equipment because it was procured by the U.S. Navy, and it provided a big box of spare parts with each radar set. Well, it turned out that they were very interested in maintenance, so I concluded that they already possessed the equipment.

Conversation went slowly because only the colonel spoke English, so he had to also be the interpreter. When asked about electronic countermeasure techniques, I ducked by producing a maintenance manual for a tail warning radar intended for night intruder aircraft, but not used in the 8AF. The major immediately immersed himself in study of circuit diagrams.

The colonel had some questions about non-sensitive topics such as VHF radio, radio compass, etc. and at the end of about an hour's visit, an escort came to take them to another meeting.

Now, I look back on the meeting as having inconsequential results. Within a year or two, formerly classified electronic equipment from B-24s was available worldwide at prices as low as ten cents per pound!

“War Is Hell”: A POW Recounts His Story

by Sue O'Brien

Reprinted from Great Lakes Bulletin, Sept. 21, 1990

On July 7, 1944 the men in the 389th Heavy Bomber Group of the 8th Air Force's 566th Squadron awoke to their leader's call in Hethel on the southeast coast of England. Today would be their seventh mission — for one of them, 1st. Lt. Stanley Janners, it would be his last.

As the planes approached the target area over Halle, Germany, shortly before noon that day, Janners' plane caught fire and the order to evacuate ensued.

“I had a delayed jump when my plane was shot by fighters, I presume, because I heard the bullets going into the wing,” recalled Stanley Janners (formerly Jankowski). “I had no fear because when you're on a sinking ship or a burning plane your first thought is to get out of that danger.”

Janners hit the ground with extreme force, “like falling two stories,” he said. He tried to avoid being seen by opening his parachute late. “Needless to say there was a spotter down there waiting for me with a shotgun and a guard dog,” Janners said. The soldier spoke to him in German, repeatedly asking Janners if he “understood,” then brought him to a nearby town.

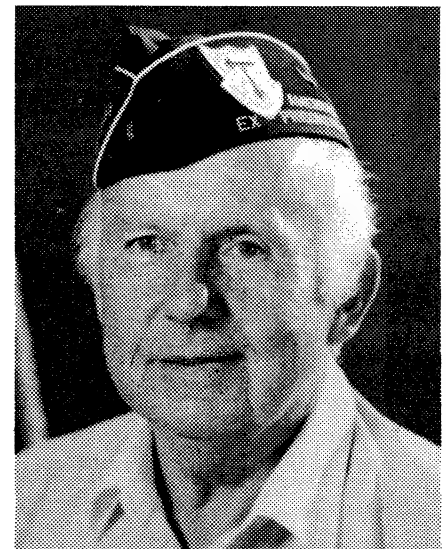
“We came across a civilian, who I guessed was the gestapo,” recalled Janners. “He pulled out his luger, put it to my stomach, and asked me questions in German. . . I had to look him in the eye and he reminded me of a relative of ours,” added the ex-POW with a chuckle, balancing a difficult story with a little lightheartedness.

“He (the gestapo agent) looked up and down the road,” Janners continued. “I thought, this might be it, but after a few moments he put his gun away.” He was placed in solitary confinement at the small town until the German soldiers arrived.

“I was quite glad to be in military hands,” Janners admitted. “The civilians were quite ugly to the airmen for our bombing damage.” He felt uneasy when the townspeople began searching for the mayor. “They were running around excited like someone looking for a hanging party,” he said. “I was relieved they didn't find them.”

Janners was imprisoned in Stalag Luft III, the POW camp of “The Great Escape” in Sagan, Germany. There he learned that his plane blew up and three of his crew members were killed “attempting to escape” as German records claimed. Lt. James Kissling, the plane's pilot, ended up with Janners in Sagan. During World War II, Stalag Luft III, an officers camp, housed over 11,000 POW soldiers from the allied forces, the majority being American and British.

During his imprisonment, the air force



Janners, on left, as he was photographed for his personnel record in Stalag Luft III. On the right is Janners today. (Photos by NTC Photo Lab)

officer kept a small but detailed journal of his experiences. He copied cartoons from German newspapers, sketched pictures of the camp and barracks, composed a poem, and translated camp jargon, which he called “Kriegie Terms,” “Kriegie” meaning a POW. Under “Blot Sausage” he says, “First word is German, for Blood. This sausage is usually eaten with the eyes closed. In summer, with nose pinched. . .” According to Janners some of this sausage was horse meat and often it was so rotten, it couldn't be consumed.

Janners spent seven months at Stalag Luft III, losing almost 50 lbs. facing survival on a day to day basis. The Red Cross and the YMCA provided books, writing materials and playing cards to the men. After the 50 British officers were executed attempting to escape, the Americans abandoned their tunnels. One night in the dead of winter — one of the coldest on record, Janners remembers — POWs were rounded up and shipped southwest to Moosburg, Germany, Stalag VII A.

The last entry in his journal reads: “It was 2030 o'clock Sat. evening on Jan. 27, when our small poker game was interrupted by Capt. Stanford's, ‘Let me have your attention, men. We move out tonite (sic) at 10:30.’ That was the dismay we were expecting, but hoping would not come. The Russians were coming strong, only approx. 35 kilometers away. We were going to evacuate.”

Three months later in Moosburg, General Patton's 3rd Army freed all POWs that remained alive. Looking back, Janners said he was relieved they relocated to Moosburg. When the Russians reached POW camps

prisoners were supposedly “liberated” but never heard from again.

It took Janners many years before he could talk about his POW ordeal. “I lost touch with the men,” he explained. “I didn't want to contact anyone. It was a negative experience, you see. . . war is hell.” Encouraged by Kissling who he did remain in contact with, Janners became involved with the plight of ex-POWs and those still “Missing in Action” (MIA).

Today he pursues his causes as a member of the Greater Chicago Chapter of American Ex-POWs which meets in Summit, Ill., and the Order of the Purple Heart. He is also chairman of the MIA/POW committee in the Chicago Ridge VFW Military Post 2255, to which his son, Stanley belongs. Last spring, he and his wife, Olga, attended a Stalag Luft III reunion in Norfolk, Va. Out of 11,000 prisoners, 1100 were present.

Janners was discharged in Sept. 1945 as a Major. He served in the Air Force Reserves for 23 years. For his experience, Janners received an air medal, a purple heart and other campaign medals and ribbons. Three years ago, he was awarded a POW medal. He was proud to serve his country, and would have flown again after returning from Germany, but the war ended. But this veteran POW is angry with the U.S. government for its stand on the POW issue.

The ex-POW feels the government isn't doing enough to account for the missing soldiers. After two more wars and four presidents, Janners feels that the government's position hasn't changed.

In Janners' opinion, “They're going after bones instead of flesh and bones.”

Of Salutes, Pretty Girls and Six Penny Eggs

by Bob Oberschmid (93rd)

SALUTES

Anyone who ever wore a military uniform for more than ten minutes knows what Colonels are. They are humans who look like the rest of us but in fact can and do eat people alive.

We had a Colonel who commanded our 93rd Bomb Group and he fit the mold. Of course our only contact with him was through the smoke of a briefing room prior to the six missions we had flown. But here he was getting out of a jeep in front of our mess hall and no one of rank or position ever came near the Combat Officers WAAF area, let alone the man himself.

The four of us (myself, co-pilot Art Antonio, navigator Jerry Baughman and bombardier Al Faulhaber) tried our best to bridge the gap between 2nd Lt. and Colonel with a snappy salute. I even braced myself a bit — I was impressed (maybe stunned is the word) — and then witnessed an act that was to forever affect my life as a military officer.

The Colonel smiled and walked over to us. He didn't salute, he shook our hands. He wanted to know our names, where we were from and if we were being treated OK. He was, in a word, "nice." After a few minutes he put his hand on my shoulder, said "good luck," climbed in his jeep and drove off.

Few men before or since have impressed me as much as he did that day. He survived the war only to lose his life later in an aircraft accident near Washington, D.C. Fleigel was his name, Colonel Leland Fleigel, Commander, 93rd Bomb Group.

PRETTY GIRLS

Gee but she was pretty and nice and decent. We met on my second pass to London and got along well, all things considered. Neither of us knew much about tragedy or life and even less about human beings who had grown up so far apart.

Our fourth date was to be a mini-anniversary. She didn't show and I phoned her home again and again, but I couldn't make the connection.

I took the tube to South London, then a cab to the address she had given me on our last date. The cab stopped at a street barricade and I stepped out. As I turned to face the driver, he said, "I don't want to take your money, lad, but I must live too, you know." I paid him and followed his instructions on how to get to her address past the "construction" site.

Where there had been a row of connected houses was now a jumble of debris — she was gone, her family was gone, their neighbors were gone. These quiet, peaceful God fearing people were all gone.

Gee but she was pretty.

SIX PENNY EGGS

Wars have lots of secrets, and one of ours was the "Egg Lady." About once a week we would ride our bikes to a small community several miles from the base and buy five or six eggs from a frail elderly lady and her husband. I think a fellow named Harry made the original connection, but regardless he was certainly in their good graces.

We would be invited into their small home

for tea and conversation about the "bombing." How was it going? Will the war ever end? Then we would negotiate the price of a few fresh eggs (always six pence each), thank them for their hospitality and return to base.

On these visits it was obvious that Harry (handsome, big smile) was really something special to the Egg Lady. Did he remind them of someone they had lost? A son perhaps, a brother? But the sparkle in her eyes left no doubt his position in her life was unique.

Perhaps we shouldn't have gone back there after Harry's crew "bought the farm." Frankly, it happened with such regularity that we didn't consider it that big a deal one way or the other. But go back we did and 'she' asked about Harry. We told her he had been shot down. From our previous conversations she was savvy enough to ask about chutes. How many, etc. Sorry, no chutes. Not good, not good at all. At that the Egg Lady got up and went into the next room. She looked a foot shorter if possible.

It was obvious this was no time to discuss eggs, so we said our goodbyes and left. Several weeks later I went back to her house. Her husband answered the door and told me his wife was very ill and had not been out of bed since our last visit. I checked one more time and the situation had not changed.

There are endless lists of warrior casualties, but not one for the "Egg Ladies" of the world. The Mothers, the Wives, the Sisters, the broken-hearted of a world at war. All those fine bright eyed young men were gone, but the tragedy and sorrow of their deaths will be with us to the end.

A Lasting Scar

by Gordon K. Reynolds (a British friend)

ed' on the parkland near the Earl's Hall. Not a pane of glass remained in any window, thick plate glass littered the lawns, and not a leaf remained on the trees that grew in the park. Cattle were charging about the park terrified of all the noise (it was many a day before the milk yield got back to normal).

Earth and bomb fragments were still flying through the air as the two stricken B-24s crashed into the ground not more than 1/4 mile apart. The nearest to the lads was no more than a stone's throw away, and in one moment both thoughts were for the crew trapped in the wreckage.

Running across the parkland to the crash, the lads suddenly saw the earth and wreckage rise into the air (one 2,000 lb. bomb had exploded).

They dove into the soft earth as once again earth and steel flew through the air. One fragment of a bomb embedded itself into the earth close to the lad — he still has this piece of metal.

The blast and fumes took the breath away from the lads for a while and when they recovered, a sight laid before them never to be forgotten.

A burning mass of metal and flesh were strewn about them. Nothing could be done, and with heavy hearts they returned to their work while airmen from the nearby airbase

arrived to put out the flames.

This was not to be the end of the boys' ordeal, as shortly after returning to their work, there was another terrific explosion as the second 2,000 lb. bomb went off in the already wrecked plane.

Blast and metal again tore through the air to tear into the ground inches away from the lads, who by this time were just about shattered, and the head gardener who also was at his wits end (all his glass houses were wrecked), saw the state of the lads and sent them home.

THE AFTERMATH

Of the two B-24s that crashed that fateful morning, both were from the 93rd Bomb Group based at Hardwick. Only two crewmen survived; they were the side gunners in the aircraft that was sliced in two. Eighteen other crewmen were killed, and when the second bomb went off while rescue attempts were being made, another nineteen were killed and over thirty-eight injured.

Nothing now remains to show what happened that morning except to those who were there, a top of a tree missing, a burn mark where bark should be, but most of all quietness now reigns over the spot where so long ago many young American lives were lost and left a scar in the memory of a young lad.

I know, I was that lad!

The Military VideoHistory Project 1986-1991

by Joe Dzenowagis

The Military VideoHistory Project was initiated in 1986 to preserve the remembrances of 2nd Air Division witnesses to the history of World War II. It is an effort by the production team of Joseph, Joe, Helen and Joan Dzenowagis to strengthen the concept of the 2AD 8th USAAF Memorial Room as a living memorial with the production and donation of over 200 video interviews and 8 documentaries based on those interviews to the Library.

Several of the Project documentaries were aired on public television in Detroit and five other major Michigan cities over the last Memorial Day weekend to a potential audience of millions throughout Michigan, other midwest states and Canada. Military historians have cited this project as a unique and valuable contribution to WWII history. No other combat division has a project of this nature and magnitude underway or completed on their war experiences.

Information about the following documentaries and their availability may be obtained by writing to J. Dzenowagis, 4397 South Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864.

FACES OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION

A varied and interesting portrayal of airmen and ground personnel where the up-close reality of war and its lasting effects can be seen on their faces as they tell their stories. Nominated for an Emmy Award.

EIGHT CANDLES FOR REMEMBRANCE

The 2nd Air Division return in 1987 to English friends and bittersweet memories at air bases in East Anglia... the rededication of purpose at the American Cemetery in Madingley to comrades-in-arms who fought and fell beside them. Exceptional coverage of the activities of an exceptional reunion.

MEMORIES OF WAR

Where the bomb runs are taken and the battles fought once again for all of us to see and try to imagine.

THE 467th BOMB GROUP FAMILY REUNION ALBUM

The special relationship that develops between men who face danger together continues today as they enjoy being together again at a weekend of family fun in Louisiana.

IMAGES OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION

From seven documentaries and three documentaries-in-production, images and memories of 2nd Air Division veterans reaffirm the principles and values that make our country great.

AMERICAN PATRIOTS SERIES

High interest interviews that perpetuate the unchanging qualities of the American patriot who serves his country with honor and distinction. Thus far the Series includes:

The Story of the Memorial Room as told by Jordan R. Uttal

An absorbing account of the development and future of the Memorial Room by an articulate leader of the 2nd Air Division Association.

Ramsay D. Potts, Maj. Gen. Ret.

Air combat leader, bomb group commander, military strategist, veteran of many air battles and campaigns, and a highly decorated airman, recalls his involvement in the events of the war.

WOMEN'S ARMY AIR CORPS

The equal rights and career opportunities that women in the armed forces enjoy today can be credited in large part to the efforts of women who served overseas in the 2nd Air Division.

2ND AIR DIVISION IN NORWICH 1990

A classic return... looking for old familiar faces and favorite places from a half century ago, recalling forgotten events and hidden feelings... being overwhelmed by the warmth of the English welcome in what was, perhaps, the last return of the 2nd Air Division to Norwich.

THE KASSEL MISSION DOCUMENTARY

Gripping first-hand accounts of the events surrounding the tragic losses of the 445th BG on the Kassel Mission, September 27, 1944 over Bad Hersfeld, Germany. Includes highlights of efforts of 445th survivors of that drama at reconciliation and understanding of former enemies on a return to Bad Hersfeld in August 1990.

GERMAN PILOTS

Interviews with three Luftwaffe pilots (with English translation) who present their perspectives and explain the tactics of the attack on the 445th on the Kassel Mission that ended in the loss of 30 out of 35 Liberators.

literally thousands of aircraft being stored in certain sections of the base.

Monday night produced a Mexican Fiesta dinner together with appropriate entertainment. Tuesday was our banquet done in a Western Barbeque style and enjoyed by all. This banquet climaxed a very successful year led by our outgoing President Bob Salzarulo and his active committee. All these quite enjoyable activities were handled by Ralph Elliot, Yvonne, his wife, and two daughters Donna and Becky. Ralph left us no doubt that he is a Pro in the Tour Business.

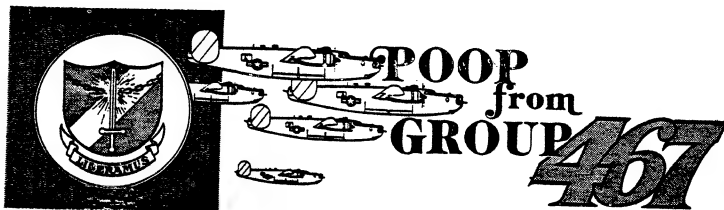
On our break-up day, Wednesday trips for those who wanted them were to the Biosphere and to the Grand Canyon.

Elected during our meeting were the following: Robert D. Sheehan, President; Ralph Elliot, Vice President; Phil Day, Treasurer; Bill McGoverin, Secretary; Mel Culross, Director; Jack Stratton, Director.

Hold over directors are Ted Wheeler and Floyd "Puff" Pugh.

In addition to the programmed entertainment, Colonel Al Shower turned from being our Commanding Officer to Producer when he successfully produced a hilarious skit involving the Famous "Witchcraft" Ground Crew of Joe Ramirez, George Dong and Ray Betcher along with Court Martial Judge. Great fun was enjoyed by all.

We all concluded that due to the extra good efforts of Ralph Elliot and his family, we had a very good Reunion in Tucson and the surrounding communities.



by Bob Sheehan

The 467th joined with the other Groups to meet with the 2nd Air Division Association in Reunion in July 1991. The meetings and other activities in the interesting community of Dearborn were enjoyed by all who attended.

The 467th met again in October '91 in Tucson, Arizona for its Group Reunion. A nice attendance of over 260 enjoyed the meetings and the busy activity schedule.

The highlights included a trip by 6 buses to the shops and restaurants of Old Mexico. A short stop was included at the community of Tubac. After a Monday morning meeting there was a trip to the Puma Air Museum. On display were 160 World War II Vintage Aircraft including a B-24J, with the tail assembly painted with the famous Red with the diagonal White stripe. More than one tear was shed as we looked at the familiar sight.

Next day the Group turned out early for a trip to Arizona's Living Desert Museum, which is a sight for everyone to see. We then proceeded to a delightful lunch in the Officers Club at Davis Monthan Air Base. Besides the active part of the base, we also saw

The Senior Ball (continued from page 14)

But for each outgoing round, seemed three would rebound
At this rate it wouldn't last long.

"20-20's your sight," they'd said with delight;
"Your eyes are perfect," no less.
But now I would find I must have been blind
For getting myself in this mess.

But if the day's filled with rain, it's hard to complain
Considering the pay I received
If I haven't forgot, I thought 'twas a lot —
One sixty a month, I believe.

Well, they stomped on our toes, they bloodied our nose
They acted like real sons of bitches.
And while Pops at the wheel showed nerves made of steel
I'd have hated to look in his britches.

As Dante knew well when he wrote of his hell
To deftly define his clear visions
I know that the bloke, to know what he wrote,
He must have flown a few missions.

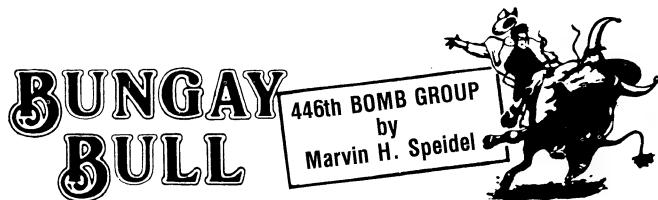
Well, the target we smashed and as we still hadn't crashed
We turned her straight for the barn
And though we'd heard the death knell, we were lucky as hell
That none of our crew had bought the farm.

Now I'm reluctant to give a description of "sieve"
But "Sweating It Out" was a wreck
With holes all around, but three engines still sound
She kept us from hitting the deck.

Then to our delight there came in our sight
A gift felt sent straight from heaven
As God sometimes sends — 'Twas our great little friends
A squadron of P-47's.

We were no longer alone as they nursed us back home
No doubt, but the world's greatest fliers
'Twas all up to them whether we'd sink or we'd swim
God bless that escort of ours.

Now some people claim a measure of fame
For mastering each step one might know
But they don't know a thing how to dip or to swing
'Less they've danced in the E.T.O.



The 446th Bomb Group Association assembled in Dayton, Ohio on September 20, 21 and 22, and if you were not there, you missed a good one. With 314 in attendance the Group filled its allotted space in the Holiday Inn, Dayton Mall and spilled over into other nearby hotels. Opening on a high note at the cocktail party the first evening, things just got better and better. The Air Force Museum visit the following morning was excellent, including the renewal of our love and respect for our departed comrades at our Memorial there with a brief re-dedication service by Chaplains Gannon and Murphy. After lunch a guided bus tour of the Aviation Trail and Carillon Park was on tap. The second evening was also unstructured and left plenty of time for winning the war all over again. Sunday closed out the weekend with Chapel Services conducted by our beloved wartime Chaplains Gannon and Murphy and our business meeting at the hotel followed by lunch at the Wright-Patterson Officers Club. There was then time for a return visit to the AF Museum before the cocktail party and banquet that evening. At the business meeting plans were discussed for the 1992 Reunion to be held in the Valley Forge, Pennsylvania area as organized by Joe Soder, Jim O'Connor and I. This is a beautiful location with a great deal to offer and it will provide an opportunity for all those Easterners to attend who have written to "Beachbell Echo" asking when we would gather in the East. For any of many reasons, several Easterners have been unable to travel to sites in other parts of the country in the past, so here's your chance. Tentative plans include tours of the Valley Forge National Park with a stop at the Freedom Foundation for a Memorial Service, the Brandywine Valley with its museum of Wyeth Family art, the world famous Longwood Gardens and "America's Most Historic Square Mile" in Philadelphia. One evening has plans for an early dinner and Las Vegas style revue at Lily Langtry's Restaurant/Theater, and the other is set aside for our annual cocktail party and banquet with music for dancing. Start planning now.

While we're on the subject of reunions, you might also give thought to attendance at future 2nd Air Division Association Reunions. The 1992 Reunion planned by Evelyn Cohen for Las Vegas

would be the perfect time to join the festivities which accompany every gathering of the 2nd Air Division. Many of our members attend both, and you should too. We attempt to schedule to avoid conflicts which allows attending both 2nd ADA and 446th BG windings and you owe it to yourself to do just that. The clock of life is winding down for all of us and if you don't do it now...???

Incidentally, for all residents of the Garden State of New Jersey who are members of other Groups than the 446th and are reading this "Bull," please note that NJ is one of some 20 states with chapters in the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Our State Chapter holds three dinner meetings a year with interesting programs, music for dancing and fun and games at Officers Clubs on military bases around the state such as McGuire Air Base, Fort Monmouth and the Picatinny Arsenal. If you are not aware of the Garden State Chapter and its doings, you can contact me for information.

Through the good graces of Evelyn Cohen and Hathy Veynar, we now have a goodly supply of "Folded Wings" sympathy and get well cards. In order to make appropriate use of these, I will need the help and cooperation of all 446ers to keep me informed when members experience an illness or pass on.

I find upon perusing material received from Evelyn Cohen that the 448th BG, which leads the 2nd ADA with 754 members, also came up with 37 new members over the span of said material. Looks like someone in that group is doing something right. By comparison, our 446th BG reported 3 new members and ranks 8th overall in 2nd ADA membership with 512 members. In as much as we show a little over 1200 on our Group mailing list, maybe we need to mount a drive to get those not in the 2nd ADA to join up. Membership in both organizations has many advantages. How about those of you reading this making an effort to track down those who are in the 446th but not in 2nd ADA. Take a minute to pen a letter to your local or major newspaper alerting 446th veterans to both great Associations and inviting their memberships.

It is important that everyone is aware that Bill Davenport, our Group President, 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705-1934 still has copies of our Group History as compiled by Harold Jensen available at \$53.00, including shipping. Also, Bill McMahon, 5126 SW 3rd Ave., Cape Coral, FL 33914 operates our 446th PX with all kinds of goodies at great prices. Feel free to contact him to find out what is available.

And now in closing, let me wish each of you the happiest of holidays in this season of Christmas and Hanukkah. May you enjoy the best of health, much happiness and all the good things you so richly deserve.

Crew #83 & Prince Bernhard

(continued from page 16)

The next day we checked into the Pullman Hotel near Schiphol Airport and took a ride to Oosterschelde. This is where they recently completed a bridge spanning the outlet of the rivers south of Rotterdam. The bridges are equipped with gates that can be lowered to prevent the North Sea from flooding the Delta during storms. During February 1953 much of that part of the country was flooded by a storm and this engineering marvel will prevent recurrence. There is a computerized 24-hour watch along this bridge at all times.

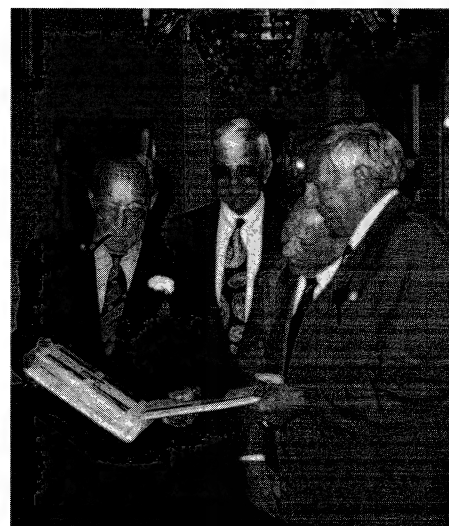
We had dinner that night at the hotel and were taken the next morning to the airport for the trip home. Martinair picked us up again at the hotel and took care of our tickets and baggage.

During the flight home, the captain in-

vited us to the cockpit and I was reminded of what Prince Bernhard said about the new Fokker 50 he flew. "Everything is done by pushing buttons. There is not much flying to do." On the airliner electronic programs steer the autopilot and hold the altitude within a foot or two of desired. Flying is more like playing Pac Man.

I know now what it is to be treated like royalty and will never forget the hospitality and courtesies rendered to me by all the Netherlands people with whom I had contact. I witnessed the open affection which the Netherlands pilots showed their Prince. He was one of their "flying buddies."

Also, the Netherlands people will never forget their occupation by the Germans. They have an additional holiday commemorating their liberation on 5 May 1945. For this they are extremely grateful to those of us who participated in World War II. I'm glad I was part of that.



(l-r): Prince Bernhard, Irwin Rumler, Alvin Rebsamen and Frank Skeldon.

389th Sky Scorpions

by Gene Hartley

During the spring of 1991, Allan Hallett of the 389th BG received a letter from a James Adams of Brimfield, MA. He was seeking assistance from Allan in learning the location of the field from which his late uncle, Neal M. Lenti, flew as a member of the 565th BS of the 389th BG. Neal was a navigator on a B-24 that was shot down October 8, 1943. His grave is located in the U.S. Military Cemetery in Margraten, Netherlands.

Allan was able to help him a great deal. In the ensuing correspondence, he learned that James would be going to Europe in July 1991. Allan told him about the 389th Memorial Room in the Hethel Tower and of the Second Air Division Association Memorial Room in the Norwich Library. Jim Adams made a visit to Norwich and the Memorial Room. His reactions must be shared with the 2ADA membership. It is what we are all about.

Jim writes as follows:

"How fortunate is the 2ADA to have Phyllis DuBois and Tony North! We could not have been treated better. I am not used to this, nor did I anticipate their warm, sincere and caring manner. I tried to remain aware of the fact that we were consuming lots of their time; however, when we did disengage on occasion to take pictures or look at a book or something, Tony would wander back and spin some more tales which we ate up in addition to recording.

"We were then taken in hand for a trip to Hethel. We ate and drank at the World's End Tavern, visited the air base and the Control Tower Museum. We visited with Margaret Peacock, wife of the farmer who raises sheep around your Chapel, visited the Chapel, and the old church at Hethel.

"Now I will do my best to record some of my thoughts regarding the 2ADA Memorial Room. You will understand that words from a person, aware of the fact that over 6300 of your buddies gave up everything, do not come easy and must be carefully chosen.

"I am a lucky humble American who honestly feels that the Second Air Division Association living Memorial in Norwich,

England has no equal in our world. The Punch Bowl in Hawaii, Arlington, the Vietnam Wall, the Netherlands American and the Cambridge, England cemeteries; they all possess powerful and inspiring memorials. Having visited Margraten and Madingley within the past month, as a former serviceman among departed service men and women, I felt more comfortable and at home in Margraten, Holland.

"But, in spite of its summer beauty, fall and winter will come to Margraten. The number of visitors will decrease. Not so on Bethel Street in Norwich. Your lighted Memorial Room has American messages every second of the library day. That smoking Liberator in the mural thunders a quiet message of courage for all who can see. 'We flew from your soil, we did our best, and, in an unassuming way, we hope that you will learn of us and our nation.'

"The members of the Second Air Division Association must be very gratified with the Memorial. In my opinion you have the torch firmly in your grasp and it could not burn brighter for those unfortunate souls listed in the Roll of Honor."

Thus the major thrust of Jim Adams' letter. It is well to hear from an American outside our membership. His view can strengthen our resolve to ensure that our living trust is well established for the years ahead. An expression such as you have just read belongs to our entire Association, not just a single Bomb Group.

Keith Shirk writes a reaction to the article "After the Mission is Over" which appeared in the Fall 1990 Journal. The article was one of many we have read about the April 7, 1945 mission to Dunesberg. It related the experience of Lt. Donald Kunkle who was a survivor of the Deputy Lead plane.

Keith Shirk writes that this was not the first time Lt. Kunkle was shot down.

"On December 25, 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge, we were bombing crossroads. We were attacked by a single German fighter which caught Kunkle's plane and they all bailed out. Kunkle told us how they were coming down in their chutes between

the lines and could see both the Americans and the Germans coming after them. As soon as he touched down he ran towards the Americans. When he reached the troops, he thought he was going to be shot, as the GIs thought they might be German spies. They asked who won the World Series and Kunkle said, 'How the hell do I know. I was on the boat coming over at the time. Probably the Dodgers.' The GIs got them to the rear and they were eventually sent back to Hethel."

It was a real pleasure to attend the Midwest 2ADA Reunion at Lake of the Ozarks. Marty Borrok of the 389th was the chairman, and did a fine job. As always at a reunion, whether large or small, you have the opportunity to see someone for the first time in nearly fifty years. This was my lucky case at the Lake. If only for this reason, you ought to consider making plans to be with us in Las Vegas.

Enjoy Your Return to England and Norwich

The Governors of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust and the Friends of the Memorial have now compiled a list of local people who are willing (subject to availability) to drive members of the 2nd Air Division Association out to their wartime bases when they visit the area. A further list has also been made of local families who are willing to have members of the 2nd Air Division stay at their homes for a few days during their visit to Norwich. We hope that this will not only save on taxi fares to the bases, but also help those who cannot afford the hotels or would prefer to stay with a Norfolk family.

Full details can be obtained from Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian, 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, NR2 1NJ England. Telephone: Norwich (0603) 223852.

Upcoming Midwest/North Central 2ADA Regional Reunion

The Midwest/North Central Region of the Second Air Division Association will hold its 9th annual regional reunion May 31, June 1 & 2, 1992 at the Pioneer Inn, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

A full and interesting program is being planned. The highlight will be a visit to the Experimental Aircraft Association's complex and museum, which has almost doubled in size since our 5th annual reunion held here in the fall of 1988.

More information about the reunion, along with motel and reunion registration forms, will be mailed to the 2ADA members living in this area in early February 1992.

Your reunion committee members are: Lloyd Koth, Sr. (467th), Bob Victor (453rd), Aud Risley (446th), Russ Valleau (492nd), Will Stites (453rd), and George Rundblad (453rd).

George J. Rundblad
765 Stoney Point Road
Sutton's Bay, MI 49682

New Additions To Your 2ADA Film Library

Two new tapes have been added to your rental library.

"Images of the 2nd Air Division" is the latest one produced by the Dzenowagis family (467th BG). Included are scenes from the 1990 Norwich Convention; 445th BG return to Bad Hersfeld, Germany (Kassel Raid); 1986 Convention at Pheasant Run, IL; American Patriot Series, Jordan Uttal and Ramsay Potts interviewed; Memories of War, William Nelson interviewed on Ploesti; Women's Army Corps, Evelyn Cohen interviewed at Hilton Head, SC; 467th BG Family Reunion, etc.

"Passage to Valhalla" covers the Air Battles of Europe from Schweinfurt to Regensburg to Ploesti. Included are scenes from Colonel James Gunn and Roumanian Pilot Captain Constantine Cantacuzino rescuing over 1000 American and Allied airmen from Roumania in the Fall of 1944. Tape produced by William Fili, 15th Air Force airman.

These tapes are also available for purchase. Write to the undersigned for a brochure.

Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

11th Annual So. California Dinner

The 11th Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Dinner will be held at the El Toro Marine Corps Club on 29 February 1992. Everyone is welcome. Contact:

Dick Boucher
1791 S.E. Windsor Lane
Santa Ana, CA 92705
Tel. 714-544-7484

Editor's Note

In the Summer 1991 issue of the Journal, the poem "M.I.A." which appeared on page 16 was erroneously credited to John Butler, who sent it in to the Journal. In fact, the actual author of the poem is Mr. J.A. Wilson. We apologize for the error.

Public Relations Notes

by Hap Chandler, Director

PUBLIC RELATIONS INVENTORY

Members of the Second Air Division Association with public relations skills who would be willing to work on PR related projects are encouraged to contact: Hap Chandler, P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, GA 30356-8148.

We particularly would like to contact cartoonists, graphic artists, copy writers, proof readers, etc.

ALL AMERICAN SCHEDULES

There have been several complaints concerning the late arrival or non-arrival of the "All American." If you have such a problem, contact Bob Collings or Dave Sheperd at (508) 562-9182.

Bill Eagleson (508) 653-3958 or myself will be glad to assist if Collings representatives are not available.

Information Needed — Original 93rd BG Planes

I need this information, before forgotten, to complete my list of original 93rd planes that flew overseas September 6, 1942. If you can fill in any of the blanks, or if you find any that you think I have wrong, please drop me a card. My winter address is:

Floyd H. Mabee • 11524 Zimmerman Road • Port Richey, FL 34668

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KATY BUG

EXTERMINATOR
LIBERTY LAD
SHOOT LUKE
GERONIMO
READY AND WILLING
HOT FREIGHT
BOMERANG

EAGER BEAVER
HELLSADROPPIN
WHAM BAM

BIG EAGLE
THE BLASTED EVENT
GLOBE TROTTER
DOUBLE TROUBLE
JERKS NATURAL
HOT STUFF
BALL OF FIRE
CELHALOPBS
EL LOBO

329th Sq.	No. 41-23683
409th Sq.	No. 41-23748
409th Sq.	No. 41-23734
409th Sq.	No. 41-23732
330th Sq.	No. 41-23665
329th Sq.	No. 41-23710
409th Sq.	No. 41-23740
409th Sq.	No. 41-23682
329th Sq.	No. 41-23689
409th Sq.	No. 41-23754
329th Sq.	No. 41-23674
409th Sq.	No. 41-23724
329th Sq.	No. 41-23658
328th Sq.	No. 41-23745
329th Sq.	No. 41-23686
329th Sq.	No. 41-23717
409th Sq.	No. 41-23742
328th Sq.	No. 41-23729
409th Sq.	No. 41-23744
330th Sq.	No. 41-23707
330th Sq.	No. 41-23666
328th Sq.	No. 41-23722
330th Sq.	No. 41-23721
328th Sq.	No. 41-23737
329th Sq.	No. 41-23723
409th Sq.	No. 41-23738
330th Sq.	No. 41-23712
330th Sq.	No. 41-23678
329th Sq.	No. 41-23682
329th Sq.	No. 41-23748
328th Sq.	No. 41-23672
328th Sq.	No. 41-23711
330th Sq.	No. 41-23728
328th Sq.	No. 41-23667
330th Sq.	No. 41-23675
330th Sq.	No. 41-23692



Happy Warrior Happenings

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

NORFOLK

July 23 to July 28, Ed & Billy Sheely Johnson, Maxine & Bill Clarey, and Norma and I were in Norfolk, Virginia attending the 3rd Strategic Air Depot Reunion as special guests. Herbert and Katherine Perry from the 458th Bomb Group were also special guests. Billy Johnson participated in the moving Display of Roses Memorial Service representing the 492nd Bomb Group. Following his tour of missions with the 492nd and 467th Bomb Groups, Bill Clarey was transferred to the 46th Repair Group stationed at Watton. Our English friends, Ken and Jan Godfrey from Watton also attended. All of the ladies were given gold airplane pins and the gentlemen were given caps. Wiley Noble and Committee did a great job!

It was a lively week, with a trip to Williamsburg, VA, tour of the Norfolk Harbor and Naval Base, aboard the Spirit of Norfolk which included lunch and entertainment. We had a M.A.S.H. breakfast, a U.S.O. show featuring 40's music, and the Tidewater Pipes & Drums.

I received a video "Wings" WWII footage and Norma received the book Battle of Britain in a drawing.

PRYTULAK

Shirley Prytulak, Don Prytulak's widow, Vickie & Bob Wilmoth, their two sons, (daughter of Shirley & Don) paid us a visit at our hotel. Shirley lives in nearby Virginia Beach. We had a great visit and I was pleased to receive additional information regarding the 859th Bomb Squadron in the form of Duane Heath's diary of missions on Don Prytulak's crew.

LAKE OF THE OZARKS

September 3 was departure day for St. Louis, MO, where we met Ann and Harry Dean of the 491st BG and a drive down to Lake of the Ozarks, MO, for the Midwest Reunion of the 2nd ADA. Martin Borrok, Chairman and his Committee planned a great reunion. Wilbur Stites (453rd BG) was M.C. and did his usual excellent job.

The following 492nd BG members joined us for a rousing two days: Harry & Katherine Rawls, Tom & Margaret Floyd, Elvern & Hazel Seitzinger, Russ Valleau, Stan & Dorothy Seger, Tom & Frances Kelley. Thirteen members in all! It was a pleasure to get to meet Tom & Frances Kelley and Tom & Margaret Floyd for the first time. I hope they will join us at more

reunions in the future. Jordan Uttal (Headquarters) also attended and it was good to talk with him again. We became better acquainted with Wib & Diane Clingan (VP 453rd). We met Cal Stewart of the 93rd Bomb Group, co-author of "Ploesti, the Great Ground-Air War, 1 August 1943." The boat trip around Lake of the Ozarks was very nice and I think we all enjoyed the movie "Rocketeer."

I was a recipient of one of Earl Zimmerman's (389th BG) clocks. My name was second to last to be drawn and I could hardly believe my good fortune. For those of you who may not be familiar with his work, he makes many beautiful clocks and leaded glass items.

In summary, one of the best things about the reunions is getting to meet so many nice people with whom we share a common bond. Watch your Journal and Newsletters for future reunion dates. Plan to attend and join in on the fun!

Following this reunion, we spent two days in St. Louis which included a visit to the Arch and Jefferson Barracks. Jefferson Barracks is a far cry from WWII days, a little off the beaten path but interesting nonetheless. The Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery is adjacent to the base. Sadly, we learned that the following 492nd Bomb Group members, killed in action July 7, 1944, Bernberg, Germany were buried there in Group Burial Section 85, Plot #24: T/Sgt. Darrel B. Andrews, S/Sgt. Donald W. Brown, S/Sgt. Vincent Brdecka, and S/Sgt. Salvatore Stamerra.

GLENN MILLER

Steve Miller, Glenn Miller's son, gave me a call mid-September after which Norma and I met him and his cousin Alan Cass, Curator of the Glenn Miller collection, at the University of Colorado for one of the most interesting days imaginable.

We were privileged to view the Glenn Miller collection of 29 gold records, the original score of "Moonlight Serenade," Glenn's framed Bronze Star Medal, and a cassette collection beyond compare of the Miller music. In addition, Alan and Steve took us on a campus tour which included the Glenn Miller Lounge where additional memorabilia and pictures are kept. In one of the showcases was a picture of Glenn holding Steve as a baby. The Heritage Center is located upstairs in Old Main where Glenn's trombone is displayed in a case along with other items of Glenn's.

We went outside to the bridge where "The Glenn Miller Story" was filmed with Jimmy Stewart and June Allison.

A notebook, captioned "492nd Bomb Group," lay on one of the shelves, and of course my interest was piqued immediately. It contained many letters and documents sent to Alan from Robert Munson, pilot in the 858th BG, of the "Boulder Buff." His crew and our crew, piloted by Joe Harris, on the "Silver Witch" were interned in Sweden. I contacted Bob Munson and hope he will become a member of the Group.

If any of you are in the Boulder, Colorado area, I urge you to visit the University of

Colorado and visit the Glenn Miller Lounge and the Heritage Center in Old Main. It is a trip worth taking.

DUES/SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE HAPPY WARRIOR

In answer to several inquiries about a set dues/subscription fee for the Happy Warrior, I would like to clarify this issue by saying that presently there is no set dues fee to belong to the 492nd Bomb Group. *At this time, it is strictly on a voluntary basis.* Our Group is the smallest Bomb Group in the 2nd Air Division Association and for the time being, I have been concentrating on building the membership, locating lost buddies, and putting members in contact with one another. All contributions, large or small are welcome, including stamps. All members of the 492nd Bomb Group who belong to the 2nd ADA will automatically receive the Happy Warrior. All referrals to former 492nd Bomb Group members are sent a personal letter from me with a newsletter along with an application for membership to the 2nd ADA. If I receive a response to my letter, the former 492nd BG member will continue to receive the Happy Warrior. All contributions are maintained on the computer by date, check number, amount, name of contributor. A Xerox copy of your check is also kept on file. The first issue of the Happy Warrior and Happy Warrior pins were willingly financed by the Beasleys. The ensuing contributions have been quite adequate in order to publish the newsletter. A debt of gratitude is owed to the many members of other Bomb Groups as well as the Executive Committee, who have sent generous contributions in addition to those 492nd Bomb Group members who have given so generously to this worthy endeavor.

MEMBERSHIP

Our membership is slowly but steadily increasing. I would like to gather as much information about every crew, its members and their missions as I can. One of the most rewarding aspects of my job is being able to help former crew members get in touch with one another. I want to personally thank everyone for their help and support. This thank you includes members of other Bomb Groups who have referred former 492nd BG members to me as well as friends like Steve Miller who located Robert K. Doyle, former pilot in the 858th Squadron through Ben Parnell. Your phone calls and letters are greatly appreciated.

HAPPY WARRIOR PATCHES

I have had several inquiries and prepaid orders for the Happy Warrior Patch. However, the cost to obtain these patches is prohibitive unless there are sufficient numbers of prepaid requests. Cost per each for the 4½" patch not including tax in quantities of 50 is \$6.80. If we could order 100 the cost is reduced to \$5.60 plus tax. If there are members of other Bomb Groups who would be interested in having a Happy Warrior Patch, please get in touch with me: Bill Beasley, 1525 So. Garfield St., Denver, CO 80210-3022.

Martin's Red Caps

by Luther S. Bird (93rd)

Our crew had phase training in B-24s in Arizona; Alamogordo, NM; Clovis, NM; and Lincoln, Nebraska. Due to shortages of B-24s, the flight crew was sent to Salina, Kansas to be checked out in a B-17F. The crew ferried the B-17F (Superstitious-Aloisius) from Lincoln, Nebraska to England via Bangor, Maine, Gander Lake, Preswick, Scotland and Blackpool, England arriving May 29, 1943. On completing the Tactical Training School at Boxmoor, the crew reported to the 328th Squadron, 93rd Bomb Group on June 13, 1943 (A.A.F. 104, Hardwick). At that time the group was practicing low level flying over the English countryside.

Martin's crew became the first replacement crew on B-24D, Bomberang, 41-23722. The crew was as follows: 1st Lt. Roy G. Martin, Pilot; 2nd Lt. Luther S. Bird, Co-Pilot; 2nd Lt. James W. Reid, Navigator; 2nd Lt. Jack H. Roach, Bombardier; T/Sgt. Harry A. Strand, Engineer; T/Sgt. Francis A. Sullivan, Radio; S/Sgt. Herschel W. Dodd, Asst. Radio; S/Sgt. Charles B. Molina, Asst. Engineer; S/Sgt. George H. Kelly, Gunner, Armor-G.; and S/Sgt. Robert O. Sparks, Armor-G.

The Martin crew made 14 missions in Bomberang. These included the August 1, 1943 low level raid to Ploesti, two raids to Weiner Neustadt, Austria and one to Danzig, Poland. Raids to targets in Sicily, Italy, Romania, Austria, Germany, Poland and Norway were made. We flew from bases located in England, Libya and Tunisia.

In the Ploesti raid formation Martin's crew, in Bomberang, flew off Joe Tate's (leader of the second wave of lead element) left wing. Joe Avendano was off Tate's right wing and Tate was behind Lt. Col. Addison Baker (with Major John Jerstad). Bomberang carried two one-thousand pound bombs designated for the power plant of the Americana Romania refinery. Bomberang had no wing tip fuel tanks, so we had two bomb bay fuel tanks in front and two bombs in back. Bomberang made it over the target and back without a scratch. The crew chief, George Ewall, could drain only a cup of gas from the fuel system. Lt. D.R. Rahl, a newly arrived pilot, made the Ploesti raid with us.

Changes occurred during the period October 18 - November 1, 1943. Bird flew the crew's 14th mission in Bomberang as pilot and George Bailey, co-pilot of the original Bomberang crew, flew his 25th mission as Bird's co-pilot. Roy Martin became 328th Squadron operation officer (Martin later completed 26 missions and became Squadron Commander and still later Group Adjutant). Earl Wayne (Rocky) Hill, an American transferred from the RCAF,

became co-pilot and Bird continued as pilot. T/Sgt. Strand was removed from flying status because of age and health problems. Charles Molina moved up as engineer and Harvey B. Lyons was added to the crew as belly gunner.

Freeze-up problems with Bomberang's high pressure oxygen system were occurring at altitude where the temperature was often minus 50 to 60 C. The Bird crew was assigned a new B-24D, No. 42-63982, which had a low pressure oxygen system. By majority vote the crew named the new B-24 "El Toro." The William F. Stein crew in Jerks Natural was lost on the October 1, 1943 mission to Weiner Neustadt. The Jerks Natural ground crew took over El Toro. At this time Bomberang was close to having 50 missions. She later completed these and returned to the States on a war bond selling mission. (At this point an error in the Dugan and Stewart book on Ploesti should be pointed out. Bird is listed as pilot and Martin as co-pilot, and the reverse was the case.)

The crew continued flying missions in El Toro. Missions to cities such as Wilhelmshaven, Munster, Bremen, Kiel, Solingen and Oslo were flown. On December 22, 1943 the crew was on its 23rd mission, which was a trestle at the northeast end of rail marshalling yards at Osnabruck, Germany. Sgt. Lyons and the belly gun did not make the mission in order to remove weight, as it was anticipated that we would have to go to a higher than usual altitude. The group was approaching the target at 27,500 feet, barely above cloud cover and making dense vapor trails, when we were hit by a rocket and 20mm bullets from a fighter.

The following account is based on actual experience, discussions with surviving crew members, and reading critique reports. Numbers two and three engines were on fire. A big hole was blown in the right side of the flight deck behind the radio. Fire was sucked in through the big hole and the flames extended back into the bomb bay. The heat caused condensate to form on all glass surfaces, windows and instruments. Thus, a flying blind situation was instantly created. Because of the altitude, we were operating at about 90-95% of available power. Flight characteristics indicated all power from number three engine was lost instantly. El Toro went into a spin to the right, then leveled out and exploded. We had at least half a load of gasoline and 12 five-hundred pound bombs on board.

Radio man Sullivan jumped into the flight deck well and the bomb bay doors would not open. Sullivan was last seen going into the crawl tunnel towards the

nose wheel. In the rear, waist gunners Kelly and Dodd made successful jumps out the waist windows and parachuted down. Tail gunner Sparks was hit in the buttock by fragments of a 20mm shell. He was out of the turret when the plane lurched, throwing Sparks chin first into the bottom tunnel door. A glass pane was broken and Sparks' chin and jaw were wedged into the opening in a manner that kept him stuck. Reid and Roach, navigator and bombardier respectively, were not seen or heard from during the period of being hit until the plane exploded. Hill, co-pilot and Molina, engineer and top turret gunner, managed to get onto the flight deck. The centrifugal force was so great one could not raise the arm high enough to grab and open the top escape hatch. Bird, pilot, failing in pulling himself from the pilot's seat, turned back to the flight controls and placed them in the neutral position. This is when the ship exploded. Other than the fact that Reid, Roach and Sullivan were killed in action their exact fate is not known. Bird, Hill, Molina and Sparks were still in the ship when it exploded. All four came to in a free fall, pulled the ripcord and were on the ground in 3 to 4 minutes. On the way down I saw thousands of pieces of El Toro, the size of leaves, floating down. The largest parts were an outer piece of one wing and an inflated dingy.

The survivors of the crew were captured by farmers and taken to a rural community center. A lady attended to Sparks' wounds. Later, soldiers came in a truck and took us to the airdrome at Quakenbruck. Sparks was taken to a hospital, and the remainder were placed in prison cells. During the next two days we were transported by train to an interrogation camp in Frankfurt. We were placed in solitary confinement on Christmas Eve and taken out New Year's Eve. On January 1, 1944 we were aboard trains being transported to prisoner of war camps.

The crew of El Toro when we were shot down were: Luther S. Bird, Pilot, became POW. Earl Wayne Hill, Co-Pilot, became POW. James W. Reid, Navigator, KIA. Jack H. Roach, Bombardier, KIA. Charles B. Molina, Engineer, became POW. Francis A. Sullivan, Radio, KIA. Herschel W. Dodd, Asst. Radio, became POW. George H. Kelly, Waist Gunner, became POW. Robert O. Sparks, Tail Gunner, became POW.

Except for Hill, all were members of the "Martin's Red Caps" crew. All POWs served 16 months in captivity. We were liberated and returned to the USA in May 1945. All six former POWs were in good health.

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

The 448th Bomb Group Association held its ninth consecutive group reunion Sept. 5, 6 & 7 at Hampton, VA. It was attended by 270 veterans and wives, several for their very first time. Among the first-timers were two of our four living 448th generals: Major General Jimmie Jones of Little Rock, AK; and Lt. General William "Bill" W. Snavely of Diamond Bar, CA. Lt. Gen. Snavely, a West Point grad, not only had his entire regular crew #16, but since his was a lead crew, he had also a number of lead navigators and bombardiers as well who flew often with his crew when they led group or wing missions. Several of these fellows had not seen each other since they left Seething in 1945. Col. Larry Wolfe, regular crew navigator and Lt. Col. Fred Aldrich, radio operator, retired in the military. Needless to say this was a most unusual and great occasion for these WWII airmen to not only all still be living but to be able to get together once more. We all were happy for them.

We had a nice tour of nearby Langley AFB where we saw not one but two stealth fighter/bombers, saw an excellent flying demonstration of an F-15 fighter, had a super buffet lunch at Langley AFB officers mess and several U.S. Generals as well as high ranking officers visiting from NATO countries. We had an interesting lecture and slide presentation by one of Langley's pilots who saw active duty in "Desert Storm."

The Midwest was chosen as our 10th annual group reunion site, and Leroy Engdahl was chosen to head up the site selection committee. He is actively pursuing the cities of Omaha, home of SAC and Offutt AFB; Wichita, KS, home of McConnell AFB; and Oklahoma City, home of Tinker AFB, for a possible June or July date so as not to interfere with either the 2nd AD or 8th AFHS reunions, which go on at the same time in October, presenting a problem for anyone who planned to attend both. The 8th AFHS announces 3 years in advance their reunion sites and dates, so it is most unfortunate to have this conflict.

The 448th Bomb Group Association is very proud to now have more than 800 paid members. The Sept. 24, 1991 update sent to all Group VPs reflects 820 members for the 448th. This is the result of continuous hard

work, and thanks to all those who have sent in names and addresses of our non-member 448th veterans to Leroy Engdahl, our membership chairman.

At each of our group reunions, each veteran is given three rosters: one of our paid up members, one of our non-members for whom we have the addresses, and one of our brothers who have passed on since WWII. To all those who received a roster, we ask for you to please look each one over carefully and if you know of one of our 448th who is deceased since WWII who is not on the "deceased" roster, please give the information as best you can to Cater Lee so we can be as accurate as we can with our list.

If you know anyone on the non-member roster, please contact them and invite them to become a member, or perhaps re-join us again, and invite them to join us at our excellent group reunions. With your continued help, no telling where our membership numbers can go. We know that some of our buddies will depart us each year and progressively more each year, so all the help you can give us will be most appreciated.

If anyone wants a pair of wings, send your request along with a copy of Form 00-214 to: HQ USAF/XDOTW, Training & Warrior Management Division, Washington, DC 20330-5054; Attn: SMSGT TRIBBETT.

Send request for all medals you may be entitled to along with a copy of 00-214 to: National Personnel Records Center, Military Personnel Records, 9200 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63132. If you don't have those forms, you may request them from these addresses. Good Luck!!

Remember our buddies who spend their own money to make available such mementos as 448th T-shirts, tie tacs, etc., and who donate part of their profits to our 448th general fund. You can find their names and addresses in the Summer 1991 Journal in the article "The 448th Speaks."

At our Hampton reunion, the membership agreed to collect a \$5.00 fee from every attendee at this and all future reunions for a newly established "English Fund" to be used any way we see fit; church roof repair, etc.

We sent a substantial amount to England by Jim and Nancy Turner who were visitors from Seething at our group reunion. This

was to help with the roof of the old Seething Church, damaged by storm a few years back. This was the Turners' second reunion visit to the States, the first being to the 50th memorial celebration held at Fort Worth, Texas in 1989 when several groups, including the 448th, held group reunions. We are always very pleased to have our English friends join us at our group reunions.

We also had two of our widows attend our reunion. They were Marge Bollschweiler, widow of "Wally" who was over the control tower personnel, and Hazel Dickinson, widow of George. This was not their first reunion and they were publicly recognized. We always welcome our surviving spouses.

Also at the reunion, Cater Lee was re-elected to a second term as Group VP.

As you all know, 1992 marks the 50th anniversary of the 8th AF arrival in England. The week of Sept. 5 & 6 marks the 50th year that the first airman arrived at Seething. Events are being planned to mark this occasion and several of the 448th have indicated an interest in returning there. Paul Homan is working up plans to organize a 5 or 6 day visit to Seething, Norwich, Duxford, Cambridge, etc. If you are definitely interested, contact Paul Homan at 513 E. Dixie Street, Avon Park, FL 33825. Sounds good here! Please write him ASAP so he can get a realistic feel on the interest.

1992 also marks the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the 8th AF at Savannah, Georgia. There will be, the planners say, the biggest 8th AF event since 1945 at Savannah, Jan. 27 - Feb. 1, 1992. It is anticipated that thousands of 8th AF veterans will be there, as well as dignitaries from the U.S. and England. Even though there will be several thousand rooms available within a 15 mile radius, it is suggested that to be sure you will have a place to stay during this historic event, mail your request for room and pertinent information to: 8th AF 50th Anniversary, P.O. Box 23606, Savannah, GA 41403-3606.

We had planned to recognize additional 448th veterans who followed the field of education after their service, but due to this lengthy article, we promise "next time."

Good health, and see you in Savannah!

Eighth Annual Midwest Regional Reunion

by Martin Borrok (389th)

The 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion of the 2nd ADA was held at the Lodge of the Four Seasons, Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri on September 3-5, 1991. 182 members and guests attended.

Golf was first on the agenda for Wednesday morning. Martin Borrok (389th BG) opened the evening session which featured a reading of the Governor's proclamation by Bill Helbling (389th BG) declaring September 5th to be 2nd ADA Day in Missouri. This was followed by a historical perspective of the 2nd Air Division and the 2nd ADA which subsequently evolved, delivered by Don Olds (453rd BG). Norma Beasley, V.P. Heritage League, spoke about the Heritage League and its implications for the future. The session ended with the awarding of over 30 keepsake prizes furnished by Earl Zimmerman (389th BG).

Our 1992 site selection meeting was held the following morning. Oshkosh, Wisconsin was chosen, and it will be in late May/early June so as not to conflict with the national reunion scheduled for the fall.

Bingo was played later in the morning. The many prizes awarded were made by local woodcrafters.

The afternoon saw about 165 of our people enjoying a scenic cruise on the lake on the Seasons Queen. 182 people attended our banquet that evening, which opened with the playing of our National Anthem, followed by the Air Corps Song. Wilbur Stites (453rd BG) was MC. Earl Zimmerman conducted the Eight Candles For Remembrance ceremony, assisted by members of the reunion planning group: Gene Hartley (389th BG), Dutch Borchering (93rd BG), Ed Kimmel (466th BG),

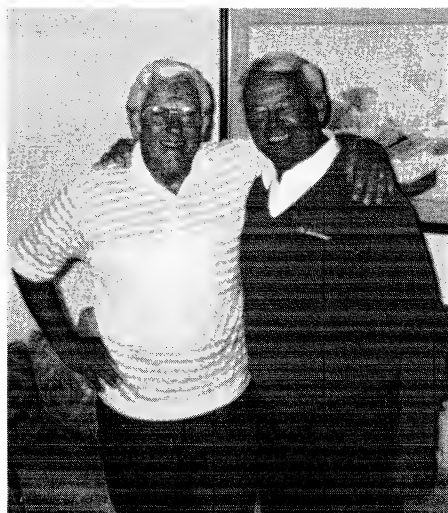
Quentin Wetteroth (446th BG), Jack Colvin (392nd BG), Norman Raeber (453rd BG), Ray Counts (491st BG) and David Godair (489th BG).

June Zimmerman gave us a heartfelt and moving invocation. Jordan Uttal, Honorary 2nd ADA President, spoke on behalf of the 2nd ADA Memorial Trust. John Conrad (Executive V.P. 2nd ADA) representing Richard Kennedy (President 2nd ADA) spoke on the subject of regional reunions. Jean Stites, President of the Heritage League, reaffirmed the importance of the League.

A stimulating view-graph presentation, looking into the technological future of the man in the cockpit, was provided by Gene Adam of McDonnell Douglas, Sr. Fellow, Advanced Crew Stations. Wilbur Stites closed the reunion with the Benediction.

Together Again

by Homer "Bus" Badgett (389th)



The above photograph shows Bus Badgett (left) and Carl Moss (right), from Ralph Woodard's crew getting together again on February 15, 1991 after being apart 47 years. The last time they saw each other was when they were preparing to bail out of a crippled B-24 Liberator over German occupied France in 1944. Bus and Carl were flying with the 389th Bomb Group on a mickey mission over Munich, Germany. Normally, Bus was co-pilot and Carl was the radio operator; however, on this special mission, Bus was assigned the position of formation control officer and Ralph Woodard took his place as co-pilot. When their B-24 was hit by German ground fire at Munich, a gas tank was punctured by flak. Much fuel was lost and it became doubtful the aircraft could make it back to England. With P-38 fighter coverage, the B-24 broke away from the formation and started flying a straight line path toward its home base in England. Engine power settings were reduced for minimum fuel consumption, at the expense of continuously losing altitude along the way. Guns, ammunition, the auxiliary power unit and anything else not essential to getting back were thrown out of the aircraft to lighten the load. Luckily, the B-24 was able to fly out of Germany, but the fuel starved engines began to cut out over German occupied northern France at about 15,000 feet altitude. At the same time the Germans started sending up flak again from their anti-aircraft guns. It was decided the crew's best chance for survival was to bail out and allow the aircraft to crash. After the crew bailed out of the B-24, it crashed and burned near Lille, France.

Andrew Felbinger, the navigator, landed with a collapsed parachute and was instantly killed upon impact with the ground. Later, the French said he landed near a pub and the lines of his parachute whistled like a bomb coming down. Everyone inside the pub dove under tables, thinking they were going to be bombed. When nothing happened, they went out to investigate. They found his parachute was out of the pack

and thought that a hit from enemy ground fire might have caused it to collapse. The Frenchmen from the pub immediately buried him beside the road, in front of the pub, before the Germans arrived.

Bus landed in plowed ground beside a tall wheat field. He quickly gathered up the white silk of his parachute and covered it with loose soil. Then, he crawled into the tall wheat and moved rapidly in a zig-zag path to get out of sight. When the Germans arrived, they didn't find him. Later, with the aid of French patriots, he contacted the French Underground who helped him evade capture, and located his bombardier, Pat Crawford. Although moving separately, Bus and Pat always kept track of each other. After approximately two months in hiding, they made contact with an advancing British tank column and a Canadian support group. They rode with the Canadians in a rear guard jeep following a string of trucks transporting German prisoners to Paris. In newly liberated Paris, they contacted an American intelligence unit and were flown back to England.

Carl's parachute got caught in some telephone lines. A French farmer tried to help him, but during the process, a German truck arrived on the scene and two German soldiers captured him. He spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp where he almost died from German harassment, exposure to the cold, and bad food.

There were 13 men aboard the mickey flight to Munich. There was Ralph

Woodard's regular crew of 10, along with a command pilot, and two radar specialists. When Ralph Woodard landed, the Germans captured him and, like Carl, he was forced to spend the duration of the war in a German prison camp. Out of the 13 airmen flying on this mission, 7 evaded capture, 5 were captured and 1 was killed.

When Bus and Carl started describing their experiences, the war suddenly became very real again. Bus said, "Seeing Carl again just had to be one of the highlights of my entire life." Since the war, Bus, Pat and Ralph periodically visited each other; however Bus and Carl had not seen each other. There are four other members of the crew whose addresses are still unknown. If these airmen could be located, perhaps a reunion could be arranged so that all surviving members of Ralph Woodard's crew could get together again. The missing crewmen are: Thomas Cox, John Wargo, Ronald Smith, and Donald Carter. If anyone has any information regarding their whereabouts, please contact Bus or Carl. Here are their addresses and phone numbers:

BUS BADGETT
2010 W. San Marcos Blvd. #149
San Marcos, CA 92069
Tel. (619) 727-9037

CARL MOSS
1774 Harvey Road,
Williamston, MI 48895
Tel. (517) 655-2464



Ralph Woodard's crew. Front row (l-r): Donald Carter, gunner/engineer; Charles "Pat" Crawford, bombardier; Carl Moss, radio operator; Homer "Bus" Badgett, co-pilot; John Wargo, gunner. Back row (l-r): Edmond Boice, gunner; Thomas Cox, flight engineer; Ronald Smith, gunner; Andrew Felbinger, Jr., navigator; and Ralph Woodard, pilot.

466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The Big News is... the 466th Bomb Group Association is closing in on its goal of \$10,000 for the memorial. At the September reunion in New Orleans they had reached 75% of the needed funds. As a special guest, Ted Clarke of Norwich attended. Ted has been instrumental in acquiring and cleaning the site for the memorial. He has also been the contact with the civil authorities and the company who will build the memorial. Thanks, Ted! Late May or early June 1992 have been targeted for the dedication.

On October 5th, my wife and I met Marion Herbst at a regional dinner in Philadelphia. Her husband was T/Sgt. Charles R. Herbst, Flight Engineer on Crew #503 with Capt. Larry Booth. After World War II, he worked as a metallurgist for the American Bureau of Shipping while living in Old Tappan, NJ. Charlie passed away in 1980, but Marion keeps in touch with old friends.

Marion recently transcribed Charlie's accounts of his missions with the 466th and presented me with a copy. I plan to share them with you; however, printing all of them in one issue is not possible so I will start with his first two.

A TOUR OF EUROPE (the hard way)

"Berlin, March 22, 1944. Flew our own ship which was christened "Jamaica?", on its first mission. Everyone was a little scared but curious as to what this trip was going to be like. Once we got into the air there was a lot more to do than being scared. The trip up to the time we reached the I.P. (initial point, this is where the bomb run starts) was fairly nice even though temperature was down to about -45°C. When we turned on the I.P., con-trails developed and broke up the formations and made it plenty dangerous because planes were going in all directions and dropping bombs at the same time. We dropped our incendiaries on what we thought was our lead ship and turned for home. We saw plenty of flak right over the target but the con-trails and the excitement took all our

worries of that away. The Luftwaffe must have had a big party the night before, as none of them showed up even at that time of day, which was noon. I saw our first losses go down when two of the ships of our group ran together on the bomb run. We tacked on to a formation which really had a good leader; he took us around all the flak areas on the way out and there were plenty of them. I saw only a corner of the town through the clouds, and that was enough. There was no damage to the ship and nothing wrong with it."

"St. Dizier, March 24, 1944. I guess this was my birthday present from the Army as it really was a "milk run." The ship really is OK, for again she flew a mission with no trouble at all. It was a beautiful day over France and I got my first look at Paris. The target or object of the trip was an airfield on which we did a good job. We were lost for a while when the leader couldn't find the place. Nobody was mad at us this day for neither the Luftwaffe or flak gunners were challenged. If they could all be like this, it would be a good sight-seeing trip."

I will continue to excerpt Charlie's mission accounts in future issues of the Journal.

I had a request for information on getting decorations. My suggestion is to contact your American Legion or VFW Post and/or your local Congressman (see phone book under U.S. Gov't Offices) for assistance.

For information from active duty records or to replace decorations/awards, write to: NPRC/NCPMF-C, 9700 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63132-5000. Submit a signed request with your full name, grade, serial number/social security number and an explanation of your needs. The NPRC normally replies in 4-6 weeks and may charge a small fee for copying documents.

On The Way To War

by Dick Hill (44th)

Crew #75 finished B-24 training at Casper, Wyoming in January of 1944 and headed east to the staging area at the Topeka Air Base located at Topeka, Kansas.

The two pilots, Veryl Duwe and Richard Carpenter, were assigned some temporary duty in Oklahoma and I was called home to New York for the funeral of my stepfather. Frank Weiss, the navigator and the rest of the crew, namely, Don Billings, Don Henriksen, John Wesley, Ed "Mike" Healy, Joseph McNamara and Ray Lindsey remained in Topeka.

The crew was reassembled in Topeka in March and we were under orders to proceed to the European Theater of War in a replacement B-24. Frank had dated Margie who worked in the Kansas City Star Building in Kansas City, so naturally we had to circle the tower and waggle our wings before heading for Morrison Field in Florida.

The flight to Morrison Field was fairly uneventful, except for a teeth-rattling hail storm over central Florida that stripped the paint from the leading edges of the airplane.

We were briefed at Morrison Field for the trip along the southern route to England via South America and Africa. We took off over the Atlantic Ocean with stop-overs to be made at San Juan, Puerto Rico; Georgetown, British Guiana; Belem and Natal, Brazil.

We flew across the Atlantic Ocean from Natal at night, so Frank could keep us on course using celestial navigation. Frank did a superb job and we arrived over Dakar, French West Africa at daybreak. We had flown over 1800 miles of ocean at night. (You'll have to ask Frank what went wrong when we got lost over the South Dakota badlands in December of 1943. I take the Fifth.)

In Dakar, I ran into Lt. Donald Williams, navigator from my hometown of Fairport, New York. His brother and I played on the Fairport High championship basketball team in 1941-42. Don was headed for Italy, but as I understand, he never made it back home — missing in action over the Alps.

We would spend two days and nights in Dakar, but Veryl and Frank evidently thought we would be there at least a few more hours. On the second evening, Veryl and Frank got smashed on French Cognac that was served in those little old green glasses. The next morning, bright and early, we received our orders to proceed to fly to Marrakech, French Morocco.

Anyway, at 6:00 AM, we lifted off with Richard, the co-pilot at

the controls and Dick, the bombardier, plotting the course across forty date palms, an oasis and tons of sand. Talking about trying to find an I.P., finding an oasis is a whole thrill in itself. Veryl and Frank were along for the ride, but doing a whole lot of moaning and groaning. Crew #75 had its second baptism under fire and not one enemy in sight.

Luckily, we found Marrakech and not one scratch was found on anyone or anything. When we landed, our plane was assigned a Senegalese guard who stood six foot ten inches tall, wore a red fez on his head and carried a rifle with a bayonet affixed. No one in his right mind would want to mix it up with one of those savage warriors. Even under those conditions, a case of Scotch purchased in San Juan was stolen from the plane. We couldn't point a finger, but we kind of knew who lifted the hootch.

We were grounded in Marrakech for three weeks due to storms over Spain and Portugal. During this time, we saw the first B-29 group land at Marrakech. It was on the way to the Far East. As the crews deplaned, it became apparent that there was no one under the rank of Major on those aircraft. We visited the free French community with its black marble hotel, saw the Italian prisoner of war camp, visited the forbidden city and found a place to drink champagne for ten cents a glass.

The Arab boys attempted to sell us all kinds of things; they were really persistent even at the young age of ten or twelve.

Frank attempted to teach me how to play poker with the French money issued to us. I never did learn to play poker with any kind of money; but I did learn to give Frank my money to invest in any games of chance he could find. I was always able to make a profit this way. How much did Frank win? I really didn't care. He was very good.

As the crew began to know each other better, we found that Lt. Veryl Duwe and his brother barnstormed the county fairs in an airplane they had constructed on the farm back in northeast Iowa; Lt. Richard Carpenter, co-pilot from Kansas City, took all of his training in single engine aircraft and was a pretty good photographer; Lt. Frank Weiss, navigator, helped his cousin run a bar in Chicago and was a member of a B-26 tow target outfit from Tonapah; T/Sgt. Don Billings, radioman from Kansas, was a quiet one; Sgt. Joseph McNamara, ball turret gunner from Providence, RI was a brawler; Sgt. John Wesley, tail gunner from Long Island was the second youngest crew member next to me; Sgt. Ray Lindsey, waist gunner, was a good-hearted, older young man from Collins, Mississippi;

(continued on page 30)



United States
of America

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No. 49

House of Representatives

A TRIBUTE TO THE 8TH AIR FORCE

MR. FAZIO. Mr. Speaker, the recent victory in the Persian Gulf should remind us all of the debt and the gratitude that we owe to all of our Nation's veterans. With this in mind, I want to take a moment to recognize a special group of veterans who are quickly approaching an important milestone. In 1992, the 'Mighty 8th Air Force,' 650,000 members strong since World War II, will be celebrating their 50th anniversary. The brave men who make up the 8th Air Force have served with distinction and honor, and it is my privilege to recognize them on their 50th anniversary by submitting a brief history of the 8th Air Force written by Dr. Eric Hawkinson — a member of the 8th Air Force, the current chairman of the 8th Air Force Historical Society Unit Advisory Committee, and my constituent. I recommend the article to my colleagues and congratulate the members of the 8th Air Force on this special occasion. The article follows.

WHEN DID WE QUIT - 8TH AIR FORCE?

by Eric Hawkinson

We began as the 8th Army Air Force in 1942, but when did we quit? We didn't. The 8th Air Force lives today with headquarters at Barksdale Air Force Base, Shreveport, Louisiana. Well then, when did we wrap it up in England following World War II?

The Mighty Eighth Army Air Force began on 19 January 1942 and was activated on 28 January 1942 at the Chatham Armory in Savannah, Georgia. Located at Hunter Field, Colonel Asa N. Duncan was the first commander. Pearl Harbor had just been bombed about a month and a half earlier.

Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker took the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command Headquarters to England the next month and located at High Wycombe, about 40 miles west of London and on the road to Oxford. In May 1942, Command of the 8th Air Force was assumed by Major General Carl A. 'Tooey' Spaatz. He established the 8th Air Force Headquarters at Bushy Park (Teddington, Middlesex), 15 miles southwest of the center of London on 25 June 1942. Shortly after the birth of the 8th AAF at Savannah, one of our own, Joseph A. 'Joe' Stenglein, 1st Lieutenant and pilot, in the 8th Bomber Command was on the way to the United Kingdom and in charge of 1,000 officers and men making the transition from Georgia into the United Kingdom as staff for the 8th Air Force. Joe knew the High Wycombe Abbey as well as the main Headquarters building of the 8th AAF. There were times when socially he was over at Maidenhead in the home of a British governmental minister with Joe's friend, Pleasant J. McNeel. McNeel later, as did Joe, joined the staff of the 325th Recon Wing. Joe served at the Widewing headquarters in the London area and then became Commanding Officer of the organization which was to become the 25th Bomb Group at Watton, north of London.

General James H. Doolittle assumed command of the 8th AAF on 6 January 1944.

Before 1945 rolled around and the war in Europe was over (May 7, 1945) with the surrender of the Germans, approximately 350,000 officers and men had served in the 8th AAF during the three year or so period in which the Americans participated in the European Theater of Operations.

The British had suffered the war many more years, having had various degrees of involvement from 1939 on. Many of their men had gone overseas to distant lands, while the Americans had left the United States which had directly seen little war and were now seeing

overseas duty in the British homeland. Some of the children took to the Yanks with their familiar come-on of "Any gum chum?" The older Britons complained that the Yanks were "overpaid, over-fed, oversexed and over here." As the Americans fraternized with the British women, they also retaliated by saying to the Britons, "Britons are underpaid, undersexed and under Eisenhower."

Our brash warm beer drinking, cigar smoking and gum chewing GIs were basically a friendly bunch even as they communicated with the hungry Britons living with rationing, war weariness and a longing for their own troops away in the wars. The Britons eventually felt the Yanks to be less of a threat and invited them into their homes. Their daughters dated them and many married them, 50,000 to be nearly exact!

General James H. Doolittle left the U.K. Base for Okinawa with the 8th Air Force flag in July of 1945 with the intent of bringing the 8th there for the final thrust on Japan. Various combat crews returned to the States following their prescribed number of missions for their tour of duty. The ground crews remained from the time of their arrival to the United Kingdom until it became possible for them to return home. The dropping of the atom bombs (August 6 and 9) on Japan brought the war (Japan accepted terms of surrender on September 2) in the Pacific to a close and the 8th AAF personnel did not have to transfer en masse to the Pacific Theater of Operations.

Major General William E. Kepner, relatively little known probably to many GIs, was the 8th AAF commander 10 May 1945 and Major General Westside T. Larson assumed command on 21 June 1945. General James H. Doolittle returned on 19 July 1945 to assume command.

Units were sent to the States for deactivation, officers and men were temporarily assigned to some units going home as an official means of moving them from the UK to the Zone of the Interior (Army talk for the United States), some stayed for purposes of closing bases or carrying out other assignments, such as housekeeping of base closures. Some units and individual officers and men were sent to the Continent for follow-up chores, such as bomb assessment surveys and photographic details, reproduction and interpretation.

Many 8th AAF officers and men were missing in action and never accounted for as to their whereabouts. The 8th AAF suffered 26,000 deaths out of the 350,000 officers and men. (The U.S. Navy suffered 37,000 deaths out of the 4.1 million in the WWII Navy.) Many bodies were exhumed and returned to the U.S. at the request of families and many families opted to allow their loved ones to remain in U.S. Military and other cemeteries in the United Kingdom and the Continent. A number of prisoners of war from the 8th AAF needed medical treatment both in the European Theater and then in the United States. A considerable number needed various kinds of rehabilitation. Many of the veterans of the ETO chose to remain in the service, some chose to remain in Europe, some with the women they had married and others were employed in that Theater.

Whereas probably the bulk of the living from the original 350,000 chose civilian life, many chose the military as a career. Some upon entering civilian life, opted to return to the military service.

The 8th Air Force just did not quit. When the Army Air Force became a separate service from the Army on 18 September 1947, the 8th Air Force continued and currently remains an effective strategic force. It did not quit. It just changed hands! An estimated 650,000 have served in it since WWII!



FAMILY REUNION

On September 21, 1944, two American Liberators had a mid-air collision over Inglemunster, Belgium. Both planes were destroyed. One was the "Naughty Nan."

There were four survivors from that crash: 2nd Lieut. E.E. Johnson, pilot; 2nd Lieut. S.L. Mikolajczyk, co-pilot; S/Sgt. J.F. Bradley, radio man; and S/Sgt. C.D. Johnson, flight engineer. The Johnsons were not related.

Now, to the 44th reunion of the 2nd Air Division which included the 93rd Bomb Group at the Hyatt Regency, Dearborn, Michigan, the weekend of July 4, 1991.

One of the crew members of the "Naughty Nan," C.D. Johnson, was in the hotel lobby when a lovely young lady approached him and asked if he knew anyone in the 93rd BG. To her surprise, C.D. was wearing his identification tag. She then inquired if he might know a "Cecil." That was as far as she got when she realized that she had, by sheer coincidence, met C.D. Johnson — a member of E.E. Johnson's crew — her Dad's crew back in 1944. S.L. Mikolajczyk and J.F. Bradley were at the reunion with C.D.

C.D. and Cindy Johnson Deneau arranged for all of us to meet at dinner.

From 1945 until the early 1980s, these men had looked for each other and we must report here that E.E. Johnson had passed away prior to a reunion on May 22, 1983. The catalyst for these men to meet eventually was the pilot's wife, Libby Johnson.

You can imagine the joy and feeling of loss at dinner that night, when Cindy asked all the questions from her Mom of her beloved Dad's crew. Cindy unknowingly titled this report a "Family Reunion" — from pictures, questions and stories that were a part of the past brought to the present.

Joe Bradley
175 Courtshire Drive
Lions Head
Brick, NJ 08723-7140



(l-r): Cindy Johnson Deneau, C.D. Johnson, S.L. Mikolajczyk, Joe Bradley.



Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a great picture taken in 1945 at Seething AFB, England, of some members of the 448th BG, 712th Squadron. All look like very happy warriors.

Again, in the same order but taken 46 years later (after some had not seen each other since 1945), they are equally as happy but maybe not quite as trim. The latter pic-

ture was taken at our 448th Bomb Group Association reunion September 5, 6 & 7 at Hampton (Langley AFB), Virginia.

From left to right they are: Ralph Dimick, bombardier; Lt. Gen. Wayne Snively (Ret.), lead crew pilot; Col. Lawrence Wolfe (Ret.), navigator; Frank Parmer, radar navigator; and Charles Bonner, group navigator.

Leroy Engdahl

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Dear Bill:

I have just been reading the Spring 1991 Journal, lent to me by a friend of the 8th.

I see in the "Open Letter to the 93rd" by Floyd H. Mabey that he has included a report regarding the March 29, 1944 93rd BG collision over Henham Estate and my attempt to have a memorial erected there. It is the property of the 6th Earl of Stradbroke, who is very keen to get the project underway. (I will keep you informed.) Floyd made a couple of mistakes in his report, first, my address and name. Secondly he mentioned that the two B-24s of the 93rd BG collided during a severe thunderstorm. I am afraid that is not correct. (Please see "A Lasting Scar" on page 11 — Ed.).

I would like to hear from any of your readers either from the 93rd BG or the 56th FG who attended the crash and suffered losses.

Gordon K. Reynolds
2 Marlborough Road
Oulton Broad
Lowestoft
Suffolk
U.K. NR32 3BT

Dear Bill:

It was indeed a great pleasure, and almost felt like a reunion, to receive your letter along with a copy of the Journal in reply to my letter.

After looking over the Journal, I am almost despondent that I had not been a member of the Association all these years. I carefully went through all the names mentioned in the Journal and am sorry to say that there are very few that rekindle any memories. Our crew from the 453rd BG did have a get together a few years ago which was very enjoyable and we occasionally correspond. I intend to send information regarding the Association to each one of them to attempt to get them interested in joining and attending the reunions; that way, we will all get to see each other.

I certainly hope to be able to attend the next convention, but it is not until October 1992. You have picked a nice warm spot to hold it and I am looking forward to it already.

Rex Mills
441 E. Delwood Street
Morton, IL 61550

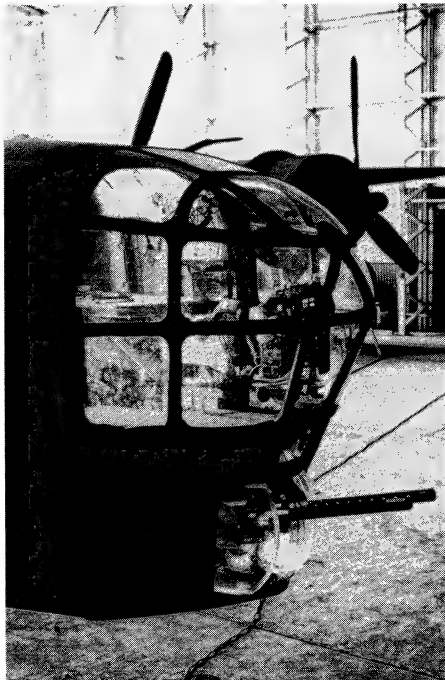
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Dear Bill:

I must be the slowest pen in the East, but I have delayed writing long enough. Perhaps it is the subliminal embarrassment of realizing that I can fill in the gaps in something which is classified as history. I guess that makes me older than mature, but then, all of us from the 2nd ADA are that now.



Ivan Stepnich's article "The Adventures of Hap Hazard" on page 11 of the Winter 1990 Journal sure stirred the deep recesses of my memory. I remember Ivan well, and perhaps this letter will jog his memory. I was on TDY at 2nd AD HQ in early summer of 1944 as an engineering officer assigned to Lt. Col. Hughel's office. There had always been some dissatisfaction with the forward visibility in the later model B-24s equipped with the nose turret. It was difficult to pick up the target. One had to acquire the target through the nose turret, usually using x-ray techniques to see through the nose gunner, and then find it in that tiny bomb sight window below. Col. Hughel and some others suggested mounting a B-26 Marauder tail turret in the bottom of a B-24D nose, similar to the B-17 chin turret arrangement. As there was nobody qualified available, I was selected to implement the project.

I moved over to the Depot at Watton as the project engineer. Uninhibited by knowledge and lacking in armament and hydraulic experience, I was able to attack the problem with youthful confidence and enthusiasm. There, armed with the basic elements of the idea, I was given a small expert crew and carte blanche in the depot shops, a slightly war weary B-24J called Hap Hazard, a new B-24D nose, appropriate Tech Orders, and a B-26 tail turret. A brigadier general personally delivered the turret to me, which impressed this young lieutenant of the importance of this project. Fortunately I could read reasonably well so I quickly found out how the hydraulic turret, remote sight, ammunition booster motors, etc. worked. I sketched up the basic plan for mounting the turret, gun controls, gunsight, bomb sight and ammo feeds. With the

mechanics there, and were they ever competent, we designed a mount out of chromemoly steel and had it welded up. Within about three weeks of 2-shift work (there was only one of me, however) we had everything mounted. It all held together when we ground fired it.

During this time I remember Ivan coming down several times in the 2nd Div. Piper Cub, and the two of us flying it out in the "back forty" of Watton Airdrome. On several occasions, Major Bobby Norsen came down in the 2nd Div.'s P-47. You could squeeze two in tandem in the Thunderbolt's seat, and Bobby took me up for a spin. He put it through its paces, and then let me do likewise. That was a heady experience. The next time I got that excited about flying was when I flew a T-37 jet 15 years later.

It was time to test fly Hap Hazard with its nose job and new look. Bobby Norsen was pilot, I think Col. Algene Key was in the right seat, and I flew as engineer. As we picked up speed on the runway, two mistakes became apparent. First, the turret may have worked OK in a B-26 tail, but pointing into the wind, the breeze whistled through the gun slots. You may remember the normal breeziness of the Baker Two Dozen, but this was more like the east side of a hurricane. Second, we had not done a good job of

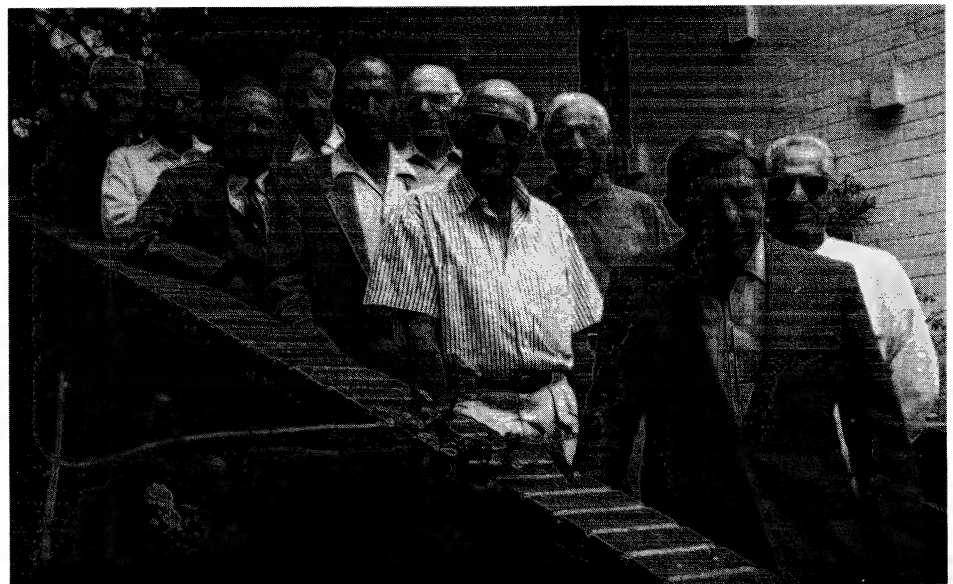
cleaning up the aluminum chips from the much drilling that was done, and aided by the gale, the flight deck looked like a box of chaff had been hit by a 20 millimeter. We were pleased that the plane was stable and somewhat faster than the J configuration. Cleaning up the chips and installing zippered canvas baffles in the gun slots solved our residual problems. The visibility was much improved with no reduction of fire-power.

Hap Hazard was taken on a tour of the 2nd Division bases, and I was on it for this tour. As I remember, Ivan Stepnich flew it most of the time, and I flew right seat for him on a number of these trips. At Hethel, Gen. Jimmy Doolittle flew in with his P-51 to see our new toy. The idea met with wide approval, and we converted four new B-24Js to this configuration for use as high priority lead planes. I leave the story here, as upon completion of the project, I was granted my wish to go to an operational unit, the 506th Squadron of the 44th.

I am enclosing a photo of Hap Hazard's nose taken as we were completing the job. Also, I will be glad to send Ivan a copy of the photo if you or he sends me his address.

Edward G. Schwarm
251 Regency Drive
Marstons Mills, MA 02648

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

A group of former Second Air Division personnel have been meeting for lunch on the third Thursday of each month at an outdoor restaurant in the Palos Verdes area of suburban Los Angeles for some months now. (It never rains in L.A.!)

Led by former 2nd ADA President C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain, ten to twenty flying personnel meet for lunch and discussion of their Army Air Corps experiences on a monthly basis.

Shown in the photograph attached are, top to bottom, left to right: Bud Chamberlain (489th), Charley McBride (448th), John King (44th), Jack Pelton (448th), Wes Stone (466th), Dick Peterson (389th), Bill Craig (491st), Carl Johnson (492nd/467th), Willard Levin (392nd), and

Gerry Covey (458th). The photo was taken by my wife, Heritage League member Barbara Covey.

Other past attendees have included Fred Bromm (445th), Ben Foote (392nd), Bill Denton (389th), Jack Gibson (453rd), Harry Kalionzes (392nd), Roger Markle (44th), and Joe Tomich (458th).

All attendees live in the Palos Verdes/South Bay area and welcome additional guests at any meeting. Those living or visiting locally should call Bud Chamberlain at (310) 373-2828 or Gerry Covey to confirm their desire to attend and be notified of the place and time, which is generally noon on the third Thursday of each month.

Gerry Covey
(310) 833-6740

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

Can any of the 93rd members identify in this photo the three officers standing and the one kneeling on the right? The one kneeling on the left was F/O Emmett B. Burton. His son, Robert Burton, told me that he passed away fourteen years ago. Robert would like the names and addresses if possible, of any of these officers shown. On July 7, 1943 (target Gerbini Airdrome No. 6, Sicily, 8 miles SSW of Calatnia) on return while circling the airfield at site No. 7 near Benghazi, the aircraft "El Lobo" crashed when No. 1 and No. 2 engines stopped due to fuel exhaustion. Two bombs and all the ammunition remaining in the ship exploded in flames. The following 330th BS members were KIA: 2/Lt. Jack Lafield, Nav.; S/Sgt. Irving Mayers, TG; and T/Sgt. Neil W. Christenson, Eng. The following were WIA: 1/Lt. John H. Burk, Pilot; 2/Lt. Eric L. Poussard, Bomb.; F/O Emmett B. Burton, CP; and Sgt. Charles W. Nichols, G. Anyone who knew any of these officers or enlisted men, drop me a line and I will notify Mr. Burton.

Floyd H. Mabey
93rd Group VP
11524 Zimmerman Road
Port Richey, FL 34668
813-862-2309

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Last May I had the pleasure of visiting the B-24 Liberator at the San Jose Airport, and it was a great thrill to me. It brought back many memories, as I was a mechanic on one of these babies during WWII. I was stationed in Attleboro, England, assigned to the 453rd Bomb Group, 734th Squadron.

I noticed quite a few names from the group and squadron written on the side of plane. None of these names seemed to ring a bell, but it's been a long time.

I enjoy reading the Journal, and as for the article "An Easy Mission?", February 9, 1945 (Spring 1991 Journal, page 26), I do recall that particular incident, and it was horrible.

I was drafted in 1942, went to mechanics school in Sheppard Field, Texas, trained in San Diego on B-24s and then my journey began.

I was placed on a cadre and sent to Gowen Field, Idaho. Was trained as a crew chief, flew with Jimmie Stewart the actor, who was training new pilots. All we did was shoot landings all night long. From there I was assigned to the 453rd in England. I was a mechanic on the B-24 from 1944 until we were reassigned in 1945, a few months before the war ended in Europe.

By the way, Jimmie Stewart was assigned to our squadron again and was now a Lt. Colonel. Our CO was shot down on a mission and Colonel Stewart was made CO and was promoted to full Colonel. Once again I was one of the mechanics assigned to service the plane he was assigned to. I thought this was an honor to me.

Frank A. Ruggiero
608 Bonita Avenue
Millbrae, CA 94030

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I thoroughly enjoyed Dwight Bishop's article, "Forget The Enemy — Beware of the Friendlies!" (Summer 1991 Journal, page 11). I remember a similar situation involving the 453rd. We were forming up around Buncher 6 and the 732nd was flying in its own contrails. Visibility was nearly zero when suddenly, a group of B-17s was coming right at us. We slipped through that mess without

a scratch. My only explanation is that we had some outside help.

I recall another incident at Topeka during the last days of May 1944. A contingent of combat crews had just arrived from Boise's Gowen Field for staging and to pick up their new birds just prior to overseas duties. We picked up our bird and proceeded to do an instrument check and calibrate our compasses. This completed, we took to the air. Almost immediately we were into heavy weather. When we broke out, we were deep into Oklahoma and overdue at the base. Upon arriving over the field, we found it socked in. We waited for a break in the clouds and when one appeared, we wasted no time in getting on the ground. After departing our plane, we heard engines coming from an odd direction. It came out of the clouds lined up with a taxi strip. The pilot did a great landing. Now he had a very pressing problem; he was rapidly running out of taxi strip. Well, the nose wheel collapsed, the nose dug into the ground and the tail went skyward. When the Base Commander saw his new bird setting at such an odd angle, he was not a happy camper. I could nearly swear that pilot's name was Bishop.

James H. (Ham) Jackson
P.O. Box 599
Prineville, Oregon 97754

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Dear Bill:

Recently I visited the restored All American B-24J at Republic Airport on Long Island. As a past B-24 Flight Engineer with some 45 years of aircraft experience, I proceeded to give the aircraft a walkaround inspection. Lo and behold, I found that the four turbo superchargers did not have turbine bucket deflectors installed. These deflectors, installed immediately inboard of each turbine wheel, present a 45 degree angle to the wheel. In the event of a turbine wheel failure, they deflect the buckets downward so that they do not penetrate the fuselage. I don't have a good memory for yesterday, but I have for 45 years ago.

William K. Koch
16 Northcote Road
Westbury, NY 11590

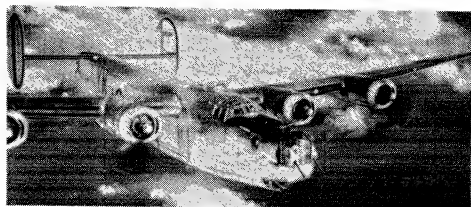
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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

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Dear Bill:

As you are aware, next year, 1992 is the year which marks the 50th Anniversary of the arrival in the United Kingdom of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF. We will be welcoming several Groups and individual families visiting their old bases in Norfolk and Suffolk.

Over the past years many of the bomb groups have stayed at the Hotel Norwich and Hotel Nelson in Norwich, England and know the hotels well and our Chairman Paul King who is also Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF.

Some of the groups have already made their arrangements, but for those who may be travelling individually, I have arranged with my co-managing director Peter Mackness for a special rate at the Hotel Norwich and Hotel Nelson.

We are delighted to offer a 10% discount on our Breakaway tariff for members of the 2nd Air Division Association during 1992. The Breakaway is a special rate which includes accommodation, English breakfast, dinner, taxes and service. At present the rates are 43.00 pounds per person per night at the Hotel Nelson and 37.75 pounds per person per night at the Hotel Norwich, which incidentally also has family rooms.

I hope that many of our friends in the 2nd Air Division Association will be able to take advantage of this special deal and that we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you and your families to our hotels in Norwich.

Peter Rudd
Hotel Norwich
121-131 Boundary Road
Norwich NR3 2BA
England

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Mr. Bob Mallick of the 2nd Air Division suggested that I write to you about something that I have been researching for several years now. I am trying to find people who knew my uncle during WWII. His name is Kenneth L. Bridges, and he graduated from Columbus, Mississippi with the class of 44-E. He went on to be a co-pilot on a B-25 in the 345th bomb group and was killed in April 1945 off China. I have tracked down many members of his squadron and even attended their reunion. I have notebooks full of information on every aspect of his life, with the exception of his graduation from class 44-E. Mr. Mallick graduated from 44-E but did not know my uncle.

I am looking for anyone who knew Kenneth L. Bridges during their training days or anytime, with special emphasis on people that graduated from class 44-E. I would also be greatly interested in any memorabilia on the class of 44-E: pictures of men, planes, "paper" goods, patches, etc.

I appreciate your time and your help. My address and phone number are listed below if you can help me. Thank you very much!

Steve Quesinberry
210 Hearthstone Dr. West
Newnan, Georgia 30263
404-253-0569

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Dear Bill:

This is something that baffled me for several years. I often wondered how and who came up with the 93rd Bomb Group emblem that I first saw on the Certificate of Bombing Missions that I received while stationed at Westover Field, MA, 1944-45.

I found the following information in a copy of "The Liberator," Vol. 1, No. 1 dated Monday, October 19, 1942:

"The coat of arms of the heavy bombardment group making its first appearance today on the mask of the Liberator, has been adopted as the group insignia — though not officially approved in Washington.

Story of the coat-of-arms and motto as described by Maj. G.B. Woods, N.Y. City, group intelligence officer who conceived the following: They...symbolize the lightning fast and powerful striking force of this heavy bombardment group in order that the torch of Liberty may be held high. The forward inclined position of the torch, with flame swept back by the wing, indicates that Liberty will be carried swiftly forward and upward on strong sure wings. The heavy outline of the lightning bolt indicates the powerful bombing of which our planes are capable. The fact that the lightning is striking at the exact lower center of the shield symbolizes the extreme bombing accuracy which may be expected. The motto "Ferite Pro Libertate" may be literally translated, "Strike for Liberty," but avoids the unfavorable connotation of the English word "strike."

The original sketch, drawn by Maj. Woods, was forwarded by Col. E.J. Timberlake, post commandant, to Washington. The drawing on the mask, blended with the lettering of the Liberator, is the artwork of PDC. Byron A. Smith, Kansas City, MO, a radio operator in Squadron D."

I thought this would be of interest to you fellows as it is to me.

Floyd H. Mabey
93rd Group VP

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Back in June my wife and I made a long-anticipated visit to England, especially to my 93rd Bomb Group base at Hardwick and the Second Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich. At the Norwich inn where we stayed, the proprietors told about plans for what the English people call **Return to England - the Fiftieth Anniversary in 1992**. They gave us a beautiful 16-page booklet describing the dozens of activities planned from May to November. The booklet includes welcome messages from the Duke of York and Prime Minister John Major, and several fine articles and photos of airmen and airplanes of the Eighth & Ninth Air Forces.

I mention this in case anyone does not have a copy of this brochure. It is published by the East Anglia Tourist Board, Toppesfield Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk IP7 5DN, England. No doubt that office is pleased to send copies to anyone who asks.

There seems to be some concern by the English people that after their efforts to plan all the events, not enough Americans will be able to attend them. I suppose that could happen. Surely our English friends deserve both compliments and support for their efforts. Many veterans have already returned to England, as I finally did this year. I would certainly like to go again next year, but the expense may not allow it. Any Eighth or Ninth Air Force veteran who has not made the pilgrimage surely should do it, and there could be no better time than 1992.

George Richard Manley
2314 Ridgewood Avenue
Omaha, NE 68124-2261

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I am a Belgian Air Force pilot who devotes much of his free time to World War II aviation history. I am a member of a group that examines aircraft crashes in Belgium, and in the past we have been able to excavate quite some wrecks of U.S. bombers and expose their crews and their fate. Our major goal is to try to get in touch with crew members and reconstruct the whole story of the aircraft until the crash. However, at present I'm occupied with another matter and that is why I write to you.

I have started to research the "Eighth and Ninth Air Force in Belgium, 1944-45." As you know, the U.S. Air Forces used some airfields in Belgium during the final phase of the war. Some smaller airfields were also used as emergency fields where bombers landed when they couldn't reach England for various reasons.

My ambition is to write a book about this and list as completely as possible every field that was used and every U.S. aircraft and crew that landed on them. I would very much like to get in touch with former crew members who once landed with their aircraft on a Belgian airfield. I really hope you can help me; please let me thank you in advance.

Peter Celis
Bergstraat 9
2230 Ramsel
Belgium

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Christmas Brings Back Memories of Wartime

by Clark Cox

Reprinted from The Journal ADvantage, Richmond County, NC, January 3, 1990

Submitted by Heath Carriker (466th)

This season of the year makes Heath Carriker of Ellerbe think of a particularly happy Christmas 45 years ago.

Carriker, then a captain in the U.S. Army Air Force, was stationed in England [with the 466th Bomb Group], far from his home and family, and frequently flew in combat. There seemed little reason for merriment.

But just two days before — on December 23, 1944 — Carriker and the crew of his B-24 bomber, "The Black Cat," had thought they might never live to see Christmas Day.

His aircraft crippled on a bombing run into Germany, Carriker, despite the loss of much rudder control, managed to evade flak from enemy gun emplacements for the better part of an hour en route to a safe emergency landing back at his home base.

"I hadn't given that mission much thought for the last 45 years," Carriker said recently. "But I'm nearly 70 years old now, and as you get older you tend more and more to remember a close call like that one."

A couple of other recent events have aided Carriker's recollection of the bombing run.

One was a reunion in Idaho, with two other members of the crew: co-pilot Jack Wendling, of Twin Falls, Idaho; and celestial navigator Cortland Brovitz, of Rochester, NY. (Another crew member, navigator-bombardier Alvin Broadway, died a natural death a few years ago.)

The second boost to Carriker's memory came in the form of a letter from Wendling, containing detailed recollections of the incident.

The aircraft Group, with Carriker as group leader, was dispatched to attack railroad tracks in the German hamlets of Dahlem and Junkerath in support of Allied forces in the Battle of the Bulge. The Group was attacked by German flak, and Carriker's plane was disabled and forced to turn back.

Here's what Wendling recalled of the trip back to base:

"Our aircraft was flipped to left, past vertical (I remember seeing the ground through the overhead window from the right pilot seat). I have no recollection of who got the auto-pilot off or whether it was disabled by the hits. The result was a very steep, moderately wide downward spiral and the loss of 12,000-14,000 feet in about 1 1/4 turns. I was on the top (right) rudder pedal with both feet, upon being unable to level the wings. Between Heath [Carriker] and myself, the rudders were fully deflected. Heath increased power on the down-side engines and pulled the power off the right, high-side engines. Control response was very slow, and eventually the right-side engines were brought back to

essentially idle to effect leveling of the wings and simultaneously checking the rapid descent. At recovery we were 20 to 30 degrees left of the desired homebound course and slowly turning left even with full right rudder (maintained with both feet on the right pedal). We were able to come right to course and change heading by differential use of power from the left and right engines. With less than all engines, control would likely have been impossible, as we found it necessary to run at reduced power and speed to maintain directional control. Establishing that we could maintain altitude and directional control, I felt confident that we could get home and on the ground.

"Then Walter (another crew member) made his unique and singular contribution to our continued survival by calling out the muzzle flashes from the flak batteries, giving us 5-8 seconds to move over away from the flak shell bursts. The German guns were along a rail track parallel to our departure track which we needed to follow to have any hope of fighter protection.

"The weather was clear, and at our altitude (8,000-10,000 feet), the flak guns would have taken us out but for Walter calmly calling the muzzle flashes and the four-gun batteries seemingly spaced such that only one or two batteries were firing at any one time.

"I recall that with a headwind we were making 90 mph ground speed, according to Bro (navigator Cortland Brovitz), while indicating 120-125 mph. I think we played cat-and-mouse with the flak batteries for the better part of an hour, which seemed

like half a day at the time. When we had crossed the Allied lines and been spared a fighter attack, I knew we were going home. I don't recall that we had even one other bomber in sight because of our slow speed.

"I don't recall who we had aboard for a command pilot, nor do I recall that the C.P. contributed to the solution of our predicament in any way. The sensible thing to do would have been to head for one of the big, wide-runway emergency fields on arriving over England, as we had no assurance of wheels, flaps, and brakes for landing. But, with the confidence of youth, we chose home base, knowing that we likely only had one shot at landing, as the controllability of the aircraft would likely preclude the use of sufficient engine power for a missed approach. But Heath and I had never missed on a landing yet. All the other aircraft of the Group had long ago landed, so we had the whole airfield to ourselves. The gear was visually checked down as we turned on base leg, and the flaps came down one-half on base even though Forrest Jackson, waist gunner, had announced flap damage 'big enough to throw a dog through.' With the runway made and the landing committed, we eased the rest of the flaps down and popped the cowl flaps open at touchdown to create all the drag we could get. But the brakes worked too, so the roll out and taxi-back were uneventful.

"Inspecting the flak damage afterward, we likely should have made for the emergency field. Obviously, this was our lucky day."



The crew of "The Black Cat," 466th Bomb Group (except for two who were in a hurry to get to the critique table). Standing (l-r): Jackson, gunner; DeBoer, bombardier; Wendling, co-pilot; Schutt, pilotage navigator; Elizaldo, radio/gunner. Kneeling (l-r): Barnes, engineer; Brovitz, navigator; Carriker, pilot; Broadway, radar.

A Most Hazardous Duty

by Joe Sirotnak (458th)

It has been told already many times. A mission to be flown; an early take-off, forming up, and then flying off into the rising sun. We know the many hazards to be faced as the group departs. The home base recedes in the distance, and another flight into danger begins.

Now, however, we ought to take a look at another area of hazardous duty. This does not involve leaving Horsham St. Faith driving a B-24 Liberator. This is leaving the base by way of the main gate driving a bicycle. This mission takes us to downtown Norwich in the winter; in the cold, in the fog, and over the ice. And all this after spending two or three hours at the bar in the club. This ought to be worth credit for, at least, one mission. Then a few hours at the Lido or maybe over at Samson and Hercules, and then trying to pedal back to Horsham. Never mind credit for a mission. A medal! A special medal in the shape of a beer glass. No! Make that in the shape of a beer keg. How did we survive it? Well, let's go back in time.

December 1944. Saturday night. All brave airmen are bellied up to the bar at the club. After a couple of hours of this camaraderie the observation is made that there are too many troops, and as a matter of fact, too many bellies. And it is downright dull. It could never be recalled at this late date who made the suggestion to debark for downtown Norwich to bomb the Lido or maybe Samson and Hercules. Scratch that. That should read — to get bombed. Whatever. Anyway, off our little group went on their speedy Jaguar bicycles. It had to be the Lido because we always had trouble finding the Samson and Hercules. So we bellied up to the bar. Having been in England for some months now we were becoming quite used to the flat temperate beer. To show how things can change, today you can buy Watley's beer or ale at your local liquor store, and it is considered sophisticated to serve it to your guests, and at room temperature. *Gauche!*

What difference did it make? We were not really there for the beer. Erase that. We were not there *only* for the beer. There were g-i-r-l-s. And girls are the best things in the whole world to dance with. We had a few beers. We danced with a few nice girls. Being the polite and concerned men that we were, we would ask a girl to see her home. It's like the guy who went up to every girl he met and asked for a kiss. He got his face slapped a lot. But then, he got a lot of kisses, too.

Her name was Elizabeth Dunham, and it is truly amazing how I can remember this name from so long ago. Elizabeth Dunham. And yes, she would be happy to have me escort her home. She had red hair and freckles on her nose. We strolled along in the blacked-out streets. Dark! At least, if there had been some moonlight it might not have been so bad. But, clouds obscured the skies so it made the dark even darker. Talk about the black of night. Holy cow!

Elizabeth Dunham knew her way. She never wavered. It was like she possessed one of those homing devices, but of course, it was only her sheer familiarity with the streets and the neighborhood. We strolled along to a point where we went through a churchyard and up a few steps on to another street and now we were at the doorstep of a singular building. By singular, I mean that it was the only building standing in the block. She explained that all of the surrounding structures had been bombed out and that her house was the only one left standing. There was a bicycle shop on the first floor and the family lived on the upper floors. Now, I could vaguely make out the outline of the building against the dark sky. We chatted for a while and she asked if I would like to come in for a spot of tea. About this time we heard the noise of persons walking along the debris strewn sidewalk towards us. To avoid a possible

collision I took her arm and stepped backward toward the inside of the walk. I disappeared.

The crater next to the building had once been the basement of the house next door. The earth on the edge of the hole was soft and so I slid feet first down the side of the excavation into the stygian hole below.

From the darkness above a soft voice called out, "Yoo Hoo. Hello? Where are you, Yank? Are you all right? Hello?"

I was too embarrassed to answer at once. Here's the cool, suave, hot-shot American standing in somebody's cellar in mud up to his shoe tops, and with the front of his uniform covered with dirt. Anyway, I was fine, otherwise, so I called out, "I'm OK, but how do I get out of here?"

"There's a ladder in Dad's shop. I think it will be long enough. I'll go fetch it."

I heard footsteps and some door noises. Shortly, there was a sound from above and the ladder slid down into the hole. I was able to clamber up dirtying myself more as I did, but once again I was on firm ground.

I could have managed to put up with the messy uniform and the muddy shoes. I could stand the embarrassment of falling into the crater. I could even stand the thought of any romantic notions I might have had being destroyed. I absolutely could not take the giggling. Not at all!

Although it was too dark to see anything too well, I realized that I had to look a mess. We both brushed at my clothing to try to remove the worst of the moist soil. Then, I realized something. I had lost my hat. It was, obviously, lying down there in the neighbor's cellar. So back came the ladder, and back down it I went. But I was lucky. I found the hat almost immediately. When I got to the bottom I realized I was standing on it. Now, back up the ladder. Great! I was sure that now I had dirtied any clean areas left on my uniform.

Elizabeth Dunham was ready to collapse. She sounded ill, but then I realized that the noises she made only came from her attempts to stifle the giggling. My God! What ever happened to that British reserve and that calm and polite demeanor. Nuts!

Well, it sure seemed like time to admit that the evening was over, and that this cool, suave hot-shot ought to be on his way. Elizabeth Dunham was able to calm herself down long enough to point out the direction I was to take which would bring me back to the Lido where I might find a ride back to Horsham.

I walked off in the direction we had come from earlier. I entered the church yard, and I could see the vague outline of the church itself against the darkness. I continued to walk along. Then, suddenly, OOF! I found myself lying on my back. I was dazed. I didn't know what happened. A mugging? Naw. They weren't invented yet. A V-2 bomb? An earthquake? All of these things ran through my mind. I was able to get to my feet. The palms of my hands were scratched, and I had tears in my uniform, but otherwise, I seemed to be OK. My hat! I had lost my hat. But then I found it quickly enough. I was standing on it. Then, I checked my surroundings. I felt behind me and I found a wall about three feet high. Now, I remembered those steps we had climbed earlier. I had walked off the wall!

OFFICIAL COMMENDATION (Excerpt)

"This officer while visiting the city of Norwich came across two saboteurs who were obviously intent on committing some outrage against the city and its inhabitants. When they were discovered they attacked the officer who valiantly drove them off. The intensity of the altercation was witnessed by the torn and muddied condition of the officer's uniform."*

*I don't think anyone would believe it, but I say this just in case. The words of the commendation are fictitious. The rest is true.

On The Way To War (continued from page 29)

T/Sgt. Ed "Mike" Healy, top turret gunner and engineer from Hartford, Connecticut, had a great sense of humor and Sgt. Donald J. Henriksen, armorer and waist gunner from Wall, South Dakota was the stoic member of the crew. I was the bombardier from Fairport, New York and was studying mechanical engineering at the University of Cincinnati when I enlisted in the Army Air Corps. It fell on my shoulders to be the crew peacemaker.

We left Marrakech and flew around Spain and Portugal to a field in Wales. It was here that I bumped into another Fairport lad who was a star tackle on the football team; he was over there to fly the "Black Widow" night fighter. His name was George Bluhm. I saw George a couple of years ago when I was invited to a cocktail party at

my sister's 50th high school reunion in Fairport. He didn't look any worse for the wear and tear and his wife Betsy, the cheerleader, didn't have a wrinkle or a gray hair. Now, I want you to know that Fairport was a small town of 4,400 souls on the Erie Canal in upstate New York and to run into two hometown products on the way to war is rather unusual.

By the time Crew #75 reached its destination at the 44th Bomb Group, 67th Squadron at Shipdham, England, it was like a family; a fighting entity that never aborted unless the mission had been scrubbed by the brass. The crew flew thirty-two missions over enemy territory without incurring a scratch, even though two of the B-24s we flew sustained very heavy damage. We owed our lives to a very skillful pilot, many "little friends" in P-51s and P-47s, a great ground crew and a "prayer-answering" God; not necessarily in that exact order.



392nd B.G.

by Oak Mackey

In the Fall edition of the 2nd Air Division Association Journal I noted that J.D. Long and Fred Thomas were former 2nd ADA Presidents. Since then, I have learned that Joe Whittaker was also a 2nd ADA President. His term in office was sometime in the 1970s; I am not sure which year. My apologies, Joe, I sure didn't mean to leave you out.

Last winter, Maxine and I planned our visit with our daughter in California to coincide with the Dinner at the El Toro Marine Base and there was a very special reason. Dr. Brad Eaton was the navigator on our crew in England and a very good one. We always knew our location within a few feet at all times. Since May, 1945, we had not seen each other, though we did correspond back and forth through the years. He and his wife, Dorothy, arrived at the Officers Club a little while after we did, and I recognized him right away. Yes, we had quite a few things to talk about at dinner. He grew up in Monrovia, CA which is near Pasadena. He went into the service in 1943, went through the Aviation Cadet program for navigators, and wound up on the Jack Clarke crew, where I was the co-pilot. We flew our 35 missions from Oct. 1944 to April 1945. After the war, Brad went back to school at Pasadena College. He married Dorothy in 1946 and continued in school until graduation. He liked Pasadena College so well, he took a job teaching there and is still teaching there today. His is the longest tenure of any professor there. His education did not stop at graduation; his post-graduate studies continued for many years. He is a Doctor of Philosophy in both Astronomy and Math. Dorothy has a Masters Degree in Math and also taught for many years at Pasadena College, although she is retired now. Are there any other crews out there whose navigator went on to become a learned Astronomer and Mathematician?

The 392nd BG Memorial Association is sponsoring a trip to England next year. You may go on the Queen Elizabeth 2, or you may fly. The QE 2 departs New York on June 1, 1992 and arrives in England on June 6. Those flying over will depart U.S. gateway cities June 6 and arrive in London June 7. Buses will be provided for transportation to King's Lynn and the Duke's Head Hotel. The tour will end June 13 back in

London and all will fly home. Keith and Patty Roberts are once again making all the arrangements for this tour and you may be sure everything will be done in an excellent and professional manner. For a detailed itinerary, write to: 392nd BG Wendling Reunion, 26631 Dorothea, Mission Viejo, CA 92691.

The 45th Annual Convention of the Second Air Division Association is October 4-7, 1992 at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, NV. More information on this in the Spring 2nd ADA Journal.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society held their annual reunion at the Marriott Hotel in New Orleans, September 17-22, 1991. That's the one where we mingle with the B-17 groups and some good-natured kidding always ensues. They still think the B-24 is the box a B-17 came in. But we all know a B-24 can fly faster, further, and heavier than any B-17 ever did. Our Hospitality Room was jumping again. Teddie and Art Egan did their usual great job, plenty of snacks and drinks for all. Various volunteers were conscripted to help; we all had a real good time. Ernest Barber trucked all the 392nd BG memorabilia in from Georgia. Once again, there were many photo albums, many records and info about our airplanes only recently available. Also, Ernie made a VCR tape of various 392nd BG members telling about their war experiences and it turned out real good. There were forty-three 392nd BG people registered in New Orleans, which is surprising. After all, the 2nd ADA Reunion in Dearborn was just two months previous. Some B-24 groups had less than ten people registered. The "Creole Queen" is a stern-wheeler excursion boat and was reserved for the 8th AFHS on the afternoon of Sept. 19. We went about five miles down the Mississippi to the battleground where Andrew Jackson, et al, defeated the British in the Battle of New Orleans. It is a park now; there is a suitable monument and small museum. The narrator aboard ship gave us information about the various ships and vessels docked along the river banks along the way. There were refreshments aboard and all in all, it was a very worthwhile afternoon. Next year the 8th AFHS will meet in Louisville, Kentucky, home of the Kentucky Derby, mint juleps, and pretty ladies. But you won't be able to enjoy the Kentucky Derby because the reunion is in October.

Sgt. John Malloy was an aircraft crew chief when he went overseas with the original cadre of the 392nd BG in August of 1943. Sometime later he was promoted to the position of Inspector. Young men are inclined to seek the companionship of the



John and Peggy Malloy at the re-dedication ceremonies at the 392nd Wendling Air Base, October 1989.

opposite sex on those occasions when they leave the base. So it was that John met Peggy Stimpson at the Crown Inn in Franscham in the summer of 1944. From then until the end of the war, John was often seen pedaling his bicycle down the road to Peggy's house. In June of 1945, the 392nd BG returned to the States, John with them. John and Peggy wanted to marry, but there were difficulties and red tape. Nevertheless, Peggy arrived in the US in March of 1946 and they were married April 13, 1946. They have three sons and there is one granddaughter. Peggy's only relatives in England are some cousins and she and John have returned there on two occasions, once on their own, and again with the 392nd BG Memorial Association in 1989. John is retired and they live in Sharon Hill, PA.

According to Col. Lawrence Gilbert, there were about 3,000 men at Wendling at any point in time. About half were ground personnel, the other half air crews. No doubt there were some transfers of ground personnel, but most were there for the duration. Not so with air crews. With casualties, missing in action, and others finishing their tour of duty, there was a constant turnover. Therefore, it would be difficult to determine the exact number of men who served at Wendling during the course of the war.

Evelyn Cohen is mailing 1992 Dues Notices now. Pay early and avoid the rush.

We have found nine new members since the Dearborn Reunion. Total membership in the 2nd ADA, 392nd BG is 503.

See you at El Toro and/or Las Vegas.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

You may recall that in the Winter 1990 issue of the Journal, I said something to the effect that my column was being typed early. It seemed strange to be sending out holiday greetings so far in advance. The same situation exists now. However, Diana and I do wish each of you the happiest of holiday seasons. May the good Lord bless each of you and your loved ones.

For your information: The 453rd BG has 585 members in the 2nd ADA. I think, although Frank and Jackie Thomas are the authorities, that we have about 450 members in the 453rd Bomb Group Association. I know these figures don't agree but each of us has the option to join one or the other or both. And on Dec. 29, 1991 it will be the 52nd anniversary of the first flight of the B-24 Liberator. Just a bit of miscellaneous information.

Speaking of members, it seems an appropriate time to list our new ones. Unfortunately, my files (like my work habits) are not all that they should be. The list that follows will probably contain some errors; and for those I apologize. Names are not listed in any particular order and we pick up with Jan. 4, 1991. Alex Wallace; Charles Ward, Jr.; Kenneth Samuelson; Eugene Nagy; Franklin Pepper; Jack Dean; Robert Jacobs; Joe LeBoeuf; Theodore Carey; C.W. Fink; Harold Erwin; R.A. McGilvary; Russell Neatrour; Lloyd Lunsford; Alan DeHaven; Henry Amar; Perry Roberson; Frank Gottman; George Messmer; Robert Jones; John Pool; Irving Rosenblum; Robert Johnson; Andrew Meyer; Nicholas Bordnick; Frank Ruggiero; Edward Rosenberg; Homer Dallacqua and Rex Mills. These are those that are full members. You well know that we have Honorary and Associate members as well. We are delighted that we do and are enriched by their association. I will not list them at this time however. Remember that if you want a roster of the 453rd BG, all you have to do is send a request to Frank and Jackie Thomas along with five dollars — money well spent.

Unfortunately we have lost some members this past year. We regret their passing and

have expressed our deep sorrow. We are aware that the following have been lost to us during the past year and we well recognize their contributions. Adm. Nimitz, speaking of those involved at Iwo Jima, said that uncommon valor was a common occurrence. His remarks apply with equal force, in my opinion, to those who served with us at Old Buck. A fond farewell to: Wilbur Pickett; Carl Powell; Orris Warrington; Phil Stock; Joe Miele; Ted Sanborn; Ray Hunt; Phillip Christian; Frank Kumor; Ralph Blouch; James Hetherington; Sidney Blake. I suspect there are those we have lost that are not listed above. The only way we have of knowing is if someone writes or calls us. If you become aware of someone who has passed on, or who is ill, PLEASE let me know. We can send them or their families an appropriate card if you will.

The 453rd BG has enabled a Memorial Room to be constructed at Old Buck, as you know. The good people there maintain it and it is a source of pride for each of us. There is a tree and a plaque at the Air Museum at Dayton, Ohio. There is a monument at Old Buck airfield for which we owe much to Jim Avis. We have contributed to the Memorial Room at Norwich Library and individual members strongly support the "All American." All this leads me to ask, where now? I think we need a new project, a Group effort. Such things seem to add to our unity; they bind us into greater coherence and bring a pride in having done a desirable thing. I suggest we adopt and support the effort underway to restore the old windmill at Old Buckenham. It was a topic in the Newsletter of Sept. 1990 and is discussed further on page 15, Letters to the Editor, in the Sept. 1991 issue of the Newsletter. We could agree to aid this project, send individual donations to Frank Thomas who could then forward a check from the group. Let me hear from you about this or any other project you think might be worthwhile. Let's do something, though!!!

Ralph McClure wrote and has what seems to be a good suggestion. He said that many gunners went to gunnery school at Las

Vegas. He thinks that in conjunction with the 2nd AD reunion there in October that the gunners who went to gunnery school at McCarran should have a get-together. I think that some bombardiers also trained there. It would be an apt time for those who trained in one or the other specialty to convene. If you like the idea, write to Ralph McClure, Rt. 1, Box 328, Bluemont, VA 22012-9502 and help him to put such an arrangement together.

The 735th Sq. Engineering Section did a good thing — they did many good things, as did all of the Sq. engineering sections. What I am specifically referring to now, though, is that they kept a record (or diary) of our missions. It lists the date and target for each mission; the 735th planes (by number); which planes returned and the battle damage each sustained; and the crew chiefs for each plane. Harry Godges has this information and recently sent me a copy. It's great! Surely the other squadrons must have similar information, but if so, where is it? Please, if you do, make it known. Also, I want to urge each of you to make a copy of any records, orders, etc. that you have, and I will see that Don Olds gets it for our history. Do it today!

If you have not already done so, start making arrangements now to be present at our reunion at Las Vegas in October 1992. The 453rd will again have a business meeting and a dinner. We will have a separate room for these — perhaps the gunners can use it as well. Las Vegas has more than gambling and wild women — you will find it enjoyable. Be there! And start to think, plan and work toward those you will want to nominate for our various offices as we will have an election at that time. There is a gap between advice and help — we want and need your help and input.

As always, we have enjoyed visiting with you. If not at El Toro Marine Base in California this February, we will see you at Las Vegas. To those of you who are going to England in 1992 — Enjoy! Diana and I would like to but can't. And don't forget to come to Vegas as well.

Instrument of Terror, Part II

by John Gumz (389th)

I just finished visiting the wonderfully restored B-24 "All American" when it finally got out to the San Francisco Bay Area. There I talked to some of the guys who could give me information on the Second Air Division Association.

On the promise that I'd join, they gave me a copy of the Spring 1991 Journal — it was great! But what really caught my eye was the article on page 14, "Instrument of Terror." Apparently, the idea didn't die with the end of Robert Ottman's story.

I was assigned to the same 389th, at Hethel, when in the spring of 1945 someone decided again to hold off the Germans with heavy artillery, only this time it was a bazooka. Remember, back then the airborne units were 3 tubes, each with its own rocket.

The idea was to mount one of these under the waist of the B-24, facing the rear, and if anyone got too close, lob one at 'em. But

no one knew what the trajectory would be of a rocket, under such circumstances. Would it reach zero ground velocity as it left the tube and just drop, or what? So they took another of the "war wearys" that Bob Ottman speaks of, and fitted it out. Our crew, less gunners, was assigned to fly the thing.

Up at the Wash they had a field artillery range out into the water, with triangulation, so we were to fly low, in over the firing line, and shoot the bazookas, one at a time. The triangulation would determine the trajectory (if any).

So off we went, a rated technician and a number of officers, as passengers.

Pass number one — fire number one — nothing! Pass number two — ditto. Ground reports no action. Conclusion — the air stream must have pushed the rockets away from their electrical contacts, so while we circled, as slow as possible, they hung this

technician out of the bomb bay, head first, to check the wiring! He reported back that all seemed OK. (I don't know how *he* was!)

Well anyway, they decided to make one more pass, and the order was to fire all three — maybe one would work. So we did, and as we passed the firing line, there was a hell of an explosion. The ground pounders were lined up on the bomb bay catwalk, with the doors open, so they could see what happened.

Well, what happened was that the bomb bay was full of flame and they were all pretty well singed. The explosion also lifted the tail enough that we pulled out of the dive with probably 20 feet of air under us.

So we went home. The artillery range never did see what happened — they never even found any debris — all that was left on the plane were a few wires and some of the mounting brackets.

And as far as I know, that was the end of that experiment.

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-92

The following tapes are single copies and are available for rent for \$5.00 each. They will be mailed to you via first class mail and we ask that you return them the same way.

NEW "Images of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Faces of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Eight Candles for Remembrance"

Produced by
 Joe Dzenowagis

"Winged Victory" "Twelve O'Clock High"
 "24's Get Back" "Going Hollywood - The War Yrs"
 "Aerial Gunner" "Show Biz Goes to War"
 "Pin-Up Girl" "Battle of Britain"
 "B-24 Liberators in the ETO"

donated by
 Hugh McLaren

"Tora, Tora, Tora" "Battle of the Bulge"
 "The Right Stuff" "Midway"

donated by widow
 of Art Raisig (492nd)

"World War II" with Walter Cronkite
 10 Volumes

donated by
 Roy Jonasson

NEW "Passage to Valhalla"

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The following tapes are also available for rent from your 2ADA film library:

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Order from:

Pete Henry
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Jamesburg, NJ 08831

Birthdays

by C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain
*2ADA Liaison Officer, Friends of
 the 2nd AD Memorial*

"Get the kids involved", to paraphrase our 2AD Commander, General Kepner, who expressed this sentiment more than once when referring to the Memorial. He even espoused the formation of a companion organization dedicated to its perpetual support. That has come to pass. Moreover, a group of like minded British citizens formed a similar organization with the same goals in mind.

This year, each of those groups — the Heritage League of the 2AD in the USA and The Friends of the 2AD Memorial in East Anglia — has enjoyed another birthday. The League was four years old on May 22nd and the younger Friends was three on October 24th. As one might expect of any youngster of either age, each is being challenged to find its own identity. But definite progress is being made.

After initial surges in membership growth and some decline after "the novelty wore off" for some, a solid corps of leadership is emerging. Both are establishing a planning process to determine how best to serve their purposes. Both are working together on mutual projects. Both are eager to develop closer ties with the Memorial and the 2ADA. Second Thoughts #8, the Friends newsletter, for example, carries an extensive appeal for volunteers to help with a variety of specific and important tasks in direct support to the Memorial Library. Then, on October 30th, the Friends sponsored an Autumn Get-Together at the Memorial to welcome new American students attending the University of East Anglia and to expose members to volunteer opportunities. They also are conducting a series of visits to the various base areas to broaden understanding and reinforce links they have to one another.

So, with each succeeding birthday for the League and the Friends a stronger foundation for perpetual Memorial support is evident. Though easier said than done, General Kepner's far seeing observation was right on target. An essential ingredient to perpetuity or immortality is a living body (or bodies) of caring people having an emotional and vital attachment to our common interest. Some are motivated by family ties. Others are stimulated by what took place in their community from 1942 to 1945. Regardless of the reasons for involvement, in the end, it is the 6400 person sacrifice which is a common focus for all. Common nurturing of both groups is the way to go for many birthdays to come.

In Search of Peace

by **MICHAEL D. BENARCIK**

Edited by Major General Andrew S. Low Jr. (U.S.A.F. Retired)

A collection of facts, photographs and stories, about the life-style of a typical WWII bomber crew assigned to combat with the U.S. 8th Air Force in Europe.

This factual and detailed book is written in three parts:

- The Preparation For War
- Experiencing The War
- Returning To Pay Tribute And Savor The Peace

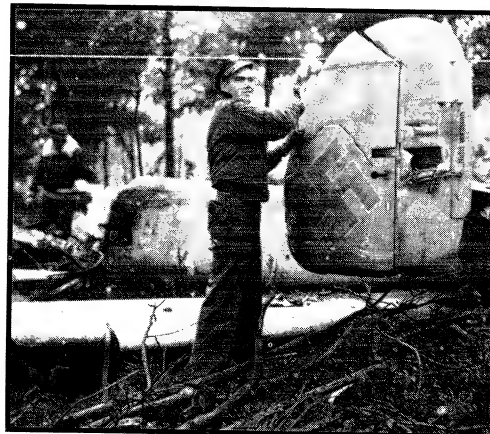
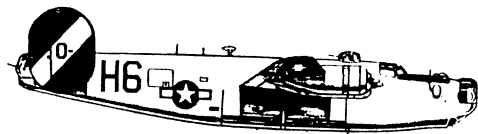
Special Features Include:

- A complete mission index of the war for you to personalize and mark missions in which you flew and participated
- A special D-Day tribute certificate suitable for framing for all of you who took part

"IN SEARCH OF PEACE" is the title chosen by Mike Benarcik for his book of reflections, anecdotes and photographs of his military service in World War II. A typical citizen-soldier in the first round of the draft in 1940, Mike traces his experiences in his first year of training under The Selective Service Act, his subsequent entry into Aviation Cadet pilot training, his successful completion and commissioning as a Second Lieutenant, Air Corps and his combat operations as a member of the 453rd Bombardment Group (H), flying the Liberator B-24J.

Mike wrote much of the scripts, but also calls upon many of his comrades-in-arms to bring the historical background materials to exciting life with personal accounts of their participation in the Strategic Air operations against the Axis powers. The reader feels directly the triumphs and the defeats, the loss of close barracks mates and the joys of finishing a combat tour. Mike particularly recognizes the great support given air crews by the ground crews, technical specialists, armorers, cooks and bakers. All who ensured the Air Missions would proceed as briefed.

The author argues that many veterans talk of someday committing their wartime activities to print. Mike hopes that his document will serve as a core for individual stories and that many so inclined will round out this publication by adding their memories, their accomplishments, their pictures, to make it a more personal family heirloom.



Copies of "IN SEARCH OF PEACE" are available at only \$40.00 per copy, which includes postage and handling in the United States. Send your name and address along with a check or money order for the total amount due to:

M.D. Benarcik Foundation
2900-A Concord Pike
Wilmington, DE 19803

Folded Wings

44th

Bruce H. Brown

93rd

Alfred E. Esparcia
William L. Hinshaw
John M. Stauffacher
Cavett L. Thorp

389th

Hugo C. Cross
Rudolph W. Daner
William E. Dunne III
Robert J. Levine
Charles R. O'Leary

445th

Ford P. Tracey
Sheffield West

446th

Lester Bussinger
Richard J. Knysch

448th

Elmer Biondi
Gail J. Irish
Bernard M. Janata
Col. Dominic P. Mainieri (Ret.)
Edmund J. Misbach
William A. Schwinn
Joseph H. Wells

453rd

James C. Hetherington
Ltc. John A. Fiorillo (Ret.)

458th

Orville A. Beduhn
Roy C. Holton
Dr. W.M. Moutman
John J. Philp
Howard T. Warrell

467th

Homer A. Dippold

491st

James P. Trego

HDQ

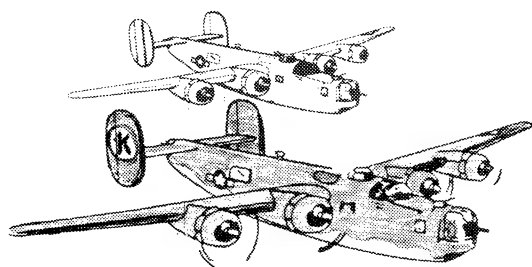
Charles Anderson
Msgr. Edward J. Seward

SM

Germaine DeHaes

4th FG

Col. Walter G.W. Clatanoff (HDQ)



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

PHILADELPHIA MINI-REUNION

Ceil and I attended the NY, NJ, PA, DE & MD area dinner in Philadelphia last October. 2ADA members living within 125-150 miles were invited. About 150 attended and we had 11 from our Group: **Joe and Lillian Linsk**, **Aaron and Joan Glatt**, **Ken and Ginny Gorrell**, **Fred Guida**, **Phil Sagi** and **Odis Taylor**. Taylor (pilot) and Linsk (navigator/bombardier) were crew members who hadn't seen each other since 1945!

SQUADRON INSIGNIA

I still have some Squadron "patches" left for anyone who wants one. Cost is \$9.50 each or \$35.00 for all four, P.P. When I originally ordered the 200 (50 of each squadron), I had no doubt that they would all be sold. Against my better judgment, I re-ordered 25 each of all four squadrons, because of all the requests from new members who didn't have the first-time-around opportunity. In any case, I'm still out a few bucks until I can "move" the remaining stock. I do have two requests from collectors (one in England) who are interested, but I've advised them that only after I feel everyone in the 458th has had this last chance, will I consider their offer.

I still have a few vinyl covered red/white/red tailfin badges and some olive drab "circle K" ones left. Cost remains at \$5.50 each or two for \$10.00 P.P. Again as with the Squadron insignia, when they're gone, they're GONE. No reorder of either is planned.

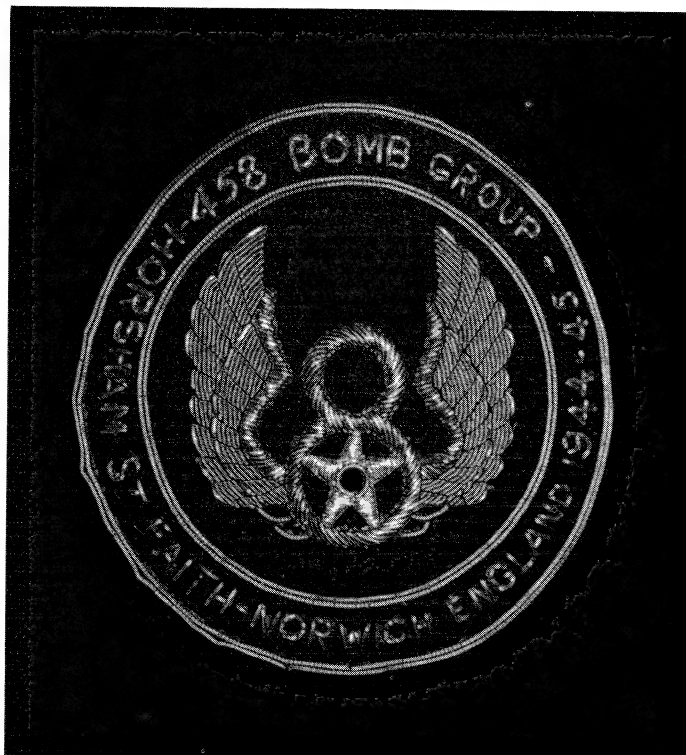
TAILWINDS

Happy to advise you that we have added the following new members to our Group: **Henry Arias, NY**; **Austin Stirratt, CA**; **Fred Spitzer, NY**; **Maurice Spitzer, CO**; **Frank Beck, AZ**; **Leonard Larson, NC**; **Gerald Matze, CA**; **Michael Agresta, IL**; **Wesley Bellerson, FL**; **Alfonzo Rizzi, NJ**; and **Carlos Efferson, CA**. If you recognize any of these and wish a full address, drop me a note and I'll respond. **Harry Rowan (389th)** saw a familiar name when he spotted **Dana Winters'** in this column...Both were Aviation Cadets and lost touch after graduating. Happy to have been of help. For those of you who have 458th BG rosters, add the above to your list. Don't forget to check the "Folded Wings" section for those who have made their Last Flight. Shortly after sending in my last Journal column, I received a telephone call from **B/Gen. James Isbell** advising me of **Wm. "Bill" Routon's** passing. I know that all who knew the Flight Surgeon, loved and respected him. Col. Routon (Ret.) attended one of our Dayton Group Reunions; I believe it was the Oct. '87 one.

Bud Koorndyk, our American Representative on the Memorial Board of Governors, wrote a very fine tribute to **Tony North**, the retiring Library Aide. The many who know Tony personally, realize that the Memorial Library and the Second Air Division Association, mean everything to him. I'm sure he would appreciate hearing from any and all who wish him well and a speedy recovery. Tony's address is: 62 Turner Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 4HB, England.

Received a request from **Chris Atherton** (new 2ADA member) for the 2 Tailfin badges (as previously mentioned), and any other 458th memorabilia. Chris has the new-found responsibility to the Norwich Airport Aviation Group for a joint Memorial to both the 458th BG and the R.A.F. who used the airfield at Horsham St. Faith before and after we got there. In any case, Chris himself was stationed at Horsham at one time in his R.A.F. career (1940-1946).

Sent him one each of the 4 Squadron Insignia, an 8th Air Force shoulder patch and both tailfin badges for the glass & wood case which will be installed in the passenger concourse where it can be seen by all who fly in or out of the airport.



Joe Fisher (755th) had a Blazer Insignia made as shown. Done in gold, silver and red, it looks quite good in the photo...not sure how well it will reproduce here. Made with metallic thread, about \$12.00. I plan to order one in the near future and wear it to the Las Vegas Convention where you can see it "first hand." Please let me know if you are interested and I will send you info. I do not plan to stock this item, so **DON'T** send me any money, just let me hear from you and perhaps submit your own design.

Received a newspaper clipping from **Lionel Goudreault** showing him alongside a Stearman PT-17, at the Lodwick Aviation Military Academy airfield in Avon Park where he did his primary training in '43. The LAMA had their 50th Reunion open to all graduates of their Military Program. Goudreault was in the class of 43-H. After a short time, he was advised he could "take her around," and he said it was surprising how easily it all came back! I know the feeling, since the Potomac Antique Aero Sqdn I belong to has over 80 "rag, stick & wire" aircraft, and I've enjoyed our Fly-Ins over the last 25 years...No "Spam Cans" (all metal) need apply!

For those who requested the A-2 leather jacket forms I have, please be aware that so far, the 2ADA has received over \$200.00 in rebates from the manufacturer from the sale of these jackets to our Memorial Library Funding. Not only do you have a chance to buy a \$249.00 jacket advertised nationally, for \$175.00, but we get the rebate for the Library!

Clayton & Greta Wilkening wrote of their visit to Norwich and the Memorial Library last August. Nothing but the finest praise for **Phyllis DuBois**, **Tony North** and their new-found guide, **R.J.A. Aubrey-Cound**, a retiring airline pilot who assisted them in their Norwich area tour. I had information on what the Hotel Nelson describes as a "Break-Away Rate," and Clay took advantage of it. This rate is still available per **Paul King**, Chairman of Hotel Nelson and Hotel Norwich.

Ceil and I just returned from two weeks of "Sun & Sand" in Maui, Hawaii, and the first thing that had to be done was this column! Hope it gets to Bill Robertie in time; otherwise you would be reading this in the Spring Journal, and by that time, I may be back in Hawaii. What a place for a future Convention!

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

All of us who know Tony North and his dedication to our 2nd Air Division Memorial are saddened by Tony's health problems that have made it impossible for him to continue at the Memorial Room. Tony, we all wish you the best and sincerely thank you for all the years you devoted to making our Memorial a better place. You will be sorely missed.

Arnold Nass, co-pilot on Carl Kleeman's crew, writes, "I entered the service as an enlisted man in July 1941 in Milwaukee — entered the oil and gas exploration business in Dallas in 1947 and retired full time in 1987." He says he and wife Rose Mary have been married since April 1942 — have 6 children and 9 grandchildren. He reports that he had a great time at the Dearborn reunion.

Al Cimei sent me the picture below of the 445th Communication Squadron. Unfortunately, he cut off the names of the people in the picture which were on the back when he cropped the picture. Can you identify anyone by name?



Since we are on the subject of pictures, in the Summer 1991 Journal we ran a crew picture and asked if anyone could identify the crew. Jeff Wombacher (489th) writes that although he flew all but his last two missions with the 489th, he was sent over to the 445th to fly his last two as bombardier with the Craig Belcher crew. He believes the picture in question is of the Belcher crew and says he is the "short guy on the right." So, this proves that I'm not the only one who reads the Journal from cover to cover.

Bill Furman sent in the picture on the right of Jack Fleming's crew. He says he and Jack have enjoyed corresponding and appreciates our role in getting them together.

We received a short note from Ed Webster of the 701st Refueling Unit. Ed was recently selected as the American Legion Legionaire of the Year in Alabama. Congratulations, Ed! He enclosed a picture of himself and Robert Shaw, but unfortunately the picture quality is not usable by the Journal. I will, however, send it on to Mary Beth Barnard.

Howard Davis, who I had confused with Harold Davis, writes that he was the Group Communications Officer (major at 25!) Now who believes such a rank so young? But those were different circumstances. Howard goes on to say he taught code and procedures and set 15 WPM in the air as minimum. Every Radio Operator in the 445th stayed at the code table until he could do it. Although not "bewinged" (his word), Col. Jones allowed him to fly with Jerry Rodenbaugh's crew on their last six missions — aboard the "Bugs Bunny." Now, I had to immediately correct Howard, as the name of the plane was the "Bunnie." I know, because I flew the Bunnie beginning the 28th Sept. until I finished my tour by putting the 100th mission on the tired old bird.

Bill Vinton and wife Florence and three of his crew, Jean Ridley, Hal Davis and himself and their wives met in Dearborn for the first time in 46 years. What a great time they had and how much they appreciated the good efforts of those who arranged the

reunion. He voiced a strong plea for a new 2nd ADA membership roster.

Baldy Avery referred to our Spring '91 Journal article concerning John LaMar, son of John, Sr. Baldy verified that LaMar was flying with Stanley Neal when shot down. Baldy knew Neal very well and says they spent many nights at the Club singing and making up lyrics. The two with Johnny Constable composed the words to the tunes of "Sortie Boys," "Early in the Morning," etc. I have sent the letter on to John, Jr.

New members include Samuel Dowling, Kailua, HI; Horace May, Newton, MS; Harold Hartner, Bethpage, NY; William Powell, Chickasaw, AL; Joseph Stadt, Albuquerque, NM; and Raymond Bencem, Westport, MA.

Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian, sent me a picture of the Library's recent display in remembrance of the Kassel Mission. She says many readers ask for information on the Kassel Mission and that the "Kassel Mission Reports" receive a great deal of attention. Thank you, Phyllis!

Hopefully, this edition of the Journal will reach you during the holidays. So, we will take this opportunity to wish the entire 2nd ADA and especially the 445th members a very happy and healthy New Year.

East Coast Area Reunion

by Pete Henry (44th)

On Saturday night, October 5, 1991, one hundred and twelve members and guests from Maryland, Delaware, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania Metropolitan area gathered at the Adam's Mark Hotel in Philadelphia for the first area dinner since 1988. In attendance were 2ADA President and Mrs. Richard Kennedy; Mr. & Mrs. David Patterson (2ADA Secretary); Mr. & Mrs. Bill Nothstein (466th BG V.P.); and the reunion committee of Evelyn Cohen (HQ), Ceil and Rick Rokicki (458th BG V.P.), Dot and Floyd Mabey (93rd BG V.P.), Frank DiMola (445th BG) and Mary and Pete Henry (44th BG V.P.).

Following the reception and dinner, brief comments were delivered by President Kennedy, Evelyn Cohen and Rick Rokicki. Approximately a dozen door prizes were awarded and about ten minutes of "There I Was" stories were permitted.

The highlight of the evening was the showing of assorted video tapes: portions of "Images of the 2nd Air Division" produced by the Dzenowagis family (467th BG); "The Superplane That Hitler Wasted — ME-262"; and "B-24 Liberators in the ETO."

Forty percent of the attendees stayed overnight and many gathered Sunday morning for a farewell breakfast before heading their separate ways.



The crew of "Clay Pidgeon," 703rd Squadron. Standing (l-r): Jack Fleming, pilot; ???, co-pilot; Ron Ackersley, navigator; Walter Shapiro, bombardier; Wm. Rhem, engineer; Millard Fuller, radio operator. Kneeling (l-r): ???, ground crew chief; Eli Workman, left waist gunner; Bill Furman, right waist gunner; Fred Josephson, tail gunner.

Crew #83 & Prince Bernhard Meet Again

by Irwin Rumler (489th)

At the invitation of the Royal Netherlands Air Force, we were invited to participate in honoring His Royal Highness, Prince Bernhard on the fiftieth anniversary of his getting his flying license (wings) from the British Royal Air Force in England 24 April 1941 during World War II.

The "we" in the above paragraph refers to the available surviving members of air crew #83 of the 847th Squadron, 489th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force stationed near Halesworth in East Anglia, England from 1 May 1944 to 20 August 1944. The reason we were invited is that on 21 June 1944, His Royal Highness accompanied us on a mission to bomb a target near Siracourt in the Pas de Calais, France. The target was a missile launching site for V-1 type missiles. Records show that we bombed through the clouds with electronic aids and had good results.

Prince Bernhard is still an avid pilot and festivities to honor him on this occasion were informal and included aviators and several types of aircraft which were among the more than 200 which the Prince has flown. Prince Bernhard has logged more than 12,000 hours of pilot time.

Sometime in January, Col. Arie de Jong of the RAAF, of the committee HRH 50, contacted Charlie Freudenthal, historian of the 489th Bomb Group. The committee wanted to invite us to this celebration at their expense and Charlie was to give the names and addresses of our crew. There are four of the original air crew members still available. Three have died and three cannot be located.

Air crew #83 as follows: Irwin Rumler, pilot; Alvin Rebsamen, co-pilot; William Albro, navigator; Frank Skrzynski, bombardier; Henry Haneken, flight engineer; Ed Thompson, radio operator; Joe Morabito, armorer gunner; William Christiansen, gunner; Harry Melichar, gunner; and Walter Freed, gunner.

The four survivors include: Irwin Rumler, Alvin Rebsamen, Frank Skrzynski, and Joe Morabito. Joe Morabito had a conflicting schedule and could not attend.



(l-r): Sqdn. Ldr. Pain; Col. Frederick Dent, 95th Wing CO; and Prince Bernhard of Holland before the Siracourt mission.

Therefore, those attending were Rumler, Rebsamen and Skrzynski. Frank Skrzynski has since Americanized his name to Skeldon and will be referred to that way from now on.

We had not seen each other in almost 47 years and met at the Martinair check-in counter at Miami on Sunday 21 April 1992. Martinair flew us to Schiphol International Airport at Amsterdam. We arrived at about 8 Monday morning and were taken to Martinair's VIP reception center. We did not have to pass through customs. Our bags were loaded on Martinair's limousine and we were driven to the de Prom Hotel at Baarn, a beautiful town near the Soestdijk Palace, not too far from Soesterberg Air Base. We were met by RAAF 2nd Lt. Gert Kant, who was our guardian and keeper for our week's stay. Lt. Kant briefed us on all the activities planned for our stay and gave us a printed schedule.

That evening we had dinner at the hotel with members of the committee HRH 50. Those in attendance were Col. and Mrs. de Jong, Lt. Col. and Mrs. van Soest, Lt. Col. Jansen, Lt. Kant and the three of us. The dinner was typically continental, lasting 'til eleven. Food quality was in the range of 4 star or better. The hotel priding itself on its desserts offered a surprise: Each diner was given six different desserts.

On Tuesday we toured Soesterberg Air Base and had lunch with the deputy base commander, Lt. Col. J.F. Bakker at the officers club, called the Casino. The building was built during World War II by the occupying Germans and has walls about 3 feet thick. It is a huge bunker, yet very grand in design.

We also were guests of the curator of the RAAF museum. The Dutch have been in aviation about 79 years. They had several vintage aircraft and a straw hot air balloon gondola from the very early days of aviation. We were shown maps showing the places where World War II aircraft crashed. Some were not recovered until recently when the more of the Zuyder Zee was reclaimed and the receding waters revealed the wreckage.

That afternoon the helicopter contingent treated us to a tour of part of the Zuyder Zee and some of the surrounding countryside. It couldn't have happened at a better time. All the tulips were in bloom.

That evening we visited Hardwijk, an old Dutch town, and had dinner.

On Wednesday we were interviewed at Soesterberg Air Base by a lady from the press during lunch. Then we went to the flight line for the main part of the celebration. Many airplanes of various vintages in flying condition were lined up on the ramp. The RN Air Force band was there to greet us, as well as about 100 people, mostly military, to greet the Prince. This day was to be a complete surprise. They had taken Prince Bernhard to the Fokker factory to let him fly the new commuter model F-50.

When he landed at Soesterberg Air Base he was greeted by the band and the people, including his wife Princess Juliana, the recent Queen and their grandson Crown Prince William Alexander. The crown prince is a co-pilot for Martinair.

Prince Bernhard then walked down the flight line, starting with the oldest airplane, like the one he got his RAF flying training in, and stopped at each of the aircraft. We were stationed at the B-25. It was flyable, with WWII markings. We were introduced as the biggest surprise of all. At this time we presented him with a plaque commemorating his mission with us. The plaque had a pewter model of a B-24 with our group markings — green and white tail. After chatting a while, we also got to speak with Princess Juliana and Prince William.

Prince Bernhard was taken by helicopter to the museum and the rest of us went by bus. The Prince was taken to the museum from the helicopter on a bomb cart. At the museum hall he was presented a pilot brochure "Fifty Years Flying Prince," a golden honor insignia from RAAF for 50 years as a pilot. Also, Mr. Martin Schroder, president of Martinair, presented the Prince with the "50 years Pilot Pin."

A cocktail party followed, where we got to meet several people: USAF Col. John Graham, deputy commander of the Fighter Group, the Prince's flight instructor, and several members of the Air Force Association. It was a swell party. The Prince was very touched.

On Thursday we spent the morning at Utrecht, shopping and seeing the older part of the city. During the afternoon we spent one hour with Prince Bernhard at Soestdijk Palace swapping flying stories. It was most enjoyable in that we had that common ground all aviators have.

On Friday we were guests of the Royal Netherlands Navy and were hosted by Captain and Mrs. Dick Sluijter, Commanding Officer, Amsterdam Naval Command. Mrs. Sluijter had prepared a travel guide for us of the Amsterdam canals. The Captain and his wife then took us for the canal tour on his official launch. We got to see the architecture of several periods, defense wall remnants from the 17th century, bridges, churches and other well-known landmarks such as Rembrandt's house.

We had a very charming and delightful lunch, with a printed menu which we kept as a souvenir: smoked trout salad, roast pork, vegetables, wine and ice cream. That afternoon we went to the Rijksmuseum and later shopping at Vorloom, where we were able to buy gifts for the folks back home. We had another superb dinner at another restaurant near our hotel. They had a message in Dutch on the wall that translates, "Never eat at a place where the cook is skinny." Our host was not underweight.

(continued on page 17)

The Senior Ball

by Frank A. Reed (445th)

It was late in the spring of '42
When our backs were against the wall
Pearl Harbor was blighted and our class was invited
To come to the Senior Ball.

Now kids ain't renowned for thinking real sound
And know when they're taking a chance,
But I was ten and eight and my head weren't on straight
And all I could think was "Let's dance."

Now I loved to dance and I loved romance,
But the same as any dumb kid
I failed to consider I'd have to deliver
If I accepted this bid.

So I jumped at the chance to primp and to prance
As any fool naturally would do,
And I really felt fine when I signed on the line
Never dreaming this day I might rue.

Well, I was ready to go but the Captain said, "No,
'Cause first you must have a few sessions.
We want you to learn how to twist and to turn
You'll be given a year's worth of lessons."

Now they taught us a lot, but somehow forgot
To mention the possible woes
Like during the dance there's an awful good chance
That someone might step on your toes.

By our last week of training there were two less remaining
From trying in night time to land.
Then en route to the ball two more were to fall
With one in the drink and the other in sand.

It was late '43 when we first were to see
That blanket of green below.
Though it didn't look stern we soon were to learn
That it's rough in the E.T.O.

Now a week hardly passed when the big day at last
Came starting at 3:00 A.M.
With ---- on the shingle and then we would mingle
All kids 'cept a handful of men.

I thought I would retch when I saw that line stretch
Clean near to the town of Berlin,
And I thought to my soul, with this kind of goal
It might be all over before I begin.

From the front there were groans, from the back there came moans
When, "Your chances are slim to none
From the fighters and flak if you stray from the track
Otherwise it's just a milk run."

There was a feeling of doom as some left that room
And headed out to their kites,
And some stood around and made not a sound
As others received their last rites.

We checked out our chutes and electrical suits
And a jacket to stop the flak
And considering our route, with a voice touched with doubt,
We promised to bring them back.

Then off to the plane and our first date with fame
Though it already had started to snow
We climbed aboard and the four engines roared
And we were off to dance with the foe.

We crossed the coast and as if to toast
New friends that they were meeting
They sent a few rounds to us from the ground
Which I thought was a poor way of greeting.

But they were fairly light and off to our right
Just enough to keep us awake,
So we kept on our way, but soon were to stray
From the route we intended to take.

It didn't take long to know we were wrong
When the sky just seemed to turn black
With the flak and the smoke til I thought I would choke
In knowing we'd never turn back.

The 88's played a tune that conveyed
A song of death and destruction
And the 105's made me realize
That a direct hit meant combustion.

When off to our right in the formation tight
"Miss Manookie" got caught in the storm
A hit was denoted — the whole plane exploded
And ten guys just bought the farm.

We bounced up and down 'mid the smell and the sound
While praying to get a short break,
But the band wouldn't stop so there wasn't a lot
I could do but shimmy and shake.

Twenty minutes of fear, though it seemed like a year
In the tail I pondered my fate
And I thought I was hexed when I wondered "What next?"
Well, I didn't have long to wait.

On leaving that flak we never looked back
And thought with great relief
We were lucky as hell that only two fell
But the calm we had was but brief.

For there in the sky at 12 o'clock high
Came a gaggle of 109's
And then five abreast they came straight to our nest
Their wings a streak of red lines.

Their noses were tainted where the yellow was painted
"Who sent those fellows their bids?"
You could see by their traces that they were all aces
We called them the "Abbyville Kids."

Well, they waltzed us around as we bounced up and down
Dear God! how those fellows could prance
And if I'm lying I'm dying that there's no denying
The reason they came wasn't only to dance.

Like dancers berserk with each twist and jerk
There were misses and hits galore
So that some safely cruised and some were bad bruised
While others soon dropped to the floor.

We did a fandango, a hot tempered tango
We jitterbugged over the sky
They led us around 'til five hit the ground
And I knew damned well I would die.

Well, I'd had enough of that kind of stuff
They really weren't very polite.
I just wanted a chance to enjoy the dance
While they only wanted to fight.

My God, the profusion of shouts and confusion
Of "Three!" and "Nine o'clock high!"
And just "Shut up and shoot" the directions were moot
They were everywhere filling the sky.

The cordite smelled like the hot fumes from hell
As ten fifties joined in with the song

(continued on page 15)



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

I made an error in my Summer report: It was Harold E. Williams, not Howard, who reported the death of A.H. Baker. Sorry about that, Harold. At least the error brought a response from John A. Cloninger, another 93rd lost soul, and now he has joined us. He worked the control tower operations with Harold.

I had sent a third application to William G. Clayton, and his wife wrote back that he had passed away 6/1/80. She also gave me names and addresses of four other 93rd men; two are members. I sent applications to the other two, and Nicholas A. Caruso has joined. His address is 2161 Clubhouse Drive, Prescott, AZ 86301.

NEW MEMBERS:

Starting with revision sheet dated 7/16/91 the following men have joined. Harry M. Adie, P.O. Box 1884, Gardnerville, NV 89410. James J. Dunlay, 1814 Stevens, Parsons, KS 67357. Robert M. Holland (AM), 307 Romney Road, Akron, OH 44313. Sam Parisi, 495 Exmoor Tr., Dunedin, FL 34698. G. Richard Suttell, One Beach Dr., S.E. #2011, St. Petersburg, FL 33701. Mary E. Baughman (AM), P.O. Box 3118, Murfreesboro, TN 37133. Robert B. Burton (AM), P.O. Box 88408, Honolulu, HI 96830-8408. Col. Gilbert Freeman (Ret.), 7 Pomo Court, Middletown, NJ 07748. Leonard O. Clarke, 2204 Maple Lane, Eureka, CA 95501. Leon R. Glick, 1733 Washington St., Canton, MA 02021. Ardie Hagopian (reinstated), 13671 S. Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd., Saratoga, CA 95070. be H. Schonier, 5643 Cheena Dr., Houston, TX 77096. George G. Karian, 4132 Kottler Dr., Lafayette Hill, PA 19444. Lawrence Vinovich, 419 S. Dexter Ave., Deland, FL 32720-5007. Climpson B. Clapp, 6346 SE Stephens St., Portland, OR 97215-3452. Joseph H. Fulton, 1177 Cardenas S.E., Aerie 436, Villa South, Albuquerque, NM 87108.

93rd B.G. ROSTERS:

You may purchase our roster from Frederick and Inez Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459. They are doing a wonderful job keeping these up to date. It will cost you \$5 for the roster plus a geographical, \$3 without the geographical (which is a big help if you travel a lot; all members are listed in their state). We gain and lose members monthly. I receive an updated list once or twice a month, make copies and send them on to the Stromboms.

SALE OF THE ERRORED COPIES OF "THE STORY OF THE 93rd BOMB GROUP":

After the rejection by members at our Dearborn meeting to order another 100 corrected copies, I sent postcards to around 45 of the members that had first received the errored copies. They could write for an address and sell their errored copy to one of the 17 people on my list, or they could send the books to me and I would sell them at a discount for \$20. I had four members ask for an address on the list, and I have received

ed checks from three. Some of the members wrote that they had given their errored copy away; that is O.K. I just felt I would get a better response. I have received only 13 copies back, and now have orders for 20 at this time. I want to thank Edwin Wagner, who had purchased two copies of the book. He returned one of the corrected copies, and I sold that for \$30.

2nd ADA REGIONAL DINNER:

A notice was sent out to 2nd ADA members within a 100 mile radius of Philadelphia for this dinner at the Adam Mark Hotel in Philadelphia on September 5th. There was a fairly good turnout, but not as expected. The 93rd had 24 in attendance, some first-timers. I'm sorry I don't have the names, as I have packed up most of my paperwork for our move to Florida for the winter.

THE ALL AMERICAN AND THE OTHER PLANE B-17 909:

I was asked by Bob Collings to handle the viewing of his two planes at the Essex County Airport in Caldwell, NJ on Sept. 16 & 17, and it turned out to be the 18th and 19th also. Howard Hinchman and James Cooley responded to my call for help. We were lucky the last day, it rained and we helped them pack up for their trip to North Philadelphia. Howard made the trip to Philly with them. We had a fairly good turnout. Their takeoff and landing of the 909 helped alert everyone that the planes were in the area.

AT REST AT LAST:

I have received permission from Nan Lee, staff writer for the South County Journal in St. Louis, to use the following from her report in the paper. I made entry of all the crew names.

The Graveis Trails District Boy Scouts began placing flags on the graves at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery on Memorial Day in 1950. One of the first graves adorned then and every year since belongs to the crew of "Jerks Natural," a B-24 bomber of the 93rd BG shot down over Austria on October 1, 1943 while on an operational mission to Wiener Neustadt. The following were reported missing in action, members of the 328th BS: 1/Lt. William F. Stein (P), 2/Lt. George B. Wilkinson, 2/Lt. William W. Sykes (only survivor), 2/Lt. John M. McDonough, T/Sgt. Jack W. Kasparian, T/Sgt. L.H. White (R), S/Sgt. Adrian H. Smit, S/Sgt. Lester J. Eby, S/Sgt. Phillip G. Bedwell, and T/Sgt. William A. Staats.

The remains of the nine men who rest in the grave were buried three times, first by a farmer in the field where they crashed, next in a military cemetery in France by the U.S. Army in 1946, and finally at Jefferson Barracks. The collective remains were interred in 1950 in the Lemay cemetery with full honors. The families of all the men were there, except that of gunner Adrian Hanri Smit, youngest of the crew.

His mother, Margaret Smit, a Dutch immigrant from Secaucus, NJ, not only did not believe the government when officials said her son died, but she did not tell any of the five brothers and sisters. As far as they were concerned Smit has been officially missing in action for 48 years. "I was sick, shocked. I couldn't believe it," said Theresa Smit of the day in July when she finally learned what they had all guessed, that Smit died in the crash. Theresa Smit is

the widow of Adrian Smit's older brother, John.

Her son, also named Adrian (Adry) Smit, finally put his uncle to rest. When Adry Smit's father died in 1987, his last wish was to know where his younger brother was, she said. So the son set out on a search. That search ended with the memorial service at Jefferson Barracks, exactly 48 years after the "Jerks Natural" went down. "At the time of his death, his mother was notified. She could not accept his death," said Ralph Church, Jefferson Barracks cemetery administrator.

She had been informed he was missing in 1943. The crew's mission to bomb an aircraft factory in Vienna was completed, but the plane never made it back to base in Africa. Margaret Smit died in 1958 without ever telling her children.

Adry Smit's search went nowhere for a long time, he said. Then earlier this year, his mother sent him an item a friend cut out of a New Jersey newspaper asking for information on Adrian Smit or any of the crew of "Jerks Natural." Gregg Jones (an associate member of the 2nd ADA, 93rd BG), a writer with the Dallas Morning News, had placed the advertisement. Jones, the nephew of another member of the crew, radio operator T/Sgt. L.H. White, has been working on the story of the fatal mission. "Over the past year, I've been trying to piece together this bomber crew," Jones said. "It's a fascinating piece of family history."

"I had my uncle's personal effects, a number of letters that included 1943 addresses," Jones said. He began advertising in their hometown. He said he never suspected he would be solving a nearly half century-old mystery. "Officially, they were all declared KIA — killed in action — in 1944," Jones said.

The service on Tuesday, 1 October 1991 included a 21-gun salute. 93rd member Maj. John L. Sullivan (Ret.), 330th BS Leader and wife Bea, and Associate member Gregg Jones of the 93rd BG, 2nd ADA were present, as were members of the Jefferson Barracks Chapel Association (a non-profit support group) and cemetery officials, as were the Smits and five members of Boy Scout Troop 905, a troop based at Most Precious Blood Catholic Church. The troop was among the group of 2,000 Scouts who placed 85,000 flags in the cemetery in May, including one on Smit's grave and the crew members.

"When the boys ask me each year why we put the flags on the graves," leader Bill Henderson said, "I tell them there are many who are here who have outlived the families who would honor them. Then there are some who are forgotten."

"There are more than 600 whose last name is the same — unknown. And there was Adrian Smit, whose family didn't know where he was," Henderson said. "Without the Scouts, he wouldn't have had a flag every year since he was buried."

These are the kinds of things your Vice President is involved in, providing any information that I might have to the many requests I receive. Without your help in providing information that I request, I wouldn't be able to do it.



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

In less than a year (October 1992), several hundred 44thers will be celebrating the 50th anniversary of the 8th Air Force in England with a visit to the Norwich/Shipdham area. If you have never been back since 1945, I urge you to take advantage of what may possibly be your last opportunity. For the rest of you, and with no stateside 44th HMG reunion in 1992, you are all cordially invited to attend the Second Air Division Association Convention in Las Vegas, October 4-7, 1992. Quite a few members at the Rapid City reunion said that they will see me next year in Las Vegas.

Another county has been heard from. Frank Schaeffer of West Bend, WI inquired about two different sets of names for Alba and Whipple standing in front of "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" in Harvell's book "44th Liberators Over Europe." Mike Curtin, crew chief on "Myrtle," identified them as Fred Marsh and M.C. Strickland (see 2ADA Journal 8-Ball News, Fall '90). Tom Cardwell wrote over a year ago to say that these two were at Barksdale in 1942 and they are Alba and Whipple. You will hear nothing further about this controversy unless it comes from Alba/Whipple or Marsh/Strickland.

Wally Balla (68 SQ) was present recently when the B-24 "All American" visited Hartford, CT. He was quite impressed with the awe that B-24 gunners, armorers, etc. were given by their wives and children when they pointed out their position in the aircraft during WWII. Wally said that he wore the "Official Hero — I Flew a B-24 Liberator" emblem from the 1989 Fort Worth reunion and people actually stopped to ask if he really flew that big airplane. Some of them even took his picture to take home and show their families a real B-24 pilot. He was embarrassed by all the attention shown him.

About that same time, Wally was presented with a certificate of appreciation from the USAF's Headquarters Air University "for outstanding contributions to the field of military aviation and professional military education." He said that the award was given because he had been a continuing education student at the university for 20 years and he was quite surprised to receive it.

Occasionally, I make reference to Will Lundy's book, "44th Bomb Group — Roll

of Honor and Casualties." Most of the articles are substantiated by Missing Air Crew Reports (MACR) and are too long for inclusion in this column. I found one recently which may be of interest and involves 2ADA/44th member William Duffy (506 SQ). Lt. Duffy explained, "We had gone to Frankfurt in the last echelon, of the last flight, of the last squadron of the 8th Air Force (January 29, 1944). We came home alone and landed with one propeller feathered, no brakes, one flat tire and the BALL TURRET DOWN. My crew got us back to the base and I could do no less than put the thing down. Victor Chopp, tail gunner, a great and brave man, survived a direct hit on the rear turret but he lost an eye and yet never a word of complaint during the flight or in the 38 years that he lived thereafter. In some way or other, the ball turret gunner was taken out of that damaged turret before landing. He, too, managed to survive his wounds." (This gunner was not identified.) Lt. Duffy and his co-pilot demonstrated exceptional skill in landing their craft in a tricycle landing without even touching that lowered turret on the runway! Simply amazing!

Jack Wind (506 SQ), Nacogdoches, TX wrote concerning the item in the Spring '91 8-Ball column regarding a memorial plaque at Gairlock, Scotland. Although arriving at Shipdham after R.D. Ketchum's unfortunate plane crash, Jack became involved with the project through Will Lundy's efforts and his own correspondence with Ian T. Shuttleworth of Darlington, England. Ian was the driving force behind this memorial plaque and Jack requested that Ian's name be mentioned in this column. (If memory serves me correctly, the full story appeared in an earlier edition of the Journal).

Norman Malayney (B.G.??) sent an address for Louis M. Yurt, Radio Operator on "Beck's Bad Boys" (Richard Beckingham, Pilot). Louis is ill and has been hospitalized for some time. If anyone wants to send a card, his address is: 820 Scott Avenue, Jeannette, IA 15644.

In the "Folded Wings" section of the last Journal, you will see the names of Harry P. "Whitey" Ahlstedt and Dixon C. McEver. That makes four members of Lyle B. Latimer's crew who have died of cancer, two waist gunners passing away in their late 40s. Our condolences to Lyle, the rest of his crew, and to the Ahlstedt and McEver families.

Richard Bottomley asked me to remind you that he still has 8-Ball T-shirts and caps available. Write to him at 4509 Morrice Road, Owasso, Michigan. Also, a new roster of 2ADA 44th BG members is available from me for \$4.00 (check payable to H.C. Henry).

Return to England: The 50th Anniversary 1942 — 1992

by David J. Hastings

Chairman, Norfolk Support Committee

To mark this historic event, the East Anglia Tourist Board has arranged a huge programme of events covering the whole of East Anglia, starting in April and going right through to October. In Norfolk, the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division was asked to help form the Norfolk Support Committee, and with Broadland District Council providing the administrative support and backing from "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" and many other local organisations and companies, we have a good working group. Obviously, as far as the 2nd Air Division Association is concerned, your main return to Norfolk was in 1990 and we will never forget that event. However, for those of you who want to return in 1992, you can be assured of a warm welcome and you can obtain full details of the programme by writing to the East Anglia Tourist Board, USAAF 1992 Anniversary, Toppesfield Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk, IP7 5DN, England. If you are planning to come back as a group can I suggest that you let your Village Base contact know, and also Phyllis Dubois at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, Bethel Street, Norwich NR2 1NJ, so that we can prepare a warm welcome for you.

If you are arriving as a family, then the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich will be one of the focal points and will have copies of the programme events available, as well as a list of local people who are willing to drive you out to your old base. Some of the main highlights of the year for Norfolk are the following.

Monday, May 25th is Grand USAAF Veterans Day at the unique Muckleburgh Museum on the Norfolk Coast. Those of you who went there in 1990 know what a great place this is. Then on Saturday, June 27th, the Parachute Regiment are holding a special Glen Miller Style Dinner Dance at the Ambassador Airport Hotel in Norwich. On Saturday, July 4th, at our great Norwich Sport Village in Broadland, we are holding the "Friendly Invasion" Buffet with an American big band, another really great night. We are also hoping to have the B-24 "All American" based in Norfolk from May to July to take part in the various local events.

The list really goes on and on, and the final souvenir programme and details will be available from the East Anglia Tourist Board from January 1992 onwards, or from the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, the Norwich Tourist Office, or local hotels. We look forward to seeing you back in 1992 and the Norfolk Committee is doing all it can to support the East Anglia Tourist Board in making this a very memorable and happy "Return to England."



491st BOMB GROUP THE LAST AND THE BEST the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Hap Chandler

491st HISTORY PROJECT

Jack Leppert, Frank Lewis, Vin Cahill and Jack Fitzgerald conducted a mission by mission review at Jack's new home in Palm Harbor, Florida the weekend of October 27-28. The rough draft is now approaching 500 pages, with pictures and letters flowing in daily. Under an accelerated schedule, publication date is currently forecast for Fall 1992.

In order to publish, sale of approximately 1,000 books are required. You will have received order forms in our Fall Log mailing, and also a letter from Jack Leppert outlining progress and requesting your cooperation in ordering promptly. Be sure to include copies for your grandchildren, children, spouse, hometown library, etc. Histories published recently are selling for upwards of \$100 a short time after publication.

1992 RETURN TO ENGLAND

The plans for our May 15th return to England are well underway. There will be a picnic at North Pickenham, a plaque dedication at Metfield, and two special days in Norwich featuring a trip to our Memorial

Room in the Norwich Central Library. There are also plans for fun and games such as "pub crawls" and Liberty Run to Kings Lynn.

SEASONS GREETINGS

For the 46th time since Christmas 1944, greetings to the "Last and Best." We are reprinting the Group Christmas card for those who remember our Christmas greeting to Von Rundstedt and his Bulge. Remember how cold it was! Remember trudging to the aircraft every morning to be returned to the huts by inclement weather. Then, on Christmas Eve, fifty-one 491st aircraft were airborne from North Pickenham, including the forming ship, with fifty reaching the target!!

WORLD SERIES

Norm Johns, Scamahorn's peerless tail gunner, and resident of Minneapolis sent me a crying towel to console the Atlanta Braves fans in my neighborhood. Congratulations, Norm, next time we play the final game in our stadium.

Norm, recovered from open heart surgery, sent along his life membership check after his doctor's assurance of many more decades. He is Life Member 91 of our 491st Memorial Association.

SILVER STAR

One of our earliest and most loyal members is Lucille Dumitras, widow of George Dumitras who was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, September 11, 1944. Lucille kindly sent me a copy of the citation. It is an example of the steadfastness of a Waist Gunner under the most trying cir-

cumstances.

We encourage you to mail copies of Silver Star citations to the LOG for our permanent records and inclusion in the 491st history.

MIGHTY 8th HERITAGE CENTER

Gala plans are underway for ceremonies in Savannah marking the fiftieth anniversary of the activation of the 8th Air Force, January 27, 1942. For further information, contact Dan Massey, Mighty 8th Heritage Center, P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402-1992. Phone: 1-800-421-9428.

CORRECTION

The Fall Journal had a picture of our British visitors, Keith and Iris Thomas with Bob and Faith Bacher at the White House. The man in the center is their guide. Keith reports that East Anglia is gearing up for the second American invasion in 1992.

WELCOME ADDITION

852nd Squadron members will be glad to know that their wartime squadron commander, K.R. Strauss, has just rejoined our group. He wrote from 19683 S.W. 93 Lane, Dunnellon, FL 32630. He becomes Life Member 92 of our association.

SECOND ADA MEMBERSHIP

With the addition of Joe Taconi and Felix Smith on October 9th, our membership in the Second ADA is now 508.

1991 dues, now \$15, are payable now. Please mail your check to Evelyn quickly, as she removes delinquents from the rolls with dispatch.



The Mishap of Crew "92"

by Robert C. Twyford (467th)

On March 18, 1945 Crew 92 was dispatched on an operational bombing mission to Berlin, Germany. We were leading the second squadron of the 467th Bomb Group. About 25 miles from the target, we encountered a barrage of heavy flak, and at that time the mickey operator gave me a five degree right correction which seemed to be all the action necessary as we went through this barrage with apparently no damage. Visibility was good and the pilotage navigator said we were right on course. The DR navigator called that we were on course and making a ground speed of 300 mph. The mickey operator called the bombardier to get ready to clutch in, and the bombardier replied that he already had the target in his sight. The drift was killed as several minutes passed, and the pilotage navigator said we were coming in right on the target. About 20 seconds before bombs away we received a direct hit by heavy flak just forward of the bomb bay.

We were at 19,800 feet on the bomb run, and the first thing I noticed after the explosion was that we were at 16,500 feet in a tight right turn. I had a severe jolt under my seat and my left leg felt numb. I could not exert much pressure with my left leg, but with the co-pilot's help, we managed to right the ship. The turn and bank indicator, rate of climb, airspeed and altimeter seemed to be the only instruments that were any good. I switched the inverter to #2.

A white fire was burning beneath the flight deck. A molten piece of flak landed between my co-pilot's legs. Where it came from and how it got there is still a mystery. Without thinking he stomped on it, but hurriedly withdrew his boot. The molten piece of flak bore through the steel and dropped out the bottom of the airplane with the ease of an ash burning through paper.

My interphone was shot out and about half the oxygen outlets had no pressure. The co-pilot's interphone was all right, so I told him to tell the crew we were low enough to come off oxygen. Flak was bursting all around us. I looked up and to the left and saw the bomber stream turning left, away from the target. We turned left following them out. The mickey operator told me that the navigator had been killed by a piece of flak which went through his helmet and out the other side. He said that the engineer, who was standing by the bomb bay to hold the utility control handle open and to fire flares at bombs away, was blown out of the airplane.

There was a large hole in the ship about the size of the forward bomb bay where the engineer had been standing. The bombs were still in the ship. The bombardier salvoed but nothing happened. I then pulled the pilot's salvo handle and just pulled out a piece of wire. It was impossible for the bombardier to get from the nose to the bomb bay, so I sent the mickey operator

down to see if he could release the bombs.

We were still over the center of Berlin, and a lot of flak was bursting around us; but, I don't think any hit us after we started down, as we were changing headings and losing altitude. The instrument panel was in a mess. I noticed we had full left trim rolled in. When the co-pilot pulled the throttles of #3 and #4 engines all the way back, then pushed them all the way forward, there was no effect on the ship. We tried to feather #3 and #4 but could not.

The co-pilot and I then decided to head for the Russian lines. The pilotage navigator told us to take a heading of 90 degrees. The fire was out now, and the mickey operator and top gunner had thrown out everything they could that was burning. The bombardier's glass had been blown out by the concussion, and the air rushing through the huge hole probably helped blow out the fire below the flight deck. The co-pilot called Blue Leader to tell him we were heading for Russia. There was no answer. The set may not have been working as the liaison transmitter and the mickey sets were shattered.

I sent the top gunner to check the gas, and he said the glass tubes on the gauge were broken, also that the catwalk was all that was holding the ship together. The mickey operator said it was impossible to release the bombs as the A-2 releases were blown off and the shackles were twisted and distorted. Mickey also said he had released the arming wire from the shackles.

We were clearing the eastern suburbs of Berlin, and I knew it would be impossible to land the ship, but was trying to get across the lines to bail out the crew. Were not at 11,000 feet losing altitude at about 800 feet a minute. We knew we would have to hold what altitude we could before crossing the lines. I turned the supercharger to #10 position and had all throttles full forward. The co-pilot pointed to #2 manifold pressure which read 64". I moved the throttle back then forward and apparently the gauge was functioning properly. I left it there for about five minutes, as we were crossing the battle line. At this setting #1 manifold pressure was reading about 28", #3 - 17", and #4 - 10". I think we were getting full power from #2 engine, a little from #1 and none from #3 and #4. It was very difficult to hold the ship straight. My left leg felt dead and without the co-pilot's help, we could not have made it.

An ME-109 then made a pass at us from 7 o'clock. The tail gunner fired, also the left waist. The ME-109 knocked out the tail guns on this pass, and the left waist could not aim accurately as there was no power for the K-13 sight. The 109 had his right landing gear down. Three Russian Yak fighter planes then came up and the 109 left. I noticed the large Red Star on the fuselage of the Russian planes and started dipping the left wing. They looked us over

and turned back towards the tail. A minute or two later we heard a rain of slugs going through the waist and bomb bay. I think each ship made one pass, as we were raked over three times. We were now over the Russian lines. I kept dipping the left wing hoping they would recognize us. We were at 6500 feet now and flak had been following us all the way from Berlin. After the second Yak made a pass at us, I told the co-pilot to order the crew to bail out. My interphone was out, so he gave the order over interphone and rang the alarm bell. He said it was acknowledged from the nose by the bombardier and from the waist by the waist gunner. The waist gunners said the bell did not ring, but it was heard in the nose. From the flight deck, the top gunner went out the bomb bay first, followed by Mickey. After the co-pilot called again to the waist and nose and received no acknowledgement, he tapped me on the shoulder and left. I watched them go, then set the C-1. I stopped for a minute and looked at the navigator. He was lying across his table with blood all over the flight deck. There was a large hole in his head and part of his brains lay on the table. It was awfully quiet; then I heard the slugs from the third Yak ripping through the ship, and I got down on the station five bulkhead. It would have been difficult to recognize the ship from this position, as everything was twisted and covered with oil. I then went out the bomb bay.

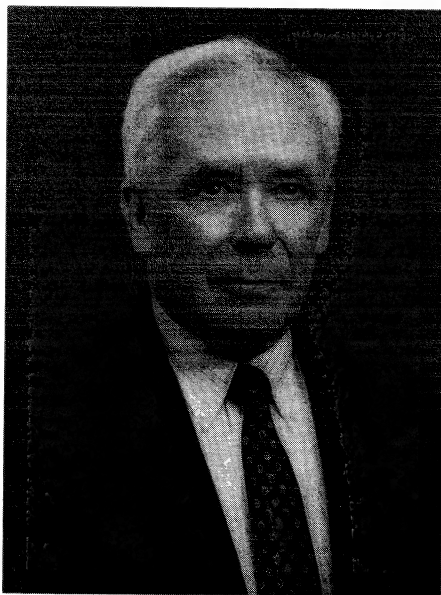
I went into a cloud right after leaving the ship, so I opened my chute. My first sensation was like being suspended in air, and it seemed very natural to be floating down. I saw two chutes about 3000 feet below me. Then a Yak fighter came in and made a pass at me. I could see his tracers streaking by me and hear his guns as he fired. The first two passes he made were while I was too dazed to think; I just hung there and watched him. However, on his third and fourth pass, I remembered what I'd been told about slipping a chute, and I pulled on the right riser so hard I nearly collapsed the chute. I saw another Yak making passes at the two chutes below me.

About 500 feet from the ground I heard rifles and machine guns firing from the ground, so I kept up the evasive action slipping my chute. Some of the slugs whistled by pretty close. Nearing the ground, I turned the chute so I was facing downwind and the jolt was not as much as I had expected. Maybe I was too scared to have much feeling. As I collapsed my chute on the ground, I saw a Yak turning to make another pass. It seemed to take a long time to unfasten my chute. I rolled on the ground about 20 feet away from the chute and lay still as he passed over. He did not fire this time. Men were running down the hill towards me firing overhead, so I stood up and held my hands up. I first thought maybe I had landed in German held territory, but as they

(continued on page 7)

Vice President's Message

by John B. Conrad



There is an increasing interest on the part of some 2nd ADA members to meet and gather together more often than at our once-a-year 2nd ADA conventions, such as our reunion in Dearborn in July. Those falling into this category will attend the annual convention wherever it may be and also any group or regional dinners or reunions for which they may be eligible.

There is another segment of the 2nd ADA membership that attends only group or regional dinners or reunions that are



Candlelighting ceremony at the 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion on September 5, 1991 at Lake of the Ozarks, MO. Announcer at podium: Earl Zimmerman (389th). Candlelighters (l-r): John Colvin (392nd), Norman Raeber (453rd), Ray Counts (491st), Dutch Borcharding (93rd), Gene Hetzler (389th), Quentin Wetteroth (446th), Dave Godair (489th), and Ed Kimmel (466th).

closer to members' homes than the annual convention site may be. This category undoubtedly includes those who limit their travel for health reasons. Less travel also means less cost.

Annual reunion dinners have been held for successive years in Philadelphia, Southern California and Texas. There are concentrations of members in these areas who support these dinners. Similar dinners could be organized in other areas where a number of members reside — Florida, for example.

A reunion dinner with small beginnings was first held in Collinsville, Illinois in 1984. Organized by Frank Thomas, 25 to 30 members and guests attended. Supported

by members committed to local reunions, the Collinsville Annual Dinner grew into the Midwest Regional Reunion. In recent years there have been as many as 300 attendees at these now 2-3 day reunions, organized by various members from the area.

A committee composed of Russ Valleau (492nd), George Rundblad (453rd), Wilbur Stites (453rd), Robert Victor (453rd), Aud Risley (446th) and Lloyd Koth (467th), has been elected to organize the 1992 reunion at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, May 31 to June 2. This reflects the care taken in scheduling the Midwest Regional Reunions at places and on dates that do not interfere with the 2nd ADA annual conventions.

389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West

To start our comments for the Winter issue of the Journal, what follows is what we were able to accomplish in 1991. Membership packets were sent to 91 prospective members and to 20 for second attempts and 26 applications by William Nelson of the 389th. From all applications sent, we received 68 new members and 15 associate members. The 2ADA dropped 21 members for non-payment of dues. Letters were sent asking if they wished to be reinstated; 8 responded. Correspondence sent was 843 which included the letters to the 389th membership for the American Librarian Fund.

FOLDED WINGS: With regret I list the following: Robert Klagstad, Wyman Z. Hendon, Russell D. Hayes, Harry E. Neff Jr., Allan P. Gray, Robert R. Sherman, Louis U. Winter, Dallas E. Hatch, James H. Middleton, Jack Zeller, Preston Redd and John Moritz.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: Helping to complete the "Last Mission" were

244 donors out of 685 of the 389th membership. This contribution placed the group in 3rd place in the 2nd ADA. Not able to predict the future, continued monetary support will be needed. I ask those of you who have not contributed to this fund that you will remember your fallen comrades with your donation of any size to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230.

ENGLAND 1992: Let me know if you are planning a trip to England in 1992 for the 50th anniversary of the 8th Air Force. I will contact those who plan to go and possibly small groups can get together, as there is no planned tour by either the 389th or the 2ADA.

INFORMATION: Having contacted several sources of information, AM Kurt Harahus is searching for anyone who served with his father, John Harahus, in the 389th from January 1944 to March 1945. If known, contact Kurt Harahus, 3016 George Drive, Wichita, KS 67210.

NOTE: To all members of the 389th and your families upon learning of a "Folded Wings" or serious illness of one of our comrades, please notify your VP as soon as possible, as we have 2ADA cards for each situation. Your help is most appreciated.

THE ALL AMERICAN: Recently while serving as host for the "All American" and the crew at a local airport, I was witness to the meeting of area B-24 veterans who never met, who came to see an old friend again. They had served in other Air Forces and theaters of war during WWII. The benefits of the "All American" tour are large in the recruiting of new members to the Second Air Division Association. The "All American" is worthy of our continued support.

GREETINGS: To the members of the 389th and the Second Air Division Association, the Wests and the Halletts wish each of you the happiest of holidays. Have a great 1992.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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President's Message "Over There and Over Here"

by Richard M. Kennedy

"OVER THERE." The stirring strains and lyrics of that venerable WWI tune continue to generate memories of the long ago performances of the U.S. Armed Forces immediately preceding our generation's participation in a major conflict. We did involve ourselves, during the years between WWI and WWII, gathering and absorbing the fact and fiction produced in volume by the chroniclers of events spanning the years 1914-1918.

The records, memorabilia and archives made available in abundance allowed us to gain a rather clear perspective on what our predecessors achieved during a relatively brief but violent military operation. Was that compilation of historical information an "Inheritance"?

One of the meanings given to the word "perspective" tells us that, among other interpretations, perspective might give us the capacity to view events in their true relation or relative importance. Obviously, that relationship or relative degree of importance must be measured, or viewed, against or alongside some pertinent scale or illustration. Applying a perspective relating to our 2nd AD "Inheritances" can lead us toward a variety of probable routes. I'm going to assume that "Inheritance" is suitable in this instance. We of the 2nd AD have a valuable, if not singular, gift to transmit to following generations. As proud "keepers" and "creators" of these treasures, born of deed and partially preserved in memory, we do, and should, strive to assure maximum protection and display of these historical and priceless records. By so doing, we can assure our immediate succeeding generation, as well as those following, a truly representative depiction of the historical contributions made by the men and women of the 2nd AD during that monumental conflict known as World War II.

We are now, all of us, becoming increasingly aware of the various projects surfacing with respect to memorializing the efforts of the Eighth Army Air Force, WWII. In most cases, these proposed repositories would "make room" for the 2nd Air Division or the Eighth AAF in and among other units or branches of the military also having served during the aforementioned conflict. In all honesty, we of the 2nd AD should be and undoubtedly are, extremely proud to have our achievements both displayed and preserved in an appropriate setting. The 2nd AD Memorial Room within the walls of the Norwich Library affords the Association, to a degree, that type of setting.

However, the Norwich location is on the *far side* of the Atlantic, or "Over There," and prohibitively inaccessible to the great majority of 2nd ADA members. Our 8th AAF was born in the U.S.A. True it was bloodied in the flak and fighter filled skies of Europe, but we did come back to that same U.S.A. proud and thrilled by our participation in a great victory. Those members of our 2nd AD that failed to return will, in perpetuity, be remembered and honored by way of our unique Memorial. The 8th AAF survivors should have a place, a home if you will, that we can visit and that place should be on *this* side of the Atlantic, "Over Here." As I see it, the proposed Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center, located at Savannah, Georgia, offers us the ideal setting for our permanent home. Why Savannah? The Eighth Air Force was constituted into the U.S.A.A.F. 28 January 1942 at the Chatham Armory in Savannah.

A PERMANENT HOME: A permanent home for "The Mighty Eighth" in Savannah will instill a sense of continuing pride in America! Visitors can learn about loved ones who served in the Eighth Air Force and leave with a deep sense of gratitude for the dedication of America's finest who rose to meet the aggressors on the field of battle. The Mighty Eighth will have a home in America. To tell their story in an exciting and interesting fashion, without glorifying war; to provide educational services to young students instilling a sense of pride; to challenge young people to excel and to learn more about their nation's heritage by "hands-on" programs and events that will motivate their sense of enthusiasm for the American way of life; to display historical items and memorabilia and preserve Eighth Air Force heritage; to describe day-to-day activities of the Eighth Air Force through state-of-the-art audio-visual presentations that are both entertaining and informational; to provide a research center for historians and families of Eighth Air Force veterans, a place for locating heretofore unknown or difficult to find information about Eighth Air Force people; to hold reunions for Eighth Air Force veterans and their many organized groups, and to provide them an opportunity to see their story told first-hand by Eighth Air Force veterans, for Eighth Air Force veterans; and to create a national treasure that will attract tourists from around the world, leaving them with a feeling that Americans really do care about their country and world and that they stand up for their rights as citizens.

WHAT WILL BE INCLUDED: A "Great Room" for the state-of-the-art audio-visual presentations to portray the dramatic air operations of the Eighth Air Force in World War II. Plans call for this to give the viewer a feel for a typical day of the Eighth Force, everything from the mess hall to the mission! The goal is to show the importance of every person in the success of the mission and the day-to-day struggle of the average person to make success certain. An Educational Center has been designed focusing on the needs of students to establish goals in life that meet the challenge of the world today and to become better citizens through a drug-free environment where each person's self-worth is recognized.

(continued on page 3)



TSgt Raymond W. Courville
#2 Woodcock Circle
Abilene, TX 79605



9 August 1991

To Whom It May Concern

1. I, Raymond W. Courville, do hereby give permission to The Redwood Press to print the following songs that I have composed:

"Ode to Desert Shield"

"The Ballad of the DESERT STORM"

2. I would appreciate information on how to receive a copy of the volume of the book "The Wild Blue Yonder" in which my songs are printed. Thank you for your consideration and I will be happy to contribute more entries as I compose them if you so desire.

RAYMOND W. COURVILLE, TSgt, USAF
FR008-32-5461

ANSWERED AUG 16 1991

The Ballad of the "DESERT STORM"

In January 91 the war had just begun,
In desert sand so far away out in the blazing sun;
Saddam Hussein had made a plan the oil to control,
If he could win he'd try to purge the world of all
it's gold.

He moved his troops upon Kuwait his malice he did show,
He thought the world would not protest or wouldn't even know;
But the free world would not accept this tyrant of the land,
We freed Kuwait from their cruel fate and bombed him neath'
the sand.

*Our troops were poised and set to strike, our bombers filled the sky,
We fought so well that you could tell our spirits all were high;
Iraqi troops did burrow deep much deeper than a well,
And if they go much further down they'll all end up in hell.

Saddam Hussein told all his people they would win the war,
That they would kill the infidels would kill them by the score;
He said be brave and kill the knave you really cannot fail,
And if you do and come back here I'll put you all in jail.

So all you troops of Desert Storm we really must confess,
That of the worlds great fighting force you really are the best;
You did the job in such a way we really must commend,
And if Saddam should ever rise we'll knock him down again.

-TSgt Raymond W. Courville

* - chorus

(To the music of "Sink the Bismarck")

Ode to Desert Shield

We sit and wait in desert sand,
For the order or command;
Blistered by sun, taunted by wind,
Wondering how it all will end.

No one wants to lose their life,
Leave their husband, kids, or wife;
Saddam Hussein is a real threat,
We can't ignore or just forget.

We've seen the likes of him before,
In a previous world at war;
Saddam's a clever, vicious dog,
A tyrant and a demagogue.

Stare into the serpents eyes,
Don't be fooled by his disguise;
If unafraid we cannot fail,
And the eagle will prevail.

The eagle's posed and set to strike,
So tell Saddam to take a hike;
Back up our troops and do not yield,
Let's give support to Desert Shield.

TSgt Raymond W. Courville

(To the music of "The Ballad of the Green Beret")



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

363d MEDICAL GROUP (TAC)

SHAW AIR FORCE BASE SC 29152-5300

III-4

5 August 1991

Bill Getz, Publisher
The Redwood Press
P. O. Box 412
Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr. Getz,

In response to your 15 Jun 91 letter, I have found an item you might be interested in. This was a medley of songs composed and sung by pilot members of the 363 TFW on the occasion of B/Gen Ralph E. Eberhart's going away party as wing commander. The function was held at a host nation officer's club at our deployed location during Operation Desert Shield. The 363 TFW was the second fighter unit to deploy in that operation. I have included a copy of the original manuscript rather than a typed version as I thought it might better give you a flavor for the improvisation. I cannot take credit for writing these verses and I am not sure who the exact authors were. It was a group effort.

If I can be of any assistance in translating some of the writing, please feel free to contact me at (803) 668-2730 (during duty hours) or (803) 499-9211 (home).

Sincerely,

WILLIAM P. THORNTON
Major, USAF, MC, SFS
Chief, Aeromedical Services

50 Francis Marion St.
Dalzell SC 29040

ANSWERED AUG 16 1991

(Sung to the Ballad of Jed Clampett)

Well let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Ed
 An old fighter pilot just a tryin' to stay ahead
 Then one day while he's on the 7th tee
 Saddam moved south and entered Kuwaiti
 War that is
 Big bombs
 Nerve Gas

Well the next thing you know old Ed's a brigadier
 CENTAF said, Ed move away from there
 Said Middle East is the place you oughta be
 So pack up the jets and move to **CLASSIFIED**
 Sand that is
 NRE's

(Sung to Gilligan's Island)

Well sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
 a tale of a fateful trip
 That started from Shaw AFB, ~~a 16 hour~~
 with 48 viper jets (with 48 viper jets)

(DIEHL)

Billy Diehl was a mighty flyin' man
 Perk was brave and sure
 The vipers they took flight that day,
 a 16 hour tour (a 16 hour tour)

3

(Sung to The Brady Bunch)

We're Ralph's bunch (don't call him Ralph)
 We're Ralph's bunch (his name is Ed)
 We are the best damn wing in all of TAC
 We're Ralph's bunch (don't call him Ralph)
 We're Ralph's bunch (his name is Ed)
 We came to kick Saddam back to Iraq

As time went on our throats became much dryer
 We said Ralph's bunch what we gonna do
 All you've got to feed us now is bottled water
 what we need is cold brew

So he had the CE boys erect a palace
 We hurried right on down to buy a few
 But when we got up to the counter with our money
 they said only 2 (only 2...)

CHORUS



The weather started getting dark,
 the piddle packs were tossed
 off rat for the pills that the doctors gave
 the damn darts would be lost (the damn darts would be lost)

The sun came up the jets touched down
 on this unheard of desert mile,
 with Billy Diehl
 And Perk's in Spain
 the Adron team's
 in Cairo West
 No place to live
 No one knows where we are
 here in the **CLASSIFIED**

(Sung to the Brady Bunch)

Here's a story, about Shaw bu dabi
 and the man who made it what it is today.
 We started out by living all together
 in a hanger bay,

Until one day when the tents arrived from Oman
 and the CE boys built them one by one
 What they built up from the sand it wasn't pretty
 but we're out the sun

*Insured
11/17*

THE BLOOD CHIT PROJECT
Thomas Wm. McGarry and R. E. Baldwin
P.O. Box 11131, Berkeley, CA 94701-2131 U.S.A.

8 November 1992

Dr. C. W. Getz
The Redwood Press
PO Box 412
Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Dr. Getz,


I really enjoyed your talk last month at the C. A. F. Golden Gate Squadron dinner in Oakland. It was both informative and entertaining, and you did a great job of putting together your talk with the tape. It was a very pleasant surprise and a welcome change from the usual "there I was" stories.

I am writing to ask if you can provide the music to a song for which I have the words. Aviation writer Thomas Wm. McGarry and I are researching information for a book which we hope will become the definitive work on Blood Chits and worthy of the people who used them. The enclosed flyer will acquaint you with our project, and the article is one that I wrote at the request of the Air Force Museum and which they ran in their publication *Friends Journal*.

Our research has turned up a song which was sung by RAF flyers during the 1930's and which, according to one informant, was still being sung in the RAF following WWII. It is generally referred to as "No Balls At All", and I am enclosing photocopies two versions of it. How this song came to be is explained in the photocopies from A. G. Dudgeon's book *The Luck of the Devil*. It is not a pretty tale, but it should be included in our book and we would love to include the music as well. Can you help us in this regard? Also, do you know of any other songs which relate to the use of Blood Chits.

Again, thank you for a very stimulating and enjoyable evening, and I am looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,


Bob Baldwin

ANSWERED DEC - 7 1992

recalled by some. The only RAF unit to be permanently based there pre-1939 was No. 84 Squadron – from September 1920 until September 1940 – although several units sent detachments there for operations in 1941. Thus, if anyone can lay claim to the SHAIBAH BLUES as 'their' song, 84 Squadron has priority.

'Oh, a little bit of *mhutti** fell from out the sky one day
And it fell into the desert fucking miles and miles away
And when old Trenchard saw it,
It looked so bloody bare,
He said "That's what I'm looking for,
I'll put my air force there".
So he sent out river gunboats, armoured cars and SHQ
And then shoved 84 right out there in the fucking blue.
But *maleesh*†, soon I'm going to a land that's far remote
Until that day, you'll hear me say
ROLL ON THAT FUCKING BOAT!"

Chorus:

*I've got those Shaibah Blues, Shaibah Blues
I'm fed-up, I'm fucked-up, and I'm blue
I've tried to learn the lingo but its fairly got my goat
The only thing that I can say's
ROLL ON THAT FUCKING BOAT!"*

NO BALLS AT ALL

This particular gem, often titled SULAIMAN, referred to a particular phase of operations against a Kurdish revolt around the Sulaiman area led by the notorious Sheikh Mahmud in 1924, and its prime theme was the probable fate of any airman falling into the hands of rebel tribesmen – especially their women. Only the main (of many) verses are quoted here – others varied over subsequent years but usually gloried in pure physical details ...

'There once were two pilots who went to bomb Sul
Their bombs were OK but their tanks were half-full
Then came from the back seats an agonised call
"If the engine cuts out we'll have no balls at all"

Chorus:

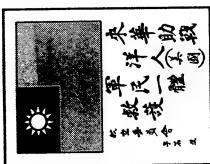
*'No balls at all, No balls at all
If the engine cuts out we'll have no balls at all'*

* *Mhutti* – much, dirt (to put it politely ...)
† *Maleesh* – never mind.

THE
BLOODCHIT
PROFIT

THOMAS WM. McGARRY
(510) 527-0496

R.E. BALDWIN
(510) 527-1394



P.O. BOX 11131
BERKELEY, CA
94701-2131 U.S.A.

Twas just over Sul that both engines cut out
 And again from the back came a terrified shout
 "If we land to the east of the Basrian Pass
 Might as well stuff the Lewis up your arse"

Chorus: Etc.

'They looked o'er the side and there plain to see
 Sheikh Mahmud and cronies all sat down to tea
 A'sitting around midst their goats and the rocks
 Discussing spring fashions, long knives and cocks

Chorus: Etc.

'They landed, then ran like chaff 'fore the wind
 With fucking great knives flashing inches behind
 They knew they were in for 'orrible thrills
 So clutched their balls and ran for the hills'

Chorus: Etc.

'The moral of all this is quite plain to see
 Fill up your fuel tanks where'er you may be
 And if among Arabs and Kurds you must roam
 Make sure there's enough to get you back home'

Chorus (sung falsetto)

'NO balls at all, NO balls at all
 If the engine cuts out you'll have no balls at all'.

APPENDIX 3

RAF Slanguage

British Servicemen serving overseas in the many years prior to 1939 seldom felt it necessary to learn any local native language, relying instead upon a limited vocabulary of the most common, useful words and phrases to be interjected within their normal speech. Over those years (and indeed for many years thereafter) such snippets of varying foreign tongues became common parlance in Service barracks and workplaces, though usually 'anglicised' for convenience. The following selection from such 'slanguage' reflects not only the most commonly used words but also the widely varying derivations. Spelling of these here is deliberately 'Service' phonetical.

Ackers Money (Arabic origin)

Alakeefik Easy-going, couldn't care less (Arabic)

Astee Take it easy, slowly (Indian)

Badmash Native Indian robber-burglar/bandit

ould run smoothly. The rear Lewis gun,
, with one pan of ammo in position and
ed on to spigots around the inside of

beneath each lower main-plane. Slung
ar cockpit there were charguls, water
which allowed their contents to seep con-
by evaporation and with the help of the
vided cooling. There were emergency
of Maconachies meat and veg., sardines,
its, condensed milk and Horlicks malted
ron screw pickets lashed to each wing-tip
pit canvas covers stowed in their locker.
extra tropical radiator fitted below the
so carried a spare wheel. Camel thorn
grew in the desert and punctures were

e, my very own, by kind permission of
presented no problem to Bailey. He had
After about 200 miles he said, "If we are
if") "you'll see a patch of paler coloured
to starboard for the next half hour and
you when to start losing height. Don't
bloody country like me own backyard.
uld be okay, if we took off about 09.00
we'll be there by lunchtime. Would you
w, sir?"

ts and landings to get the feel of it, then
ne landmarks.

naidi, as big as a town, was on a bend in
ce with the Diyala river. Baghdad, to the
ed by the huge mosaic domes of the Blue
a about twenty miles lay the Arch of
elic of an earlier civilisation, alongside
as' bombing and air-firing ranges. There
of cultivation along both banks of the two
lse, from horizon to horizon, the bare,
ert.

Next morning we stowed our camp kit and the extra radiator
had drawn for the trip, started up with the help of the Huc
we were away.

Dutifully, I had drawn a line representing our track on the map
but once the river was left behind it meant nothing to me. There
were no landmarks, just desert, and I hoped I could steer a steady
compass course and correct for drift. But secretly I was relying
utterly on Corporal Bailey, though in course of time one learned to
read the desert as a fly fisherman learns to read the water. There
are waddies, bits of higher ground and depressions; landmarks
enough, which you subconsciously memorise.

The rest was anti-climax. The squadron in general, and my
flight commander in particular, didn't want me. I was quite useless
to them and anyhow the tribal uprising had been put down. I was
supposed to be back at base doing orderly officer. Someone had
blundered.

But they were kind to the new boy. There was a party that night
to celebrate the end of a little desert war (there was almost always
a party for some reason or other, or for no reason whatever) and
I heard, for the first of many times, the squadron song. It had a
moral:

In the year anno domini one nine two four
Up in Sulaimaniya there started a war
And squadrons of bombers sailed into the sky
To beat up the A-rabs and give them Kai-ai.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
If your engine cuts out,
You'll have no balls at all.

There was a pilot who went to bomb Sul,
His bombs were all right but his tanks they weren't full.
The airgunner's voice thru' the phones clear did call
"If you engine cuts out you'll have no balls at all."

Chorus: No balls, etc.

They were just over Sul when the engines cut out,
Again from the rear came that agonised shout,
"If you land to the south of the Barzan pass

You can stuff your old Lewis gun right up your arse."

Chorus: No balls, etc.

They looked down below and there plain to see
Was Shaikh Mahmud and his party to tea,
Sitting around midst the stones and the rocks
Discussing spring fashions and pruning gents' cocks.

Chorus: No balls, etc.

They landed and ran like the chaff 'fore the wynd,
That bowie knife party six inches behind.
They knew they were in for some terrible shocks
So they banged out their bollocks on sharp stony rocks.

Chorus: No balls, etc.

Sotto voce: St. Peter reclined on a fleecy white cloud,
The orderly angel came hovering around,
He said to St. Peter, "It's quite plain to me
That here is a signal that you ought to see.
It's from Aero 5, today's date, and to say
That an old DH9A is coming this way."

Chorus: No balls, etc.

They went down to the drome in the midst of the night,
They laid out the flarepath and set it alight,
They pooped off the Very lights, red, green and white,
To show them the wynd ere they should alight.

Chorus: No balls, etc.

Falsetto: They came in to land, they were full of good cheer,
St. Peter said "Boys, shall we split the odd beer?"
The pilot replied, in a voice clear and shrill
"Thank you, St. Peter, I think that we will."

Chorus: No balls, etc.

The moral of this is quite plain to see;
Look after your petrol wherever you be
And if midst the Kurds and the Arabs you roam,
If you must have 'em out, have 'em cut out at home.

Chorus: No balls, etc.

The improbable inclusion of speaking impeccable English proceedings, more especially a gusto. It was the political of lived there in that grisly for with the tribesmen. He had The only thing he ever ask squadron saw to it that he justified his need for gin by his 'private' copy of the Koran and "the wages of gin is brotherly love" to cope with the Akh lived by raiding, despised the acknowledged allegiance only to Al

It is a reasonable supposition of Trenchard and the experience of twenties and thirties, the E never have been fought. The decades when the RAF did not either in the Middle East or

Until the 1914-18 war the Egypt, Mesopotamia, Syria, had been part of the Ottoman Empire. This whole vast area was organised, undernourished Shaikhs.

In an effort to stabilise the region, the British devised a plan whereby certain areas were given a mandate to govern these states as quickly as possible to independence.

Great Britain assumed the political integrity of Mesopotamia, while France accepted the mandate for Syria and Lebanon.

For this task the British created the Hinaidi, near Baghdad, of the 15th division, a brigade of native squadrons.

With this inadequate but police a million square miles of thousands of miles of ill-de-

THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL

**AIR VICE-MARSHAL
A.G. DUDGEON CBE DFC
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY 1934-41**

**Airlife
England**

fields and the occasional village underneath. Nevertheless, the vistas were magnificent, especially in January and February when the occasional rainstorm cleared the dust haze. Stretching as far as the eye could see were line after line of valleys and ridges, rising gently to massive snow-fields and crests in the distance. Most of the ground was in many shades of brown, except for vivid little patches of green crops in the appropriate season. A few of the lower hills had flattish tops but the majority were razor-backed.

The villages, tucked away in the bottoms of the valleys, were little clusters of drab brown houses made from mud bricks. They clustered together like boiled sweets in a glass jar. As evidence of the warlike nature of the inhabitants, every fourth or fifth building had its fighting tower. These, square in shape, stuck up twice or three times as high as the dwellings. The entire first storey was solid, giving the tower great strength. Above the level of the house roofs were the slits through which the rifles could be aimed. On its top, a low wall gave these farmers protection and concealment, coupled with a first-class all-round field of fire.

Although we flew above the range of rifle fire almost all the time, we were not out of danger. The consequences of an engine failure over tribal territory were not attractive.

The tribesmen were Muslims and true believers. They looked forward to the joys of Paradise after death. Not least of the pleasures in their Paradise are the ten thousand Houris who care for the inhabitants through all eternity. Houris are desirable maidens, black-eyed like a gazelle and possessed of perpetual youth and beauty. They provide foods, drinks and sweetmeats of surpassing flavour whilst cooling their charges with perfumed fans. If anyone craves more exotic delights, no wish will be refused and their virginity is renewable at pleasure. Another part of the belief was that you arrived to spend eternity, physically, as you left the earth below. This had its disadvantages for us unbelievers.

As the farmers became pretty frustrated by punishment with no sporting war to compensate, their resentment could be expressed harshly. We know that in the twenties they handed over a downed crew to the women of the tribe. They, with due care, removed what are known in colloquial French as the *bijoux de famille* — the family jewels. One portion was sewn into the man's mouth and other two were for sewing into his eye-sockets. Naturally, as the men would enter Paradise as they left the earth, the women took considerable pains to ensure they did not die before the

operations were complete. This made certain that in spite of the best ministrations of any houris around, they were booked for a pretty rotten eternity — unable to eat, unable to speak, unable to see — and due for nothing else of much importance.

We, the aircrew, thought it would be both prudent and practical to dye our hair red. A red beard on a Muslim indicates that its owner has made the much desired pilgrimage to Mecca and, by kissing the Black Stone, has booked his passage to Paradise on an irrevocable ticket. We did not expect to be taken for Muslims — beards in the Royal Air Force were forbidden — but the maybe apocryphal story of a red-headed air gunner gave us hope. He had fallen in tribal territory and was handed over to the female villagers for treatment. It struck the ladies, however, that one or more red-headed male children were infinitely desirable. Not only would they make Paradise without fail but the pecking order for the mother of such a child would be astronomically elevated. So the gunner was put to stud.

It was more or less agreed that the unfortunate (or fortunate?) individual finally died. History did not specify precisely how or why he met his end. Nevertheless, we randy young pilots felt that such a death would be preferable to one from straight and sudden surgery.

At the time I was there, each aircraft carried, in a sealed pocket between the cockpits on the outside of the fuselage, a 'Protection Certificate'. It was known universally as a 'goolie chit' (goolie in Urdu=ball). This, written in Urdu, Pushtu and Persian, promised rupees beyond the dreams of avarice if the aircrew were brought in and handed over. There would be a significant reduction of cash if they were found to be emasculated, or dead, or both. Since the tribesmen could neither read nor write, we were not too sanguine as to its efficiency and thought that red hair would be a cheap and useful insurance policy. If nothing else, we hoped we could perform long enough for help to be forthcoming. The Squadron Commander (who hardly ever flew) was adamant — no synthetic redheads.

It did not escape us that a sealed and painted-down packet on the fuselage was a very stupid place to have such a vital document. One might have to bale out, the aircraft might burn, the crew might get separated if one was injured. I still do not know any good reason why a certificate should not have been sewn into the back-pad of each of our parachutes. Our pleas for this change fell on deaf ears. Perhaps it was a legacy from the olden days when

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"DEAR FRIEND, I AM AN ALLIED FIGHTER . . ."

Blood Chits in Asia, 1938-45

by
Robert E. Baldwin
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INTRODUCTION

Imagine being forced down in foreign territory - alone in a far off land where you must somehow communicate with strangers who do not speak English and who are suspicious and afraid of you as well. For much of this century military aviators in this situation have used simple devices which allowed them to communicate their survival needs in foreign tongues. These written messages, known today as Blood Chits, are designed to entice local inhabitants to provide not only the necessities of survival such as food and shelter, but most importantly assistance in evading capture and returning to friendly forces. Chits have been made from many materials including paper, card stock, cloth, leather, and sometimes from combinations of them. The variety of styles has been limited only by their proposed use and the imagination of their makers, and they have adorned the borders of escape maps, emulated passports, and have even been printed inside matchbook covers. They have been used by ground, naval, and air personnel, but none seem to have captured the imagination of the American public as much as those used by flyers in Asia during WWII. This may be in part due to the romantic image created by their prominent display on the backs of Hollywood's heroes over the years in films from *Flying Tigers* to *Empire of the Sun*, but whatever the reason there is an increasing interest in them as the fiftieth anniversary of the U.S. entry into the Second World War approaches. This short article is intended to introduce the reader to a few of the more common types of these beautiful and unusual devices, and is illustrated with examples from the collection of the author.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Blood Chits seem to have originated on the northwest frontier of India where British troops often engaged hostile tribesmen. In this environment it was imperative to have handy a simple means of communicating exactly who one was and what his needs were, and the handwritten notes that were used seemed to work particularly well when a reward was offered. Having had successful experiences with their early chits, the British used them in limited numbers in North Africa and Arabia during the First World War, and then in 1919 and 1920 they first used them in quantity in India. They were usually associated with the R.A.F., but upon American involvement in WWII they became standard items of U.S. escape and evasion equipment as well.

The word "chit" has Hindustani origins, being derived from the Hindi word "citthi" meaning "pass," and from which it evolved to mean "a note of a sum owed," an IOU. The term "Blood Chit" refers to the debt owed for one returned alive, and the Blood Chit itself is in essence a blood ransom, an IOU for the life of the bearer. The British also call them Gooly Chits, referring to the male organs and recalling a time when chits were sometimes thought of as insurance against emasculation by fierce tribesmen.

CHINESE RESCUE PATCHES

During the 1930s the Republic of China was in political chaos with the Kuomintang, the Chinese Communist Party, and even local warlords controlling different areas. Although they united against the Japanese during the winter of 1936-37, each political party remained separate, supported its own army, and de-



Original silk chit from China removed from a flight suit.

fended its own territory throughout the conflict. Into this arena came a variety of foreigners to fight on China's behalf.

In August 1937, the Soviet Union began sending military aid to China including some 2,000 combat-experienced airmen. For nearly eighteen months, until their recall at the outbreak of the war in Europe, these flyers and their Russian aircraft engaged the Japanese in the skies over China where more than 200 of them fell in battle.

In the late fall of 1937 a small ragtag group of American, French, German and Dutch mercenary flyers was formed into the short-lived 14th Volunteer Bombardment Squadron under the command of Clare Lee Chennault to fly Martin 139 bombers, Vultee V-11 attack bombers, Curtiss "Hawk" (H75H & H75M) fighters, and other aircraft out of Hangkow for the KMT. Exactly when the first chits were issued in China is not known, but sometime during the winter of 1937-38 China's Aeronautical Commission issued chits, known variously as "Rescue Patches" and "Identification Patches," to the pilots serving with the 14th V.B.S. to aid in their recovery. These chits, on which

the painting and calligraphy was done by hand, were made of silk sewn to a drill backing and bore the "chop" (official seal) of the Aero Commission, but were not numbered and did not indicate the nationality of the pilot.

Encouraged by the willingness of foreigners to come to China's aid, the KMT reached an agreement with the U.S. government to secretly recruit aviators from the U.S. armed forces for combat in China, where they were to serve under a civilian contract with Central Aircraft Manufacturing Corporation in order to preserve the illusion of U.S. "neutrality." Thus was born the American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force, the legendary Flying Tigers, and in 1941 under Chennault's command they began flying missions in Curtiss "Tomahawk" fighters from Burma. The first chits used by the A.V.G. were small cardboard ones in English and Burmese issued to them by the British. When the A.V.G. moved to Kunming in the spring of 1942, the Chinese Aeronautical Commission issued several styles of Identification Patches to them. One style was much like those issued earlier to the pilots of the 14th V.B.S., but serial numbers were added to them. Another style, considered by some to be the "classic" A.V.G. chit, had the Chinese characters denoting that the pilot was an American in vertical parentheses and only two characters accompanying the serial number. Some flyers wore chits on the back of their flight suits, some wore them on the back of or sewn to the lining of flight jackets, and some simply carried them folded in a pocket.

In July of 1942 the A.V.G. was disbanded and official U.S. military involvement in China began in earnest. Variations of the chits described above continued to be made in China, and a chit with a slight text variation was also produced. Although none of the Rescue Patches described above mentions a reward for the safe return of the flyer they are often referred to nowadays as Blood Chits, a term which implies a reward.

AMERICAN ESCAPE FLAGS

The United States produced several styles of chits for use in Asia.

While called "Blood Chits" on the British side of the "Hump," a good number of Americans referred to them as "Escape Flags." Many U.S. chits were the products of MIS-X Section, CPM Branch, G-2 Branch of G-2 Section, U.S. War Department, whose first chit featured Old Glory and was printed on cotton fabric sometime around March 1944).

Most U.S. made chits were printed on a man-made fabric which was thought capable of withstanding the many extremes of climate and combat conditions to which it would be subjected. Often incorrectly referred to as "silk," it was a rayon taffeta with an acetate finish and was officially known as "cloth, map, rayon, acetate." Apparently the first chit to be printed on this fabric was a copy of a Chinese one, except that it featured a square chop provided by the Chinese Embassy here in the U.S. and serial numbers preceded by a "W" which identifies it as being procured by the War Department and originating in Washington, D.C. It was produced in limited numbers.

The second rayon chit came close behind the first, and was issued to U.S. aviators in all branches of the armed forces who operated over China. It also offers no reward. It was produced in large numbers, and was still being issued in China as late as October 1945 because U.S. aircraft were still being shot at, presumably by Communist forces. This style of chit was also made in China on silk sewn to a lightweight backing, with "W" serial numbers and stamped with the rectangular Aero Commission chop, but whether it preceded or followed the U.S. version is not known. The text was used on still other chits produced by local vendors in-theater.

The third type was designed for use in Burma and China as evidenced by the languages on it. Theater-made vendor chits similar to this type also exist. It seems to have been produced in limited numbers compared to the second and fourth types.

The fourth style was made for use in the Far East and Southeast Asia. It is one of the most common WWII chits, with serial numbers reaching

above 210,000, and it was issued to U.S. aircrew in all branches of the armed services in both the Pacific and C.B.I. Theaters.

In addition to Blood Chits, U.S. flags without any message were printed on the same rayon fabric for issue to airmen. They are not chits, but they did identify the bearer as an American. Some PBX units operating off of the China Coast received kits containing a flag plus both the second and fourth style chits.

BRITISH BLOOD CHITS

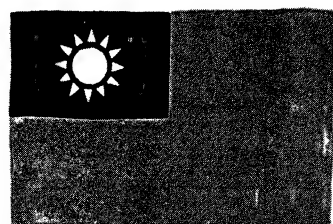
In late 1939 British Military Intelligence established M.I.9 which devised and implemented Britain's escape and evasion program. Christopher Clayton Hutton was the brilliant driving force behind many of the escape and evasion devices which M.I.9 invented, and it was his efforts which succeeded in developing the printing process by which maps and chits could be printed on silk. Silk was used for chits and escape maps until early in 1942 when rayon from the U.S. became available.

Within M.I.9, E Group developed a number of Blood Chits in many languages for use in various Theaters of Operation. Among them were chits printed on paper which was backed with linen, and which had as their centerpiece the Royal Arms.

Another of E Group's products was a large 17 language silk chit made for use in China, Burma, and throughout Southeast Asia with the Union Jack in the upper left corner.

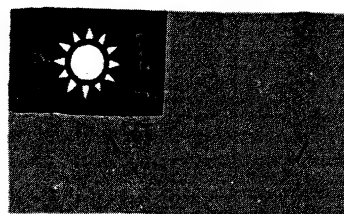
VENDOR ITEMS

In addition to official chits issued by the various governments, a great number of unofficial chits were produced by enterprising Chinese and Indian vendors for sale to both individuals and governments. Some were simply copies of official types but without chop marks or serial numbers. One of the most popular styles in China had both the U.S. and Nationalist flags at the top. These were printed on silk and sewn to a backing in the same manner as the official Chinese chits. A popular chit made in India was printed on a sheer silk and features Old Glory combined with the text used on the above de-



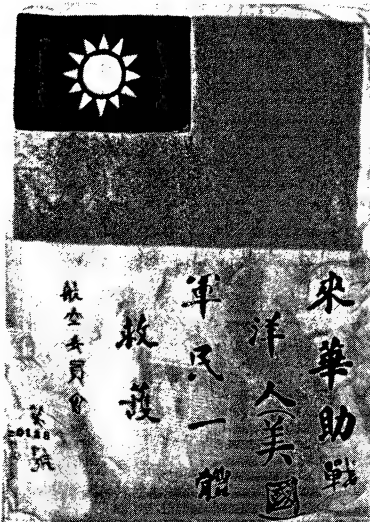
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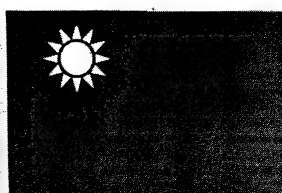


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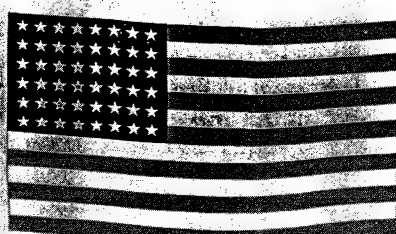


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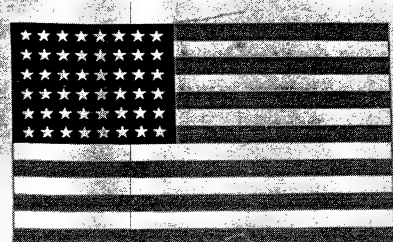
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1. Silk Rescue Patch of the type issued to mercenary aviators serving with the 14th Volunteer Bombardment Squadron during the winter of 1937-38. The main text translates, "This foreign person has come to China to help us in the war effort. Soldiers and civilians together should rescue and protect him." The smaller characters in the farthest left column say, "Aeronautical Commission". The stamp is the "chop" of the Aeronautical Commission.
2. Silk Identification Patch like one of the types used by A.V.G. flyers. It carries the same message as the chit shown in Fig. 1, but with the addition of a serial number and three characters which accompany it.
3. Silk Identification Patch of the type issued to the A.V.G. in the spring of 1942. The characters in vertical parentheses at the bottom of the second column from the right translate as "beautiful country," a much-used contraction of the longer Chinese name for the U.S. This identifies the na-

- tionality of the flyer and modifies the first sentence to, "This foreign person (American) has come to China to help us in the war effort." Two characters accompany the serial number on this chit, which is in poor condition with several of the characters smudged due to its having been sewn to the back of a summer flight suit.
4. Raw silk chit with a variation in the text. The third character down in the right-hand column changes the meaning of the first sentence to, "This foreign person (American) has come to China to participate in the war effort."
5. The first style of chit produced by MIS-X is printed on cotton with text in Burmese, Thai, Chinese, Kachin, Lisu, and Hindustani (Urdu).
6. One of the first to be printed on rayon, this U.S.-made chit is a copy of the Chinese one shown in Fig. 4, and is the first type to use "W" serial numbers.
7. U.S.-made Type 2 rayon chit, with "W" serial number and chop mark.

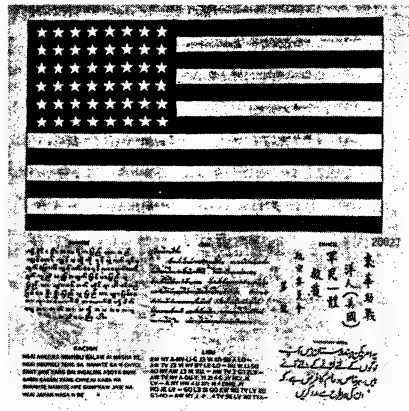
This early version lacks the "(2)" which appears in the lower right corner of later versions to denote that it is the second type. The main text translates, "The United States Air Force has come to China to help us in the war effort. Hope that our soldiers and civilians together will rescue and protect him." The next two lines of smaller characters translate, "The National People's Government Aeronautical Commission." The two characters at the top of the far left translate as, "Borrowed by" but they do not specify what was borrowed, by whom, or from whom. This also appears on the Chinese version of this chit and may mean that the chit actually belongs to the government and is thus being "borrowed" by the user.

8. Type 3 chit, on rayon, featuring Old Glory and five languages: Chinese, Burmese, S. Shan, Sgaw Karen, and

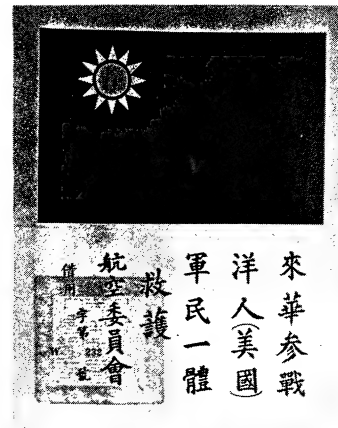
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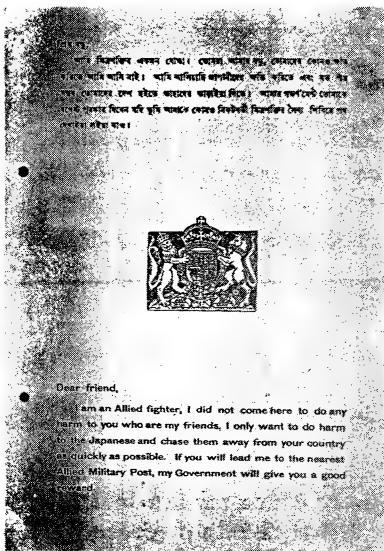
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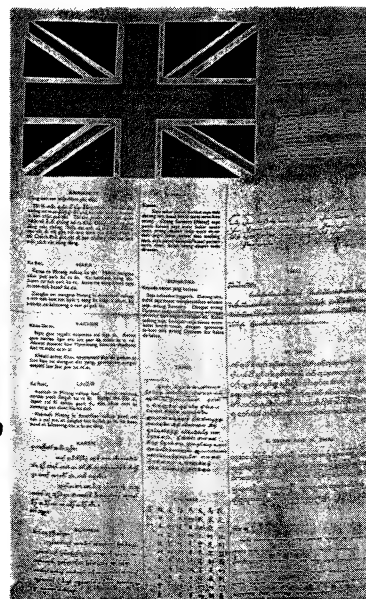
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W. Shan, the Karen and Shan being Burmese hill tribes. It has a "(3)" printed in the lower right corner. The Chinese text is identical to that on the Type 4 chit, so it is assumed that the translation is similar as that given for the Type 4.

9. Type 4 rayon chit, with messages in French, Annamese (North Vietnam was known as Annam), Thai, Lao, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese below the U.S. flag, and a "(4)" printed in the lower right corner. The translation of the French text reads "I am an American aviator. My aircraft is destroyed. I cannot speak your language. I am an enemy of the Japanese. Have the goodness to protect me, take care of me and conduct me to the nearest Allied military office. The government of my country will reward

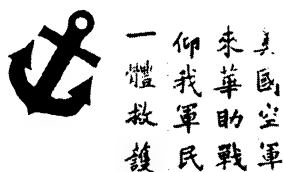
you." Some chits of this type have "No." printed before the serial number.

10. British paper chit backed with linen fabric, which served to prolong the life of the paper. The text is in Bengali and English, and reads, "Dear Friend. I am an allied fighter, I did not come here to do any harm to you who are my friends, I only want to do harm to the Japanese and chase them away from your country as quickly as possible. If you will lead me to the nearest Allied Military Post, my Government will give you a good reward." A similar paper/linen chit with the same message was produced for use in Burma featuring the English, Burmese, Karen, W. Shan, and E. Shan/N. Thai languages.

11. Large rayon chit used by British aircrew in the Far East and South-

east Asia. The message in English reads "Dear Friend, I am an Allied fighter. I did not come here to do any harm to you who are my friends. I only want to do harm to the Japanese and chase them away from this country as quickly as possible. If you will assist me, my Government will sufficiently reward you when the Japanese are driven away." It is repeated in French, Annamite, Haka, Kachin, Laizo, Karen, Burmese, Malay, Sumatra, Tamil, Chinese, Jawi, Thai, W. Shan, E. Shan/N. Thai, and Bengali.

12. Silk vendor-made chit with characters for a serial number but without a number, and without a "chop" mark. Many chits were decorated by the servicemen-artists who painted leather jackets and aircraft nose art, this one displaying the "Flying Tiger and Star" of the 14th Air Force.



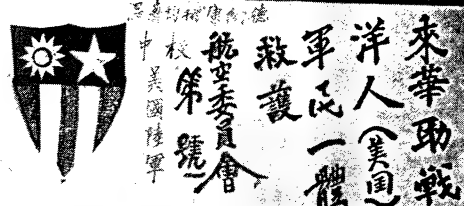
13. Silk chit made in China for sale to U.S. Naval personnel. A similar chit, which had the C.B.I. shield instead of an anchor, was produced for sale to Army aviators.

14. Seventeen-language chit made in India. The text and languages are identical to those used on the British chit shown in Fig. 11. This type was procured by I.C.D.-A.T.C. and packed into survival kits used by aircrew flying the "Hump". The same style, featuring a Union Jack instead of Old Glory, was procured by E Group and issued to British personnel in India as well as included in their survival kits.



15. *Pieced leather chit produced for sale to Army aviators by vendors in the C.B.I. theater. Examples of this style featuring an anchor in place of the C.B.I. shield were also made for sale to Naval aviators. The smaller characters give the name of the chit's owner.*

16. Another hit produced for sale to U.S. servicemen, this one is entirely embroidered on silk fabric. It is so finely detailed that at first glance the characters appear to be written in ink, illustrating why many vendor items are highly valued for their beauty and workmanship.



16

scribed British 17 language chits. "Pieced leather" chits, individually crafted from pieces of colored leather sewn together, were preferred for use on leather flight jackets because of their durability and were made in a variety of styles. Embroidered chits are highly regarded for their delicate nature, and like many vendor chits they are valued for their beauty and craftsmanship. Attempts have been made to list all of the types of chits used in Asia during WWII, but the tremendous variety of vendor-made items makes this task virtually impossible.

It is important to understand that there were few, if any, firm standards regarding the issue or use of chits. It is difficult to equate a certain style of chit with a particular outfit because they often handled official chits in their own way, and airmen purchased and used unofficial theater-made

chits as well. Hollywood's romantic picture of the flyer with a colorful chit sewn to the back of his jacket quickly became the exception rather than the rule as evadees discovered this would call unwanted attention to them. Many flyers carried their chits folded in a pocket for concealment and so they could be easily transferred to whatever they were wearing, and some carried more than one kind of chit. Chits were also part of Survival and Escape & Evasion Kits. When chits were sewn to flight jackets they were often sewn to the inside lining where they would not be visible unless purposely shown by the flyer, as is illustrated in aerial leaflets of the period.

In China the Air-Ground Aid Section of MIS-X handled payment of rewards for returned flyers, while in Burma and India the British took on this task. MIS-X and the Lolo

people in western China made a deal whereby the tribal chieftain whose people aided downed flyers received "six yards of colored cloth, some wine and two catties of salt" for each American returned safely, and each of the people who actually escorted the flyers to safety received 300 Chinese Nationalist Dollars per day. In general throughout China, India, and Indo-China the "automatic payment" for a Blood Chit was established at \$100 U.S., not including additional payments for food, lodging, and transportation. It seems a small sum to pay for the rescue and return of a downed airman, but by local standards in-theater it amounted to a small fortune.

Not all evasion involved chits, and not all rewards were paid by governments. Football-great Tom Harmon, who flew with the 449th F.G. in China, was rescued by a group of Chinese headed by an English-speaking Mr. Wong. Harmon

had been shot down when his squadron of eight P-38s engaged some 40 Zeros, and his legs were burned so badly that he could not walk. He was dressed in Chinese clothing and carried on a stretcher to eventual safety at an American air base, with many narrow escapes along the way. When Mr. Wong was asked how he could be rewarded for his courage and assistance on the long and dangerous journey he said that all he was interested in, aside from the well-being of the pilot, was some American cigarettes. Harmon got 50 cartons from the PX and piled them into a wheelbarrow which he gave to Mr. Wong, along with his heartfelt thanks.

BEAUTY AND PURPOSE

Blood Chits seem to combine beauty and mystery in a way that is hard to resist, but they are not pieces of art, they are rather a serious part of an escape and evasion system designed to bring downed flyers home safely. A Blood Chit is not a guaranteed ticket home, but it does give the evadee a chance to communicate when and if he must. Chits often did serve their intended purpose and many a flyer earned his "Winged Boot" with the help of local people enlisted with these items which are now a small but fascinating part of our aviation history.

While rapid change has been the hallmark of the past half-century, the ability of military aviators to communicate their survival needs remains as important an issue as ever. In 1990, the Defense Mapping

Agency Aerospace Center produced a Blood Chit which was issued to U.S. aircrew participating in Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm, adding a new page to the history of these simple but effective devices whose beauty and intrigue have captured the imagination of the American public for nearly 50 years. ☆

This article is part of a continuing project to record and preserve the history of Blood Chits. To be successful the project needs the input of veterans with firsthand knowledge of chits, their manufacture, issue and use. If you have a Blood Chit, photographs, a personal story to tell, or any other information regarding chits, please contact R.E. Baldwin, PO Box 11131, Berkeley, CA 94701-2131. Comments on this article are also welcome.

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The Blood Chit History Project

Writer **Thomas Wm. McGarry** and researcher-collector **R.E. Baldwin** are seeking information, photos, documents and manufacture, distribution and operational use of "**Blood Chits**" (also known as "Escape Flags or Goolie Chits"), Pointie-Talkies and related items from all nations for a book chronicling the definitive history of these items.

We are interested in both the official and theater-made types from all periods including

- Pre-World War I
- Pre- and Post-War British Colonial Periods
(India-subcontinent, Arabia, Iraq, et al)
- World War I
- Pre-World War II China and Burma
- World War II (**all theaters**)
- Korea
- The Cold War
- French Indo-China/Vietnam

and such other post-WW II conflicts as

- Palestine/the Mid-East
- Suez
- Cyprus
- Algeria
- The Congo
- Cuban Missile Crisis
- Faulklands
- Grenada
- The Persian Gulf.



We are also interested in types used by Air America personnel and by U.N. observers and peace-keeping forces.

Samples are requested for photography and documentation. (All contributions, stories, history, use and samples, will be gratefully and fully acknowledged.)

Contact: The Blood Chit History Project

P.O. Box 11131

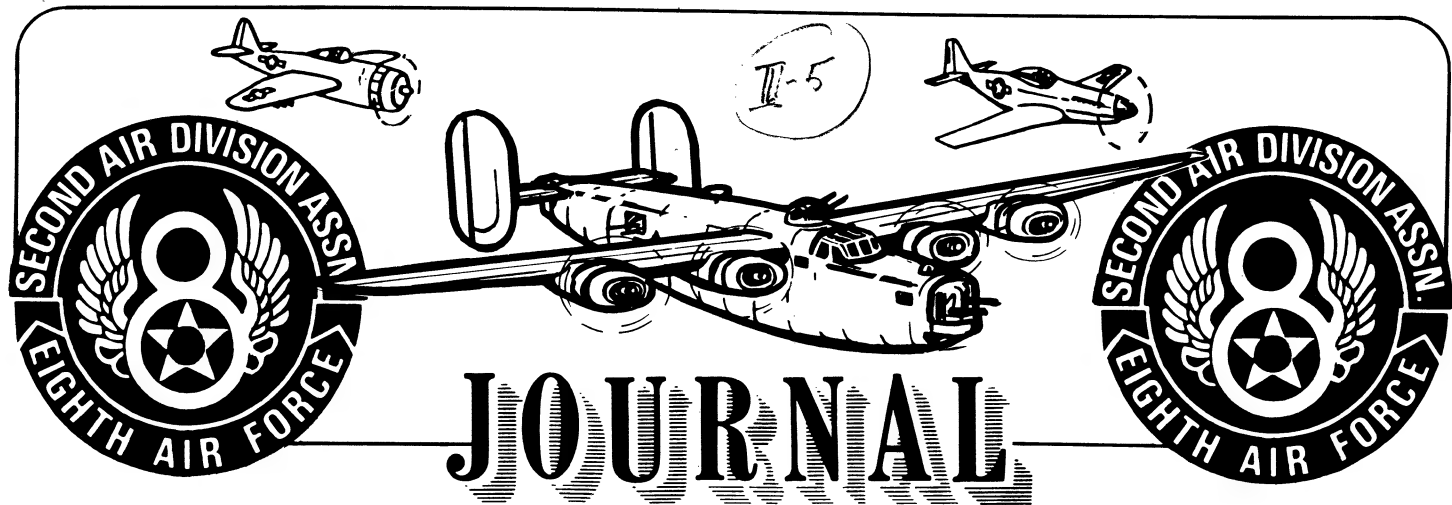
Berkeley, CA 94701-2131

Questions regarding the Blood Chit Project may be directed to the address above or by telephone (between 10 am and 9 pm Pacific Coast Time) to:

R.E. Baldwin (510) 527. 1394

Thomas Wm. McGarry (510) 521. 0496

(Note: Chits also sought for personal collection. Call R.E. Baldwin, (510) 527.1394.)



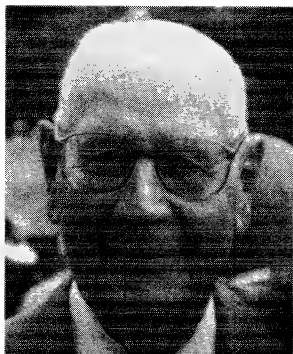
Vol. 30, No. 2

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Summer 1991

2ADA American Librarian Fund Progress Report

by Jordan Uttal



We have *reached* our target, thanks to all of you who have contributed. Now, as I write this in late April for the summer issue of the Journal, it seems to me that it would be best to give an up-to-the-minute accounting at the Convention in Dearborn, in early July. Then we will give you the most accurate facts possible, in writing, in the Fall Journal.

However, good friends, we have *exceeded* \$500,000; and checks are still coming in every day. I am glad that is so, and I hope it will continue. Here's why:

When we embarked on our "Last Mission" drive at the Colorado Springs convention in June 1988, we had the feeling that it would take us three years to reach our target... and so it has! When we started we were thinking in terms of 10% interest to fund the American Librarian (or Archivist, or Historian) and the British Aide. We thought that interest at that level on a fund of \$500,000.00 would do the job.

But, what has happened? Interest rates are down, and like it or not, inflation is still a fact of life. So, we must be realistic and try



to get as much ~~now~~ than the original amount as we can. There will be no speculative investments of our fund, so, appreciation cannot come from that source. As we see it, the only answer is to try to obtain as many more donations as we can (no matter what the size) from those of you who have not contributed.

The Executive Committee of the Association is agreed that there will be no more letters of solicitation from your Group VPs asking for funds for this purpose. Instead, we want you to know of the need, and leave it to you to help us build the fund as high as we can.

At this very moment, as I write this we are working with the Fulbright Commission, and our respective attorneys to draw up a satisfactory agreement so that our Fund can be officially set up to carry out the clearly defined purposes for the establishment and operation of the 2nd Air Division Association Librarian endowment.

As chairman of the Committee established to conduct our "Last Mission" Drive I hope to be able to present that document along with the funds to our Association President at Dearborn. There will be a provision in the agreement which will permit us to increase the amount of the Fund...so...let's keep it growing. For your convenience there is a pledge form on page 32.

It has meant a great deal to your Association Officers, Executive Committee and the Group VPs and many individual members to have embarked on this mission and have it turn out so well.

Again... CONGRATULATIONS to all of you who have made this possible.

Thank You

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Bunched Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

At the time of this writing the date for our 2nd Air Division Association Reunion at Dearborn is close. Preliminary registrations indicate that the 453rd should have around 150 members, spouses and guests attending. That's a good group. In addition, we hear that Harry Winslow and Ted Carey will attend. Harry was our group gunnery officer and Ted was with the 732nd Sqdn. I assume we will have a few others arrive; I hope so. Of course, one or two that have reservations may have to cancel for one reason or another. At our ages we occasionally have problems.

The Eighth Air Force, 2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Net is active, busy and maintains great links and continues to locate and bring in new members. The 2nd AD and 453rd BG communications are passed along each Tuesday at 9:30 AM E.D.T. in the United States and then on to the United Kingdom. Bill Holmes in Norwich is the net control for intercontinental direction while Ed Schwarm of the 44th BG handles net control stateside. Bob Jordan of the 453rd is an active participant of the network. Bob was a member of the Eino Alve crew.

The "All American" continues to fly. It was recently at the John Wayne Airport in Orange County, California. Jay Jeffries, Chuck Walker and Fred Thomas were instrumental in coordinating the visit. They arranged publicity which paid off with crowds that came to see the aircraft. Interest was great not only among those of

our general ages but also among some much younger than we. The crowd was such that a cut off time had to be set so that the aircraft could continue on to its next stop. This meant that some got to see the plane from an area on the apron and weren't able to climb through it. The "veterans table" was manned by some of those in this area and several sign-ups were obtained from those who came to see the plane.

There was a gathering of 2nd AD members who reside in this general area on 2 March 1991. It was a one night dinner affair. Attendance was good; the evening enjoyable. Among those present were: Anna Jane and Jay Jeffries; Dwight Bishop; Marc Marcus; Mary and Willie Wilson; Irene and Art Thompson; Gretta and Wendell Jeske; Jane and Doug Leavenworth; Carol and Bill Garrett; Muriel and Dan Reading; Betty and Walt Meyer; Diana and Wib Clingan and Barbara and Dan Vukelich. Dan is the son of a member of Mel Williams' crew. It was his first time with us and a joy to meet with him.

Contact continues with the offspring of some of our crew members that were lost during the war years. Dan Reading has made contact with Jay Wells' daughter. Jay was an original member of the 453rd. Bob Jordan has been in touch with Jerry Freed, who is the son of Warren Freed who was with the 734th Sqdn. Warren's crew ditched in the channel Aug. 11, 1944. Warren and six others of the crew were lost. Three crew members did survive and, at this time, un-

fortunately I do not have their names. Jerry Freed would like contact with them and/or anyone else who knew his father or who has information on the Aug. 11 mission to Strasbourgh. Jerry lives in Rapid City, South Dakota. His telephone number is 605-393-2500.

We have some new members. Among them are: Henry Amar, Alan DeHaven, Florence Hunt, Russ Neatrour, Frank Gottman and Perry Roberson. We have had some members dropped for non-payment of dues. To those members: if this was an oversight please correct it and submit your dues. If you're having trouble with the recession and are unable to pay the dues please let me know. We will arrange for your continued membership without any embarrassment to you and at no cost to you.

We have also had some losses - folded wings. We are sorry and extend our sympathies to the families. We have been notified of the deaths of: Norris Norman, Phillip Christian, Ray Hunt, Ted Sanborn and Frank Kumor.

That's all. We look forward to seeing you in Dearborn. If not there, perhaps at Lake of the Ozarks in September. If you have items you would like to have commented upon in the Journal please send them to me. And if you are aware of the death of one of our members, please make that known to me.

Au revoir, cheerio. Thanks for letting us visit with you.



On this memorable day when, in the words of President George Bush, we mark "A victory for mankind and what is right" may I say God Bless America and the Nations of the Coalition forces, remembering in particular those of the United Kingdom and those serving from Norfolk in the Gulf."

The above photograph with the accompanying plaque, which was displayed in our Memorial Library at the completion of the Middle East conflict, was sent to me by Paul King, Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust in Norwich, England. I felt that it should be shared with our entire membership as it truly reflects the spirit of comradeship we experienced during our stay during World War II and still exists today. Any other words that I might add would only detract from the sincere feeling of our Vice Chairman left in our Memorial Library for all to see as they visited our Memorial Library. Our sincere thanks, Paul, for your expression of comradeship for this gesture.

Report on the Memorial Trust and Library

by E. (Bud) Koorndyk

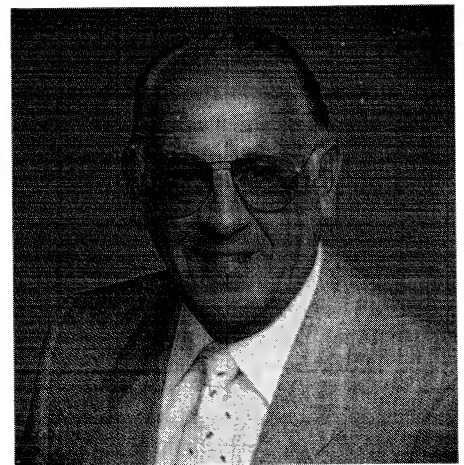
Before I share some of the recent events that are taking place with our Memorial Trust and our Memorial Library, I wanted to preface my report with the above statement standing by itself. It truly reflects the comradeship we have always experienced with our English friends.

My first order of business to bring you up to date on is to report that the new VCR equipment that we authorized for our library has now been purchased and is in use at the library, showing our American format VCR tapes to various audiences. The equipment is of a portable nature, thus allowing Phyllis Hunt to utilize it in meetings held in the surrounding countryside.

And then I would like to express my heartfelt thank you to all who contributed toward the successful completion of our Fulbright Trust Fund drive for over \$500,000.00. The income from this drive

will now assure us of an American presence in our library into perpetuity. As your Governor on the Memorial Trust and Library, may I again express my thanks for your cooperation in this endeavor. My job as your representative is indeed a most pleasant task. A more complete report of the drive will be found elsewhere in this Journal by Jordan Uttal.

Another wonderful piece of news has come to the attention of our Executive Committee via our Trust Chairman, Tom Eaton. Through the efforts of Dr. Ronald Clifton, Cultural Attache at the American Embassy in London and also a member of our Board of Governors, our library has been granted a gift of some 20,000 books, plus some 1,000 LPs and over 200 video tapes. This wonderful gift has come about due to the closing of a military library at Greenham Common. The legal aspects of this bequest are in the process of being

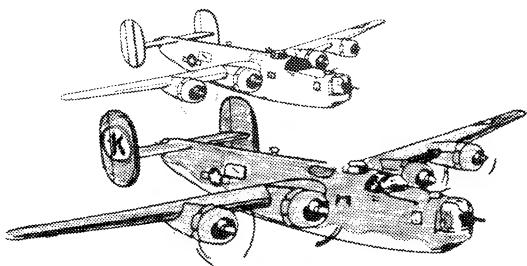


cleared through the American Embassy and official ceremony of acceptance is now being processed by Tom Eaton. Truly our library and the 2nd Air Division Association who supports it has a place in the books of history that cannot be duplicated by any other veterans organization.

It was reported by Tom Eaton at the Governors meeting held on Tuesday, March 26th that the Fulbright Commission in Washington had advertised for a Fulbright Archivist for the library in Norwich. The results of this posting were terrific (a) 57 enquiries (b) 14 applications received (c) a short list of 5 for consideration. A sub-committee was then appointed to decide on the appointment and at this writing I am awaiting the results of this committee's work. Tom Eaton did inform me that all of the 5 on the short list were extremely well qualified for the position.

Hillary Hammond, County Librarian, under whose jurisdiction our Memorial Library functions, has prepared a paper for the consideration of the Board of Governors at its March and May meetings entitled "Proposed forward plan for 1991 to 1996." This paper speaks well of the vision that our County Librarian has for and on behalf of our Memorial Library. I will report more fully on this paper at our Dearborn convention.

My final remarks have to do with the memorabilia that each individual Bomb Group has in various locations around the Norwich countryside. May I in all sincerity remind all of us that in the near distant future we will have become "old soldiers who have faded away." Would it not be wise that each Bomb Group make the necessary arrangements to have their memorabilia forwarded to the Duxford Imperial War Museum in care of Ted Inman. In their American section and under the proper humidity controlled conditions it will be kept into perpetuity. The 389th BG is already looking into a legal document to assure us that our memorabilia in our tower at Hethel will not fall into the hands of speculators but will be housed at Duxford. I do know that as long as we have breath and are so intimately connected with English friends of our vintage and who so treasure this memorabilia in areas close to the bases from which we flew, I am treading on dangerous ground. All I ask is that we remember our ages and do not fail to make provisions for these sacred treasures to be shared by generations to follow.



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

DUES: I'm going to broach the subject of dues for the first time in this column. If you are one of the vast majority who sent their dues payment promptly, you have no reason to read the rest of this segment, so go to the next topic. If, however, you are one who waits for a second or third notice, read on.

Evelyn Cohen, our Membership Vice President, sends out the first dues notices in January and early February. A second dues notice goes out to those who have not responded in March. After a reasonable waiting period, the Group VP received a listing of those in his/her Group who have not replied. This year, I received a list of 36 names! Not likely that any other Group had as many as we did. Never in the last 12 years had I had such a large number, and I began to fear the worst thinking that we had an unusually high number of members who had "Gone West." I received replies from the families of 7 who had passed away, 22 who wished to be reinstated, 3 who asked to be dropped and no reply from 4 to whom I have just sent the "4th notice." As you can see, not only is this time consuming, but an additional expense to our Association operating costs. Please return your dues statement promptly when you get it early next year.

REUNIONS/CONVENTIONS: The following has happened on occasion to members who have paid their convention costs and then find that they are unable to attend because of health or other unexpected reasons. If this should occur and you elect not to buy the insurance protection which is offered, you stand a chance of losing your attendance fees. The insurance must be purchased at the time of the final payment. This happened to one of our members who wasn't able to make our Norwich Convention last year. I found out about it when I sent him a dues notice in April. He didn't renew his membership. The insurance application is mailed when confirmation of receipt of payment in full is made. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to write or call Evelyn Cohen.



Top, 752nd 7V, 753rd, J4. Bottom 754th, Z5, 755th, J3. Center, 8th AF shoulder patch.

ITEMS: There's been a good response to the items offered in the last Journal. About half of the Squadron "patches" are still available, so if you want your squadron insignia, don't wait too long. The 458th vinyl covered tailfin badges are still available in both concepts (olive drab Circle "K" and red-white-red ones). These are great Bomb Group identifiers and you probably will find other Groups interested

in obtaining similar badges for their identity. Although many have been sold, a good number remain. The 8th AF pendants and 8th AF shoulder patches were requested by other Group members too, and I will bring the balance of all items to Dearborn in July. Have received several checks as rebates from both A-2 flight jacket suppliers and have sent them along to Jordan Uttal to be added to the American Librarian Funding. Sincere appreciation to all who have participated.

TAILWINDS

During our last 458th Group reunion in Dayton (September, 1990), one of our members gave me a check for one of the long "Pan-A-View" photos taken of our Group. The photo sales people had left and he was late in getting his check to them. After the banquet, I couldn't find the check and suspected it was picked up at the time the tables were being cleaned. I did not get the name of the person who gave me the check, but I did buy an extra photo. Whoever has a checkbook that has a \$22.00 "too much" error, should drop me a note with that amount and I will get it on its way to you.

George Reynolds reported the following: "After the 458th B.G. History III was published and distributed, I heard from **Len Abramowitz**, **Bill Cunningham** and others about one of the bomb bay doors from 'Final Approach' salvaged by a German youth, **Johan Heiss**, after it went down on April 9, 1945. Wrote to one of my contacts in Germany about getting the door for the 8th AF Museum in Shreveport, LA, but so far, no luck. It is presently on display in the Luftwaffe museum at Lechfield. Still working on it, though."

Received a telephone call from **Graham Savill** shortly after the Easter Holidays requesting permission to hold Memorial Services and wreath placement at our Horsham St. Faith Airport Terminal building. Ceremony to take place in the area allotted to our Memorial Dedication last year. It is my understanding that the area townspeople will be the active participants, with no cost to us. As a Group, we extend our thanks to **Graham** and the villagers for this remembrance to our 275 fellow airmen who never returned.

The following 458th members who have made their "Last Flight" are: **Luther Anderson**, **Warren Burman**, **Charles Crackenburgh**, **Thomas Rawlings**, **Walter Torgerson** and **Joseph Stryker**. Joe and I were long time friends and attended Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Coral Gables, FL. New members since our last roster publication are: **John Roberts**, **Richard Morrison**, **Larry Forrest**, **Robert "Doc" Savage** and **Van Taylor**. Also, **George Pickard** who trained with the 458th at Tonopah, but was transferred to the 490th BG when the 458th moved. The 490th originally was B-24s but were transferred to the 3rd Air Division flying B-17s. There are a number of us who have flown both aircraft. I was in the 96th at Snetterton Heath in early October until December of '43. Also recently found out that **Dario DeJulio** had spent time flying '17s, anyone else?

Robert H. Hinkley sent an enlarged photo and negative of the 100 mission wall map showing our first 100 targets. This is the same photo that appears on the inside cover of all **George Reynolds'** "History of the 458th B.G." #1, 2 & 3. I will have a smaller copy made and offer it at some future date.

Last March I received an interesting letter from **Ron Carabine**, former RAF pilot in Bomber Command, WWII. His request was: did I have or know of anyone in the 458th who might have a photo of his Halifax bomber which made an emergency landing at Horsham, Dec. 6, 1944. Aircraft repaired and left the next day. Several photos were believed to be taken. Unlike many of us Yanks, they were discouraged from taking photos of their aircraft, and as a result, he has no photo of his "kite." Sent him the only photo of a Halifax I had taken at Horsham, but he returned it saying it was not the one. Look for a Halifax III, Airframe # was LL585, Sqdn I.D. was LK R. If you can help, write: **Ron Carabine**, 15 Hillside Drive, Christchurch, Dorset BH 23 2RS, England.

Bob Hiemstra, retired Continental Airlines pilot, advised he's completed "ground school" classes on the restored Continental DC-3 that the company flies to various shows around the country. In the event he has an opportunity to fly it, will have all the necessary re-qualifications in order. In 1976 when United Airlines celebrated its 50th anniversary of the Air Mail Service, I had an opportunity to fly a 1924 Swallow bi-plane from BWI to Dulles where we met up with the Concorde with "then and now" publicity photos; it was absolutely the greatest feeling. The ol' antique airplane was owned by "Buck" Hilbert, who was an active pilot with the company, but has since retired also.

Those attending the Dearborn Convention will have an opportunity to see some old aircraft at the Yankee Air Museum, their displays and helpful guides. The "All American" will be there also... just like "comin' home" to where so many B-24s came off the factory line in Ypsilanti. Hope to see a great many of you there in July!



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

In the Spring '91 Journal, page 18, there was an article about a WWII Bombardier who finally received the Distinguished Flying Cross after waiting more than 46 years. Al Jones was the Bombardier on Henry's crew and we were as close as brothers. He was only able to enjoy the award for two months as he passed away March 18. I flew out to Hardy, AR to attend a Memorial Service for him on March 24 and enjoyed a get-together with all of his family, but it was very sad not being able to see him and enjoy his company as on previous visits. I will certainly miss him.

Norm Tillner, Waist Gunner on Henry's crew, sent me a note in April in response to a letter I sent to all of the crew about Al Jones. Norm reminded me of a mission we flew on 29 June 44 to Magdeburg, Germany in "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" lasting eight hours. Al Jones' diary reported, "Our load was 42 oil bombs. I flew the waist position because of the size of the turret. Over the target, Tillner, the other waist gunner, was hit in the leg with flak. Flak over the target was heavy and accurate. The rudder trim tab was shot out, and the prop on number 4 was also hit but it still worked. I gave first aid to Tillner over the target area because no fighters would attack during that period. Flak was still in his leg. I cut away his heated suit, poured sulfa on the wound, made him lie down and gave him plenty of oxygen. I did not use a tourniquet because bleeding had stopped due to the cold. Norm refused morphine. It took three hours to get home and we left the formation at the coast and came in as fast as possible. We lost two planes (from 506 Sq). One was hit by flak and fell into the other one. Both blew up but we saw 11 chutes."

Tillner recovered from his injury and finished his tour. He still has that piece of flak that they took out of his leg and sent me a picture of it.

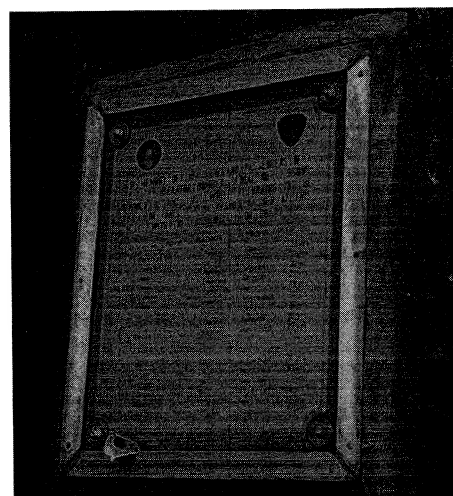


FLAK: Piece that wounded Norm Tillner, right waist gunner on Pete Henry's crew, 67th Sqdn, 44th BG over Magdeberg, Germany, June 29, 1944.

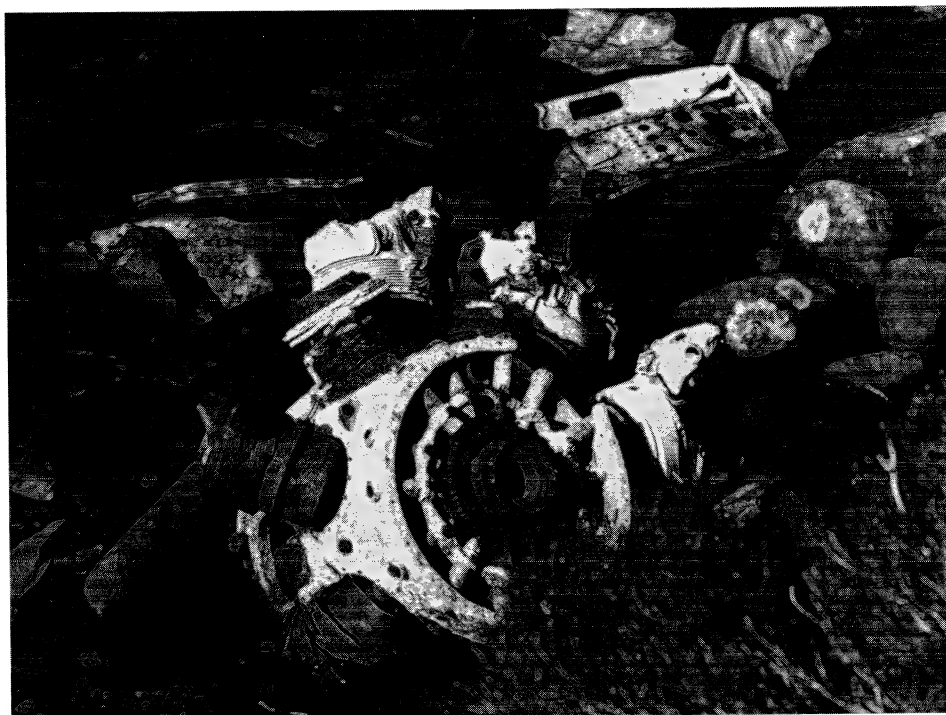
Also in the Spring '91 8-Ball column I promised to include photos, etc., this time, covering the visit of John Wilds (Mundesley, Norwich) to Gairloch, Scotland where they visited the 13 June 45 crash site of R.D. Ketchum. John advises that there are still large amounts of wreckage scattered around and the local people treat the site with great reverence. A memorial plaque has been placed in the mountainside which reads in part:

"In memory of the crew and passengers of a B-24-H Liberator bomber, serial number 42-95095, which became lost while returning to the U.S.A. on June 13th, 1945, and crashed at this place with the loss of all on board."

The plaque lists 9 crew members and 6 passengers on board.



Memorial plaque at Gairloch, Scotland



Scattered wreckage at Gairloch, Scotland

FROM THE MAILBAG

Lyle B. Latimer advised in April that his co-pilot, Dixon "Mac" McEver died on the 11th of April. The first and only time "Mac" attended a reunion with his crew was at the B-24 50th Anniversary celebration in Dallas/Fort Worth in 1989. They all had a great time and "Mac" informed the guys that he was absolutely terrified in combat, as fact that few of them ever knew.

Joseph T. Covone, who is listed on the 2ADA Roster as a 93rd BG member, actually flew his first ten missions with the 44th as a member of the R.A. Parker crew in the 506th Sqdn. Seven of the crew were shot up and wounded on their third mission flying "Peepsight." He is looking for a copy of "Forty-fourth Bomb Group - Liberators Over Europe" which has a picture of "Peepsight" landing with a flat tire and the wounded being carried off. I don't know if Will Lundy has any more copies but I referred Joe to Will.

Carl Hvambdal is also looking for a copy of the same book and I sent him Will Lundy's name too. He has a friend who was a B-25 pilot in the 12th Air Force who wants to have one of their books reprinted.

Michel Yuspeh visited the "All American" B-24 in New Orleans sometime in April and sent me a picture of him standing by the nose. His wife also went to see the ship and was surprised to see how narrow it is. She wanted to know how we were able to get the bombs aboard!

The same "All American" was in an air show at El Toro, CA the end of April and Norm Tillner said he'd have loved to go see her but the reports of crowds and traffic jams broadcast over the radio on the 27th sure kept him from getting involved on the 28th. For those of you who are going to the Second Air Division Association Convention in Dearborn, MI over the 4th of July weekend, rumor has it that "All American" will be there. Don't miss it!

Forget the Enemy – Beware of the “Friendlies”!

by Dwight Bishop (453rd)

It was early in my tour that I learned there was much more danger out there than enemy flak or fighters. Flak I saw plenty of — but fighters — NONE! It was on my fourth mission — July 7, 1944 — mission nearly over, coming off the ‘enemy’ coast when it happened. Everything was going well, and I wanted to see the scenery below, so co-pilot Walter Mahanay was driving. We were #3 in the lead squadron, so I was standing by on fighter channel. I felt the airplane take a sudden lurch upwards, and thinking of the high-right element above, pushed forward on the wheel as I turned to look at Mahanay and switched to intercom.

All I heard was unintelligible yelling, especially from the nose gunner, John Portoghesi. I soon learned that our group had met another group at the same altitude on a reciprocal heading. Both lead planes started down to evade, so Mahanay — bless his soul! — went up. The two lead planes collided and were the only ones lost — that was enough!

On mission #16, August 26, 1944, I was flying group deputy lead, and after ‘bombs away,’ lost #3 engines. With the briefing admonitions about ditching in the North Sea in mind, I would play it safe. Held about 9,000’ altitude and headed for the narrowest part of the channel. The lovely coast of England was well in sight, when a line of flak appeared across my course. I made a correction to starboard and told engineer John Fiel to fire a flare of the ‘colors of the day.’ The line of flak appeared again — a little closer. It had to come from British batteries, but WHY? I turned further to starboard, and now, NOW! navigator Max Marcus tells me we were too close to the Thames Estuary, which was “never, never land” — forbidden to ALL aircraft!

On either a practice mission or aircraft check flight, can’t remember which, the landing WAS memorable! I was in the landing pattern at Old Buck, gear and some flaps down, when I saw a gaggle of B-17s at our altitude and coming straight at us. The designers of the B-24 did not plan the maneuver I made, nor did they engineer the Lib to be able to do it. Throttles full forward (and then some) and haul back on the wheel! I remember seeing the ‘rate of climb’ indicator momentarily reading 1000’ per minute, as we ‘leap-frogged’ above the 17’s. But normally, the B-17s WERE on our side!

On mission #18 — October 17, 1944 — my first PFF lead — the target was marshalling yards. After the group strung out in squadrons in trail, Bob Dault, radar operator, said he had the target on the scope. Seconds later, the bomber stream began to angle off to the left. Now what?? Do I follow the stream and shake Bob’s confidence, or do I trust him and his training? I decided to go with Bob’s call, and kept an eye on the rest of the group. We were still on the bomb run when the rest of the group made a right turn and would fly over us. Now the big question was ‘Have they dropped?’ Relief THAT day was spelled “BOMB BAYS CLOSED!”

The most hair-raising experience with “friendlies” came when I aborted a mission and was trying to land at Old Buck in bad visibility. If I was close enough to the field to see the runway flares, I could not make the turn to final approach. If I was out far enough to make the turn, I could not see the flares! Then came to mind something taught in the States — the PROCEDURE TURN! You fly over the field on the reverse of the landing heading, make a timed turn

to the opposite side to come back to your landing heading, in line with the runway. While doing this, the bombardier, Ed Dekker, told me he looked UP at trees! Then I saw IT! A B-24 passing from right to left in front of us, in a slight climb. I could not go down, or up or turn. I knew I would hit it right behind the wing — No way out!

The next thing I remember, it was gone and we were still flying. Dekker leaned over my shoulder and said, “Dewey, let’s get the h--- out of here!” I agreed!

I got some altitude where I could SEE, and was directed to a base in western England. Now comes the strange part. On the landing approach, the boys in the back room (waist) were making book on how many times and how high the ‘shook-up’ skipper would bounce on this landing. During the discussions, Portoghesi looked out the window, then said, “Forget it guys, we’re on the ground!” I never DID make a smoother landing! I met Marcus at the So. Calif. dinner, March 1991, and he told me we suffered a bent radio antenna from this escapade.

I believed back then, and I believe now that during these events, neither I nor Mahanay was in control of the plane. Some Supreme Being, Force, Power, Spirit — call it what you will — was taking care of us. For a long time, I wondered why I had been protected. A few years ago, I realized that maybe another crew member was being protected, and I was just lucky enough to “go along for the ride.” The crew members not previously mentioned were: tail turret, John Baillie; pilotage navigator, Clyde Colvin; top turret, Joe Ferrara; radio, Ray Rogala; ball turret (and Chief Chaff Chucker), Geo. (Ed) Yarbrough.

Saved By the Seat of My Pants – 21 April 1944

The mission attempt when Lt. S.D. Ausfresser (Ausie) was lost at sea.

by Art Steele (448th)

This day the cloud cover was thousands of feet thick in the formation assembly area over East Anglia. The B-24s would reach the area by following a race-track course in-to and out of a buncher radio beacon (#24 Hemsby). The track our group was assigned extended out over the North Sea. After single take-offs from Seething the B-24s, in trail and on instruments, started to climb to cloud free altitude. I (the bombardier) and the navigator “Ausie” would go to our stations in the forward compartment. I would don my flak vest and flak helmet, lift myself into the Emerson nose turret, and plug into the intercom, oxygen system, and the electric heated suit outlet. Ausie would close the door to the turret.

In theory, you could release the door from inside the turret, but with all the extra equipment on it would take some doing. After a lot of scratching and orientation to my surroundings, the aircraft was still in a climb mode, on instruments, in the soup

and I was praying for a break-out into the clear. After grinding away for some minutes at maximum power settings and around the 12,000 feet level the noise level of the slipstream increased, and the warning bell (one ring) sounded.

I started unplugging things and I felt the door give way. Ausie had released the turret door. By the time I had popped the release on my flak vest and lifted myself out of the turret, I could see Ausie exiting through the nose wheel well.

I did not hear the second bell ring for bailout, in fact it was not given. I buckled on my chest pack parachute and had my feet pressuring at the slipstream ready for pushoff into space. I had my escape kit in my left rear pants pocket. It caught on a canvas tie down post. The canvas wall which separated the nose wheel well from the rest of the forward compartment was removed for combat missions.

I was getting set for another try and I saw

the bomb load being salvoed, so I knew I was not alone in the aircraft. I pulled myself away from the bailout position and crawled through the tunnel to the flight deck where things were very tense, but no one other than Ausie had left the ship. About the same time I got to the flight deck, we broke into the clear over the North Sea. We had lost power on the climb and had fallen off into tight spiral.

I don’t recall the altitude at which we broke out, but I think it was below 2,000 ft. Jack W. O’Brien, the pilot, called the Air-Sea Rescue and started a search pattern coordinated with an Air-Sea Rescue plane with which we also established visual contact. We searched for several hours with some other B-24s which were available as our original mission had been recalled. We found no trace of Ausie.

When we returned to the quonset hut, there on Ausie’s inspection ready cot was an unopened letter from his bride of six months.

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A Raving

by **Lts. Robinson, Jobe & Behr,**
with apologies to Edgar Allan Poe
Submitted by **Charlie Freudenthal (489th)**

Once upon a mission dreary
When of combat I'd grown weary,
I had flown a thousand hours
And was sure to fly some more,
When suddenly there came a knocking
Sounded like some Ack Ack popping
Popping like the very devil
Just beneath my bomb-bay doors.

'Tis some Jerry, thought I,
Wishing to improve his score
I will use evasive tactics
Even if he does get sore.
Turning then, I saw before me,
Blacker now than ere before,
Ack Ack bursting close and heavy,
Guess I'd better turn some more.

Opening wide, I swung the bomb doors
And to my surprise and horror,
Flashing fast and bright below me
Were some ninety guns or more.
And above the shrapnel's screeching,
I remembered then the briefing
When they told us with much speaking
That there were only three or four.

Leveling then, I made a bomb run
Which was not a very long one
For the varsity was on duty
And I'd seen their work before.
Then an engine coughed and clattered
And the glass around me spattered
And I knew they had my number —
Just my number, nothing more.

Then at last the bombs were toggled
And alone, away I hobbled
With some fifty-seven inches
And a feathered number four.
While outside, like ducks migrating,
Was a drove of ME's waiting —
Waiting, all with itchy fingers
Just to finish up the score.

I had lost my upper turret
And alone, defenseless, worried,
I was the saddest creature
Mortal woman ever bore.
And each bright and beaming tracer
Coming nearer, ever nearer,
Made my spirit sink within me —
Just my spirit, nothing more.

Then at last, to my elation,
We caught up with our formation
And the ME's turned and left me
By the tens and by the score.
But my wings were torn and tattered
And my nerves completely shattered
And, as far as I'm concerned,
The war is o'er.

Now I've found the joy of living
And my secret I am giving
To the rest of those among you
Who might dare to live some more.
For my sinus starts to seeping
Every time they mention briefing.
No more flying, no more missions,
No more combat. Nevermore!

Halesworth Diaries

by Dan Blumenthal and Steve Havanec • Submitted by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

Dan was the navigator on Clarence Barras' 846th crew. While waiting to go home after completing his tour, he turned out daily informal reports on the day's happenings. This is his report for 30 September 1944.

"Saturday, Sept. 30th, 1944 — You knew the chappies were going to visit Germany today by the lunch line. There was none. About 125 chums were aviating; so no line, like when we goof off. They queued up in Skulley's Automat at dawn, and happy Lt. Moir, who bombs and navs for Lt. Underwood, says he ought to get the DFC for eating the eggs. Interrogation bitches show powdered eggs don't mix with combat. And one crew said that if there are two faucets, 'Why the hell can't hot water come outta one?'

"The 0620 briefing by S-2 Lt. Conley had us bombing Hamm's rail yards; that's our newest hangout — like the smelter at Garfield, Utah. We were to pitch 'em while 75 knots of Hun wind pushed us 320 miles per hour. That's pushing! The B-24 was now competing with the jet-propelled stuff.

"Captain Bodine, with Capt. Gast as C.P., led the 489th today. Lt. Chamberlain was deputy, while Capt. Carls and Gaczi led squadrons — a total of 33 planes. Before take-off we took pictures of some crews as they moped about; then jeeped around to annoy Lts. Cotton, Jeglum, Van Winkle and Underwood. The first observation was that all crews use the hardstand for a urinal bowl. One Nav says it's better than the nosewheel doors at altitude. Lt. Cotton, on his 25th raid, inquired about a good writeup, and an hour later aborted 4825 with a gas leak that stunk to the heavens. Other crews asked if we'd join them on this mission. That's a lovely quality about combat personnel; they invariably ask you along with them.

"Captain Carls told a story at take-off. He was flying a passenger, Captain Brynjolf Bjorset of the Norwegian Coast Artillery. Later inquiries showed that the Captain, who had witnessed the Nazis bomb his home, got a four-day pass from France and the four days getting combat flight permission, oxygen and P/W, etc., training, and today donning heated clothing and flak suit for the dangerous privilege of watching Adolf get 'the shaft.' Capt. Bjorset is 40.

"Luck was agin Capt. Carls. He aborted today; his first such after 25 take-offs. Le Capitaine is an enthusiastic, clean cut chap, and felt lousy about it when I saw him, though he got through Belgium before calling it quits. The Norwegian regretted inability to spit on Germany, and seeks an encore.

"Captain Sturgis was managing at the caravan. Capt. Bodine got off; Chamberlain got lift; so did Carls, Gaczi, and PFF ships of other groups. At 1020, things were humming. Lt. Loadholtes fired red flares from taxi position; got fixed up and was off at 1100. Brother Walthers went up and five minutes later flew over base, shooting flares, with #1 feathered. Soon he was over the North Sea and dumped his bombs among the fishes. In fact, on this pay day, a lot of taxpayers' money sits in the cold sea off Southwold; for abortions and jettisoning were in style today. "Kentucky" Jacobs, last to TO, made a sharp 90 degree turn to the runway and took off like a broad jumper... We appreciated the nod he threw us before pouring it on. A C-64 gave us a laugh. Flying over the base, he called the tower on "Darky, Darky" and asked for a heading to Halesworth. A stall-out was the perfect heading in; this Joe circled and got the message.

"At 1555 the boys returned, our 84th invasion since Memorial Day. Soon S-2 Moulden reported all returned OK. Nice going Captain.

"What happened? We bombed the Hamm RR by PFF at 1335 from 24,500 feet. Flak — low, inaccurate, moderate. Nobody hurt and bomb hits unobserved. 3 planes aborted in Belgium; 2 over the sea; 3 at Halesworth. Pilots say the formation was 'lots better' to 'damn good!' Gunners said some P-51 got too close, and Lt. Bobak's tail gunner, Art Myers, fired 40 rounds at one. He said the P-51 appeared to 'attack' from about 500 feet, but got his tail outta there when fired at. Which reminds me to get my tail outta here.

"The Detroit Tigers lead the Browns by 1 game; Li'l Abner has Sadie Hawkins Day coming up, and the crap table officially opened at 1930 on Pay Day. Captain Beardslee led the group there, and Capt. Allsbrook was command pilot with 'Li'l Joe' the target. Bombardier Segal was wounded (40 pounds) and fired red-red."

Following are excerpts from the diary of Steve Havanec, flight engineer on Lt. John Burns' crew, 845th Squadron.

"August 17, 1944 — Got up early to leave this place (Greencastle, Northern Ireland), but it was the same old Army Gag. We waited all morning long. Believe it or not, I heard the Hit Parade. I also heard good Ole Bing. They piled us in trucks about 1:30 PM and we rode about 70 miles to Lirne. It took three hours... We got on

some cattle boat and waited about three more hours, but I didn't mind waiting, because the first thing a fellow learns in the Army is to wait. About 7:30 PM the boat started to move and at 9:30 we landed at Stranraer, Scotland, and we were sure glad to touch soil again... 11:30 PM we were put on a train... Aug. 18th — I woke up on the train... We rode all day long. Not much to see on a train ride in England, as one would see in the States. At 4:55 PM the train stopped at a village called Halesworth. Eight GI trucks took us to a place still smaller than Halesworth, called Holton. That was my new home. As of then my address was 489th Bomb Group. When we got to the base they took us all around the place until they found out where we were going to stay. We were finally put in the 845th Bomb Squadron... in a Limey hut with some ground personnel. Well, we're really in the ETO now, and will be starting missions soon. I hope so, because I've waited a long time to bomb the hell out of Germany. I may be crazy to want to fly over Germany and be shot at, but it's the job I asked for...

"Aug. 19th — Some guy had the nerve to get us up at 0700 and tell us we had to be in school at 0800. From now on we're called crew 47... School was the same old stuff.

"Aug. 21st — Something new happened. We went to school again. But this time I signed the roster and left.

"Aug. 23rd — Flew on my first practice mission. We took off at 2:30 PM and landed at 5:30. It was a nice day so I opened the bomb bay doors and sat on the catwalk...

"Aug. 27th — Practice mission from 1520 to 1800... All we do is fly practice missions. I wish they'd give us a chance to go on a real mission. I thought I came over to bomb Germany, but find out different. Sorry, a fellow just came in and said we fly a mission tomorrow. I hope so.

"Aug. 28th — They scratched us... Boy, it sure is hard to get our first mission in.

"Aug. 30th — School again for Crew 47 but none of us went.

"Aug. 31st — Ah! Pay Day! It's the first time I've gotten paid in two months. I got 44 pounds, 10 shillings and 6 pence. That's what the English call it. I say it's some place around \$177.10.

"Sept. 5th — Well, at last I've done something useful. About 0400 a nice fellow gets us up and told us we had to brief at 0500. Finally got a chance to go to France on a "Flour Run." We flew from Halesworth to Beaulieu, a town near Southampton in southern England. There they loaded us up with 6000 lbs. of bacon, and we flew to Orleans, France, where the Frenchmen unloaded us. We flew about 1000 feet above the ground so we could see battle-torn France. It didn't look too bad to me... One town near St. Lo was leveled to the ground, and the only thing left standing was a church steeple...

"Sept. 8th — We took off bright and early and flew to Orleans. Got there early and had to unload the plane ourselves because the Frenchmen were still sleeping or something... Coming back we brought 8 British paratroopers who had landed in France near the Swiss border a few days before D-Day...

"Sept. 11th — Hooray! We finally got to go on a mission today. We bombed an Ordnance depot at Magdeburg, about 14 miles west of Berlin. Each ship hit it with 10 500-lb. demolition bombs. We saw plenty of flak. It was the first I've seen. Boy, that was the busiest day I've had yet... We were up at high altitude most of the time and on oxygen. We got hit with the smoke bomb from the lead plane right over the target, and the bombardier (Frederick Chico) yelled, 'We're hit!' But there was nothing wrong except that the plane was full of smoke... It was 28 below up there. We saw a P-47 blow up over the target, and the pilot bailed out. We also saw a B-24 blow up that was hit by flak. We only saw seven chutes open.

"Sept. 12th — Well, well, everything is coming my way. We went on Mission #2 today... to bomb a Jet Airplane Parts Factory at Kiel... We got up at 0300, briefed at 0400, took off at 0800, and landed at 1330. Fifteen minutes from the target the prop and front of #3 engine were shot away. It was the only burst of flak in the area, and it had to hit our ship. Skipper tried to feather the prop, but there was no prop to feather. We lost 7000 feet, so we had to drop our incendiaries on a small town we happened to be over... We started out for Sweden, which was only 30 to 35 minutes away, but after ten minutes of flying we decided to go back to Halesworth. How I hate the North Sea now! We came over 250 miles of it on three engines, and the radio out... The only time England looked good was when we saw its coastline on returning from a mission."

Not A Good Day

by Hollis C. Powell Sr. (392nd)

This is my report of a supply drop mission of March 24, 1945 in the area of Wesel, Germany where the glider and airborne troops had jumped the Rhine River that day and had taken a good foot hold and were expanding their occupied area.

I was one of the crew of Lt. Jack Hummel, pilot; Lt. James Reynolds, co-pilot; Lt. Bernard Knudson, navigator; Sgt. James Deaton, radio operator; Sgt. Ellis Morse, nose gunner; S/Sgt. Hebert Finney, top turret gunner; Sgt. Elmer Milchak, right waist gunner; Sgt. Paul Keagle, left waist gunner; and myself, S/Sgt. Hollis C. Powell, tail gunner. Our bombardier Lt. Russel Chadwick was not needed on this mission.

We had been on a mission on March 23rd and were due for a 3 day pass. I usually went to London where I enjoyed visiting. But upon checking the bulletin board we saw we were up for a mission the next day, the 24th. Our briefing was later than usual, somewhere around 8:30 a.m. We were unhappy about losing our pass privilege.

After breakfast and at briefing we were told that we were to drop supplies to the glider and airborne who had jumped the Rhine and had taken a good foot hold near Wesel, Germany. It was believed that it would be a milk run as to fighters and flak. They didn't mention ground fire!

We were to go in at tree top level and drop or kick out the supplies out of there. Ellis Morse and James Deaton were to kick the bundles out the bomb bay doors.

Our take offs started about 9:30 a.m. from Wendling and it was truly a low level mission all the way, as I'm sure we never got over 200 to 300 feet at any time across England and France. I could see buildings and people as never before.

As we zoomed across France and hadn't taken our positions as yet over France, Jack Hummel called back to Keagle's position and wanted to talk with me. I hooked up to Keagle's intercom line and Jack said to look out the left waist window. Jack said, "See that smoke stack up ahead?" I replied, "I see it." He said, "Watch this," and he headed with his left wing right at the smoke stack which was about 75 feet high and I could see our wing was at least 10 feet below the top of the stack, yet Jack kept course at the stack, and just as it looked like he was going to take the top of the stack off, Jack deftly raised the left wing and cleared it by inches. Then in a pleased voice said, "Powell, how's that for flying." You don't express your true opinions to your commanding officer.

As we neared the Rhine near our drop zone we took our positions. But I do remember another incident of Milchak coming up to me on the way over and saying, "Powell, you know what the first thing I'm going to do when I get out?" I answered that I didn't. He said, "I'm going to punch you right in the nose." As all these fellows were 5 to 7 years younger than me, Jack had asked me to kind of keep a hold on things and at

times I had to be a little bossy but never was there a better crew of buddies to fly with. Anyway I told him, "Don't wait too long." He walked away. About 5 minutes later he came back and said, "Powell, I was just talking, forget it." And that was the last conversation Milchak and I ever had.

We are now in our positions and I'm seeing we are up about 300 feet and all of a sudden my turret glass became fogged over as I understood later Jack had used the relief tube just before the run and I couldn't see anything. I do remember seeing vaguely, moments before the crash, it looked like two parachutes. I believe they were Knudson and Morris bailing out of the nose position.

I couldn't see, yet it sounded like hail hitting our plane and a small explosion hit my right gun and my ear piece connection at the left side of my head was knocked out.

Someone tapped me on the right shoulder and I turned. Finney said, "Jack said to jump." I slid out of the turret. I always sat on my flak suit. I put my chest chute on. Wrong again, I always put the darn thing so that the rip cord handle was on the left side. I looked at the right waist window and saw that #3 engine was on fire and I could see the wing was melting and at a glance, I could see that only one engine was working. We were descending fast. I opened the escape hatch and immediately saw we were too low to jump. So we went into ditch or crash position. Up near the bulkhead we sat down with our backs to each other. I remember Milchak was looking for a place and I cursed him (sorrowfully) and pulled him down between someone and me. Milchak, Keagle, Finney and myself were in crash position.

We had only a second or two to wait, then we had our first bump, which I remember thinking this isn't all that bad and then the next bump settled us in and we got separated from our position. All I can remember is tossing and turning in all directions. At the very last I could feel my throat mike dragging the ground and then the top of my helmet kind of bumping along. I can still remember saying, "God, help me," and no sooner I uttered the last syllable when we came to an abrupt stop. I found myself sticking from the waist out of a hole at ground level on the right side (the direction the plane was sliding). As I lay there for a second or two I saw Milchak look out the waist window and then pulled back and looked at me and asked, "Powell, are you alright?" I said, "Yes." I felt no pain or lack of movement. He looked out the window again after he had turned to Finney and said, "Powell's okay." Those were his last words as a sniper (about 50 yards away in a wood thicket) shot him through the head and he slumped over the window edge. I did not see this part about Milchak but was told later.

I was so dazed when I crawled out that I started to walk away, passed the tail section of the plane toward another little gulley with little bushes and small trees around it. I

heard a lot of firing but I thought it was the ammunition in the plane going off. Then I thought why am I out here. I've got to see if anyone is hurt and turned and started back to the plane. As I got near, Finney said, "Get down, they are shooting at us." We laid with our feet in opposite directions and our foreheads together. We could hear the bullets hitting the plane. Finney said that he would look up and all of a sudden about 15 holes would appear. They were using a burp gun. While we were laying there with our foreheads together a bullet kicked up dirt between our noses. I hadn't seen Jack or Jim as yet. I had no weapons and I could now see the Germans in the gulley that I had been walking toward. I had an 8 inch knife strapped under my pant leg (it was useless).

I remember looking around for something white to wave. Then I thought of that upside down chute and pulled the cord and it opened. I moved out about 10 feet along the right wing and I could see Jim Reynolds had a cut on his forehead and Jack Hummel was hurt (later diagnosed as a broken collar bone). The crash was such that when it ended they only had to step from their seat to the ground. Everything had been stripped clean in front of them. I was told this by them.

As they stood there (I don't remember what Jack Hummel said) but heard later he had said, "Let's fight them." But I do remember hearing Jim saying, "With what? You'll get us all killed." All this time the Germans were still firing. I called to Jack, his being an officer, I thought perhaps he could have more effect so I said, "Jack, they won't stop shooting, maybe you can get them to." He (I know) reluctantly came under the wing and took the end of the chute and began to wave it. Almost immediately a man with an automatic rifle (burp gun) and a rifleman came out of the thicket about 20 feet and hollered and motioned for us to come to them. As the firing had stopped the others began to look for Milchak and Deaton. (We later found out that Deaton had either fell or been hit by rifle fire as we were over enemy territory).

When they began to look for Deaton, I began to walk with my hands up toward those two Germans. As I got halfway there I came upon an American aid man with the white cross on his arm moaning and groaning upon the ground, wounded. I hesitated for just a second and said, "Hold on, fellow, someone will get you in a few minutes." Just as I hesitated to speak to the aid man the sniper who I believe got Milchak took his crack at me as I felt the air and concussion of the bullet as it went past my left ear. It sounded like someone clapping two boards together in my ear.

I reached the two Germans and the one with the automatic rifle came up and directed me toward a farm house a hundred yards away. He spoke perfect English and I found out he had been educated in England.

(continued on page 18)

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

Our 448th members will have received the details of our seventh consecutive annual group reunion by the time you read this article. Our reunion will be held at Hampton, Virginia near Langley AFB, which we will visit, plus part of NASA.

This area of Virginia is very historic, being near Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown, for just a few. Many will want to spend extra days in this historic region to tour sites, and our hotel, Holiday Inn, has extended our prices for three days before and after our reunion dates of Sept. 5, 6 & 7, so plan on a big time in this famous area of our nation. We have 150 rooms held for us up to 30 days prior to our reunion.

We hear talk that several crews are planning a get-together, some for the first time in 46 years and one in particular may have all ten crewmen. This would be a first for our group and probably for the 2nd AD.

We are proud of our 448th Bomb Group Association because we are Democratic. We join not because we have to but because we want to, to enjoy the camaraderie and fellowship and talk over common interest. We vote on our reunion sites, dates and elect our leader at our group reunion which historically has five times more in attendance than at the 2nd ADA reunions. We plan our own program, recognize first timers and others having special backgrounds such as flying more than one combat tour, POWs, Purple Heart recipients, etc. In other words, we learn more about who we are.

For those who have not sent in their 1991 membership dues, please do so right now while it's fresh in your minds. Thanks. Please send your 1991 dues (\$10.00) to Evelyn Cohen at 06410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. We hope to have 800 paid up members by our reunion time so please send in your dues.

For those who have not as yet sent in their \$10.00 membership dues to "Station 146 - Seething Tower Association," please send your check to Ralph Whitehead, Echo Sierra, The Loke, Blundeston, Suffolk NR32 5AR England; or to Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. Thanks a bunch.

Our British friends have Open House in our restored Seething Tower Museum and it is a very popular show place. Bus loads of visitors come to see the displays of memorabilia you have contributed. If you haven't seen it you would be proud of what's been done by us and our British friends.

At our Tucson reunion last April a year ago it was proposed by Bob Harper that we each donate \$10.00 to our 448th account so we wouldn't be going into the hole each year when we go to the expense of preparing our 1000 plus letters we send out to our 448th veterans, plus the programs we hand out,

plus the up to date rosters at reunion time. If you haven't sent in your donation to our 448th expenses, please send your check to Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536 and mark your check "Donation for 448th expenses."

Remember, the way we grow our membership is by us all working together to send in names and addresses of your former crew members or Seething buddies who are not paid members of the 2nd ADA.

If you aren't sure, you can have a copy of our current membership roster by sending \$1.00 plus two stamps to Leroy Engdahl, Membership Chairman, who keeps copies on hand, plus he writes to those non-members you send him, trying to get them to join our 448th Bomb Group Association.

Many of you may not know that to the best of our knowledge the 448th had six of its veterans to stay in service and attain the rank of General. Three of these may be at our Hampton, Virginia reunion. The six are in no special order:

1. Brig/Gen Hubert S. Judy (deceased)
2. Maj/Gen Lester F. Miller of Cove, Oregon
3. Lt/Gen William W. Snavely of Diamond Bar, California
4. Gen. Charles Westover (deceased)
5. Maj/Gen James Jones of Alexandria, Virginia
6. Maj/Gen William R. Hayes of San Diego, California

If anyone knows of any other 448th veteran who stayed in to become a General, please let either Cater Lee or Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas have the facts.

Since this article is a little long because we missed the last two issues, next time we plan to recognize some who have achieved special success in the field of education, etc.

Some of the members have spent their own money to make available various mementos for wear and display and make voluntary contributions to the 448th account part of their profits. If you need any of these items, please contact them.

Ben Johnson of 3990 15th Street, Port Arthur, Texas 77642 keeps 448th caps, blue background with yellow front with B-24 across top, 2nd A.D. Insignia below on both sides and 448th BG in between. These attractive caps sell for \$6.00 and Ben pays for packaging and postage.

Charles Bonner of 750 E. Oakhill Road, Porter, IN 46304 has similar caps but with your squadron number on it, same price. Charles also has on hand attractive tee shirts, yellow background, 2nd A.D. Insignia 3 1/4" across at top; large 448th Bomb Group letters about 11 inches across and the B-24 pictured below 10" across. These sell for \$10.00 plus postage.

Leroy Engdahl keeps the following B-24 mementos in stock for any 2nd ADA member. B-24 J Pewter Tie Tacs, \$6.00. Small Silver Plated B-24 Lapel Pin, \$7.00. Same but as a ladies charm, \$7.00. Same but as ladies earrings, \$12.00/pair - specify pierced or non-pierced ears. 8th Air Force Lapel Pins, \$4.00. Small U.S. Flag Lapel Pins, \$4.00. All items prepaid, part of profits donated to 448th account.

See you in Virginia, September 5, 6 & 7.

Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center

by F.C. (Hap) Chandler (491st)

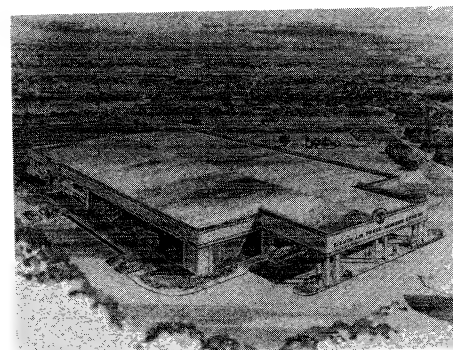
The Eighth Air Force Heritage Center is fast becoming a reality. Located at the intersection of US Highway 80 and I-95 just ten miles from Savannah, birthplace of the Eighth Air Force, commonly regarded as one of America's most scenic cities, the Center promises to become one of the outstanding tourist attractions on heavily travelled I-95. It is estimated that one million cars per month will pass the fifteen acre Heritage Center site.

Lewis Lyle, a wartime 8th Air Force Group Commander, is President of the Mighty Eighth Heritage Center. Selection of this site and establishment of the Memorial Center realizes a long cherished dream of Lew and his dedicated Board of Directors. Dan Massey has been appointed Executive Vice President, and is working full time in the Savannah office supervising daily operations in addition to a \$3,000,000 fund drive and construction phases of the project.

The first phase of the Center will consist of a ninety thousand square foot building housing the Heritage Center. Included will be a theater, museum, library/research center, snack bar and gift shop.

You will shortly be receiving a mailing outlining the plan and mission of the Center. I am pleased to report that this mailing has been altered to more appropriately reflect the contribution of the B-24 groups of the Second Air Division. Our President is scheduled to meet with Mr. Lyle in the near future to discuss this project in depth.

Additional information may be obtained from the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center, P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402-1992. You may call toll free 1-800-421-9248.



Savannah, Georgia, May 1, 1991: The first phase of the Eighth Air Force Heritage Center was made public today. This 90,000 square foot building will house the Heritage Center, offices and research and display facilities. Its location near Savannah returns the Eighth Air Force to the city of its birth, January 28, 1942.

The 445th Reporting

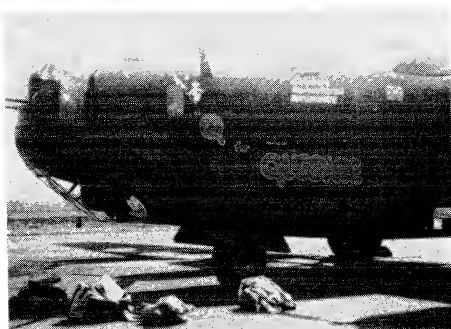
by Chuck Walker

I have been informed by the grapevine that our 2nd ADA Librarian Fund Drive has been achieved — but barely. This is certainly good news. Many of us were skeptical that such a vaulted goal could be attained but we need not have doubted the dedication and drive our members have not only to maintain but to broaden and improve the effectiveness of this great WWII memorial. I congratulate each of you who participated. If you are one of those who has not yet contributed but want to have your name published on the roster of those who did support this great cause, there is still time. Please send your contribution to the 2nd ADA Librarian Fund, Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Dallas, TX 75230.

My "cup runneth over" with incoming correspondence of late so I never seem to catch up. How can I concentrate on a putt when I am thinking of the ten letters on my desk that are past due answers? I guess I shouldn't have retired, before I did I always had time for all these activities. Here are a few letters picked at random I want to share with you.

Thomas Land, flight engineer on Ed Hautman's crew (703rd), writes of his long forced march from Stalag IV to Bittenfield, Germany from Feb. 6, 1945 to Apr. 26, 1945. He included a long list of the towns they went through on that march. His crew was shot down over Kassel on 27 Sept. 44. He enclosed a xerox copy of a crew picture but unfortunately the quality is too poor to use in the Journal. Thomas now lives in Somerset, KY. I'm hoping he will make it to Dearborn this summer as there will be several Kassel survivors there.

John Lyons, radio operator on Hardin Miller's crew (702nd), joined the Association last fall too late to know about our reunion in England last summer. He says he would like to have gone along. George enclosed the three photos below.



Hardin Miller's A/C



Hardin Miller's Crew



Can anyone identify this crew?



Don H. Smith Crew (701st)



445th waiting for the weather to clear

Mark Knapp, co-pilot on Chuck Derr's crew (700th), raised an interesting question: what was the 445th aircrew loss rate? He counted 3765 names in Rudy Birsic's group history and we know of at least 569 KIA so what is the loss rate? Mark postulates that the 3765 members (an incomplete list, by the way) would probably break down to approximately 50% aircrew and 50% ground personnel. If so, this would equate to a 30% aircrew loss rate. Anyone have better numbers or know how to go about finding more accurate numbers? Let me hear from you if you do.

Jack Laswell, waist gunner on Don Smith's crew (701st), generously sent me several pictures from his scrap book, two of which are below. Sorry, there just isn't room for more but I'll be contacting Jack to see if he has others of Journal quality.

Ed Berthold, co-pilot on John Matthews' crew (702nd), thinks his crew set a record for

completing 35 missions in the shortest time, 79 days from 5/15/44 to 7/31/44. Can any of you challenge this record pace?

It saddens me to report that George Kelsey, Douglas Pillow, Palmer Bruland and Stewart Ross have folded their wings. They will be missed by their many friends. We extend our condolences to their loved ones. Their wives, Mildred Kelsey, Theda Pillow, Myrtle Bruland and Miriam Ross will continue as associate members of the Association.

Our membership has been increased by the following new members: William Duffy, Ponte Verdo Beach, FL; H. Michael Planka, Warwick RI; Bruno Dziobak, Elizabeth, NJ; Richard Murray, Essex Jct., VT; Ira Nigen, McLean, VA; Ernest Adcock, Ridgeland, MS; James Ballard, Orlando, FL; Ed Berthold, Fox River Grove, IL; Andrew Burch,

Calumet City, IL; Angelo Capizzani, Hammond, IN; Richard Harding, Falls Church, VA; John Hessert, Bangor, ME; Nelson Dimick, Boonton, NJ; Arthur Shay, Deerfield, IL; Bruno Gora, Lewiston, NY; Clarence Luhmann, Blue Earth, MN; Clifford Simonson, Walnut, CA; Roy Ellender, Saugus, CA; George Guinan, Cypress, CA; Howell Henson, Weir, MS; Gregory Laughlin, Indianapolis, IN; Cletus Sisley, Lancaster, WI; Erwin Unger, Tamarac, FL; Calvin Vaughn, Billings, MT; and Larry Whiting, Buffalo, NY.

A very hearty welcome to each of the above. We know you will enjoy being a member of 2ADA as much as we all do.

The 445th led all groups in attendance at the tenth annual So. Calif. 2nd ADA dinner held at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club on 2 March 1991. We had 35 members and guests present that included: Dick & Val Boucher, Charles & Marguerite Jackson, Henry Jones & guest, Jack Laswell, Roy & Jean Leavitt, John Mainhood with guests Tim & Debbie Mainhood, Art & Peggy McDermott, Bob & Pat Mead, Al & Dorothy Querbach (all the way from Hanston, KS), Carl Rambo (from Livermore, CA), J.J. & Joyce Ridley, Terry & Mattie Sather, Hal Turell & guest, Jack Pelton, Chuck Walker & Chuck, Jr., Roger & Melba Ward, and Sammy & Teri Weiner. Carl Kleeman and guests Brian & Nancy Kleeman failed to show due to a last minute attack of the flu.

Evelyn Cohen reports the 445th may have one of the largest group turnouts at Dearborn this July — I hope to see you there!

Keep up the letter writing, my golf buddies (?) love having me distracted!



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

In our earlier study of crews and men who completed combat tours with the 392nd BG, it was determined (Winter 1987 Journal) that the Guy Carmine crew, 578th BS, was the first crew to complete its tour on 5 March 1944. All 25 missions were flown with the 392nd BG.

The second crew to complete a tour was transferred to the 392nd BG from the 6th Anti-Sub Squadron, each member being credited with a number of combat missions on anti-sub duty. There were some changes in crew members during the tour. Pilot Voght was assigned other duties and co-pilot John Detrick became pilot. J.E. Schnider became co-pilot. Navigator Wittsell was succeeded by J.D. Connolly. The first to be



Some of the members of this 579th BS crew was the second crew to complete a combat tour with the 392nd BG. Standing (l-r): Capt. Ed Wittsel, nav.; 1st Lt. John Detrick, co-pilot; 1st Lt. Howard Hall, bomb.; 1st Lt. Gordon Voght, pilot; T/Sgt. William Andrews, asst. radio waist gunner; T/Sgt. Richard Fearon, radar operator on anti-sub only; T/Sgt. Earl Owen, engr. waist gunner; S/Sgt. George Bacon, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Olin Castle, radio op.; S/Sgt. William Dill, asst. engr. ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Jack Ross, asst. engr. top turret gunner.

credited with a completed tour was Bombardier H.P. Hall on 29 February 1944.

The others, co-pilot J.E. Schnider, tail gunner Bacon, engineer Owen, ball turret gunner Dill, radio operator Castle, pilot Detrick, and navigator Connolly were each credited with completed tours between 8 March and 18 March 1944.

The search for lost buddies and old comrades continues. We have several new members who will appreciate your help in locating others with whom they served. In many cases we are able to supply the addresses of one or more of those being looked for, but in other cases we do not have any of the names on our Association rolls.

Donald E. LaChance, Flight Engineer on pilot William Sturm's crew, in the 578th BS, now resides at 8755 Bridlewood Way N., Seminole, FL 34647. He would like to hear from anyone who has information on William Sturm, or other crew members, navigator Jack Rawlings, radio operator Jack C. Brown, waist gunners John A.K. Lingle and John McCormack, and tail gunner Richard Huff. Most of their missions were flown in ship #313, Wabash Cannon Ball. They completed their tour in Feb. 1945.

James P. Morley, 14842 Collinson, East Detroit, Michigan 48021, served as Flight

Engineer in the 576th BS on pilot John Beder's crew. He has found gunner Calvin Roeber of this crew but is looking for John Beder, co-pilot John Samsell, navigator John Matishowski, bombardier Jack Murray, radio operator Ray Murgatroyd, and gunners Robert P. Carr, William Merchant, and Robert Schodroff.

Thomas White, Assistant Engineer, 578 BS, now resides at 3067 Cheltenham Way, Medford, Oregon 97504. He flew most of his missions with pilot J.B. Stauder, co-pilots B.H. Feld and R.P. Buchanan, navigator R.S. Dinsmore, bombardier M.E. Ward, engineer A.H. Kottke. If you have any information on any of these men, please write to Thomas White.

We receive occasional requests for information which are unsigned and unidentified. If you have written for information and have not had a reply, please write again.

In the last issue of the Journal we reported on the availability of some 350 photographs of Wendling and its planes taken during WWII. These are being made available to the 392nd BGMA through the good offices

Another "Easy" Mission

by Walter W. Cook (453rd)

The article "An 'Easy' Mission" submitted by Frank Kyle in the Spring 1991 Journal brought back some vivid memories to me. I flew with the 453rd that day as a fill-in waist gunner with a Captain (or Lt. Matyas from Camden, NJ). It was the crew's 18th mission, but my 35th. I was actually a member of Capt. Edward E. Traylor's crew. We were members of the 734th Bomb Squadron.

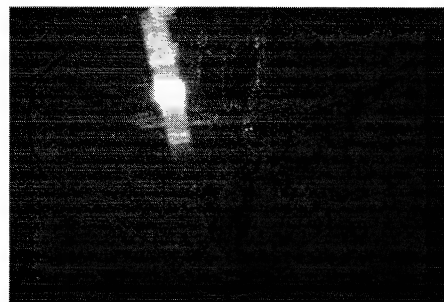
Captain Traylor, like many other pilots, flew his first combat mission as a co-pilot with another crew. When he finished his 35th, the rest of the crew all had one more to fly. The Group Brass, rather than give us a new pilot for that last mission, elected to have us fly separately with different crews.

On that fatal day, February 9, 1945, three members of Captain Traylor's crew were scheduled. These were Berl Baxter, nose gunner from Dunning, Nebraska; Edward Erker, waist gunner from Walpole, Mass., and myself. I was a tail gunner but flew the waist position with Matyas' crew. Erker flew with Rollins.

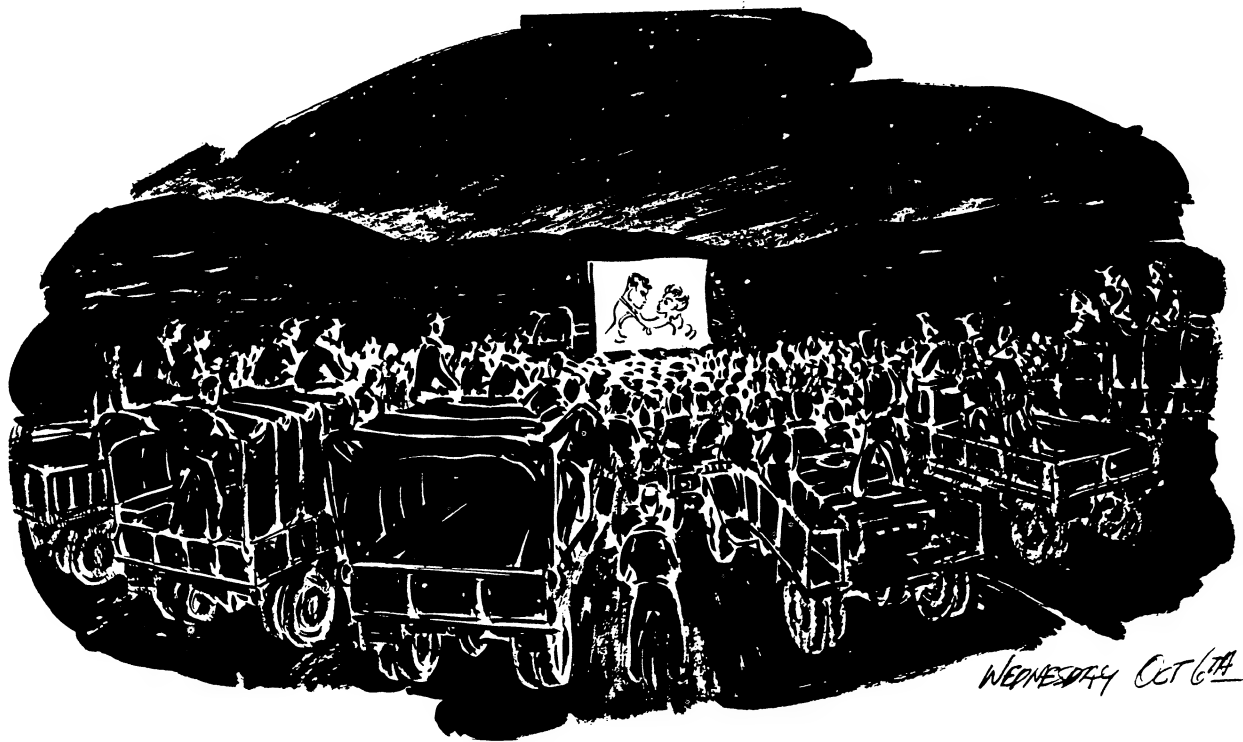
Flak was weak to moderate over the target. We were forced to feather an engine shortly after the target. As I recall we limped home, did not really fly the pattern, but were the first to land. I barely caught the impact out of the corner of my eye. I did see Rollins go down.

The most remarkable feat was Lt. Glass' handling of his ship at such a slow speed. I still see his pulling up as it wavered from side to side and swung around for the final approach and landing. It was our impression that Rollins was flying his 33rd. Baxter incidentally was flying with a crew on its first. Captain Traylor picked Baxter and I up at the hardstand. Believe me when I say it was not a happy ending to a tour. Every time I hear "Taps" I'm reminded of that day at the Military Cemetery in Cambridge. So many caskets.

Regarding the same issue, page 23, Kassel Raid 9/27/44: I may have my facts wrong here. Am I correct in saying that the heavy attack on the 445th that day was due to a previous incident when a 445th B-24 pilot flying a crippled bomber being escorted to a German air base by two German fighters, one on each side, ordered his gunners to shoot down the escort. They supposedly got one, but the remaining one escaped. Axis Sally came on the air and stated the Luftwaffe would be looking for them the next day. I do recall such an occasion when a group sustained similar losses that they were repainting tail insignias and transferring crews so that the group could put up their full complement of aircraft the next day. Could I be mixed up? Possibly it was the 389th. I do recall a group being hit very hard and the 453rd did transfer crews and planes.



An early patch worn by some crews in the 392nd depicts a winged bomb against a cloud background headed down with the wording "392nd Bomb Group" — submitted by Olin D. Castle.



WEDNESDAY OCT 6/4

Went to the movies last night - have tried to give you an idea of the theatre! The starry sky is the roof - the screen sets on a truck out in the field just beyond main tents, a few boxes and such are arranged as seats in front of screen. Then in a semi-circle back of them, trucks pull up - more or less as balcony seats. The electricity is produced by a generator which is back of the trucks (it faltered once or twice). The show last night was Gable & Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You" - with sound and a pause for change at end of each reel. Cat calls and whoops accompanied the advances of the great lover! Our seat was an advantageous spot atop that G.I. truck (left center) - all was well till the canvas split! No real damage tho', n' the picture ended nicely - lucky Gable!!!!



Bomber Buzzes Bristol

(continued from page 26)

Hethel, England. We were greeted by a gray headed anomaly looking into the back of our truck and inquiring, "How many fish-eaters do I have in here?" I'm sure Pappy Beck introduced himself that way to every replacement crew that arrived at the base. That was our induction into the 389th BG and the 564th BS.

Let's see, practice missions followed, then 14 of the real kind, and soon May 1945 arrived and it was all over! Trolley missions to the continent ensued to show our ground crew passengers the handiwork in Germany that they had so ably contributed to.

Immediately, events picked up their pace:

18 May 1945: Movement orders - "... proceed via Valley A/D by best route to Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut."

19 May 1945: Bid adieu to friends at Hethel; took off with 20 souls on board a new B-24M (fresh in from Willow Run), #44-50472, designated "N", and headed for Valley Air Depot.

20 May 1945: Took off from Valley heading for Iceland. One hour out, #3 engine instruments acted up. Diverted to Stornoway, Scotland to check out the problem.

24 May 1945: This attempt to reach Iceland was a success after a little instrument letdown. All on board agree, "MEEKS IS THE BLEAKS!"

26 May 1945: Uneventful 10 hour flight from Iceland to Goose Bay, Labrador.

27 May 1945: Took off from Bradley Field which was "socked in." Diverted to Bangor, Maine.

28 May 1945: On to Bradley and now my memory gets a little hazy. Approaching Bradley, did I really ask my navigator for a heading to Bristol? Did I really make one low level pass over the Behrendt's Farm on Chippabee Hill? Honestly, I really don't remember. (After we landed at Bradley, some say my face exhibited concern as a photographer took a picture of our plane on the apron. But that incident turned out to be quite innocent, the picture taken appearing on page 308 in Steve Birdsall's book, "Log of the Liberators").

So why am I recounting all this after these many years? Well, I can blame it all on that fabulous 2nd Air Division Association recruiter, the "All American" Liberator that touched down in Barnstable Airport here on Cape Cod, Massachusetts last fall, and got me to sign the guest register.

And soon the phone rings, and I re-establish ties with buddies that I haven't heard from in some 45 years. Memories are jogged, experiences are re-lived, and promises made to see each other soon - at the next convention in July.

Thanks, "All American Liberator" for renewing old friendships. Will see you at Dearborn.

Lead Navigator Over Europe

by Orville P. Ball (445th)

As a navigator, my crew was assigned to the 445th, 701 squadron in September of 1944. After flying about 6 missions, before and after the Kassel disaster, I was transferred to a lead crew, finishing my tour just before the war ended in Europe. When the war terminated, I helped in the packing of administrative documents for shipment back to the U.S. In the process, I managed to retain maps, bomb strike photos and other nostalgic items of interest to me. A short time ago, I began to prepare a personal historic resume for my children and grandchildren. This was my first opportunity to peruse these 445th documents in about 45 years. Latent memories were regenerated. Perhaps these recollections may be of interest to other members, especially from the perspective of a lead navigator.

You may remember that a lead (Mickey) ship was configured differently than trail aircraft. The radar navigator was positioned immediately behind the co-pilot. Behind the pilot, adjacent to the radar or mickey operator, was the lead navigator. Both faced aft. Besides maintaining the flight log and plotting courses for the group, wing, or division, the lead navigator also operated the electronic GEE navigation fix instrument. The lead bombardier occupied the nose compartment and was responsible for the pattern bombing operation. The nose turret was manned by a navigator or bombardier who transmitted pilotage (visual) fixes to the lead navigator as well as gunnery responsibilities. The group lead always had a command pilot in the right seat while the regular co-pilot manned the tail guns and provided group integrity reports to the pilot and command pilot. All other lead and deputy lead squadron aircraft normally did not carry a command pilot. When the lead bombardier dropped his smoke marker bombs on a single group target, all other aircraft toggled their bombs.

Navigation over Europe was not particularly sophisticated as it is today with electronic gadgets and satellites. Meteorology was less than accurate, especially predicting wind direction and velocity at altitude. The planned course to and from the target required frequent changes in order to avoid flak gun concentrations. Calculations and adjustments kept the lead navigator hectically involved with his E-6B computer and the maintenance of the flight log. More often than not, there was a continuous or broken undercast which prevented pilotage fixes from the nose turret navigator. The GEE navigation

equipment had only a limited range. That left radar fixes and basic dead reckoning as the dependable source of navigation information. The prime responsibility was to accurately thread the following aircraft to and from the assigned target and to provide the bombardier with a true wind speed and direction at the designated I.P. Navigation sequence, plus pertinent information about new flak positions, aerial attacks, and observations of strategic value by the crew were also recorded on the flight log and course maps.

Almost everyone in the crew had a continual visual awareness of ground and air events. That is everyone but the lead navigator who labored in his confined world like a hyperkinetic accountant from start to finish. While I missed the sights and sounds of combat missions, the lead navigator probably had more of an integrated perspective of each flight than anyone else. However, I can remember looking out of my small port window during a German fighter attack and viewing a ME-262 jet positioned just off our nose. When the P-51 fighters came screaming through the group in pursuit, there were two puffs of black smoke and the ME-262 streaked away as if we were all in static suspension. On another occasions while on our bomb run with bomb bay doors open, I saw our deputy lead take a direct flak hit and literally fragment.

Certainly, it is enjoyable and nostalgic to look over the maps which show course lines and fixes, bomb strike photos, and other dust covered memorabilia from the 445th. Remembrances are reincarnated and missions relived. They are perhaps uniquely different to some extent than other crew members, but then I served as the resident historian.

In March of 1945, nearing the end of my tour, I asked the squadron navigator if I could fly one mission as a nose turret navigator. A "milk run" was selected. I eagerly anticipated a front seat view of combat for the first time. After takeoff, our primary "milk run" target was cancelled and we were diverted to the secondary - the Ruhr Valley. The flak was heavy and my nose was the first to fly through those puffs of black smoke. Besides, when we returned to Tibenham, I had to pull the two 50 caliber gun barrels and clean them. That was my last instance of volunteering.

This constitutes a somewhat different overview of a less glamorous role played in combat missions. However, I didn't miss any of the details.

The Final Flight of the Original "Bird Dog" Crew

by William H. Counts, Sr. (467th)



The original crew of the "Bird Dog." Top row, standing: Lt. Wm. H. Counts, pilot; Lt. Wm. Greble, co-pilot; Lt. Don Hudson, navigator. Bottom row: Thos. J. Hansbury, tail gunner; John J. Murphy, ball turret; Harris P. Davis, waist turret gunner; Francis Van Veen, radio & waist gunner; Robert Fisher, engineer & top turret gunner; Joseph J. Kennedy, nose turret gunner. (Bombardier Lt. James E. Robinson missing from photo.)

It would seem that our final flight on Thursday, June 29, 1944 was, indeed, jinxed from the beginning. We supposedly were "standing down," but at the last minute were called to fly this mission. At the time we were awakened, around three A.M., none of us were enthusiastic about flying on such short notice. We quickly dressed and rode our bicycles over to the mess hall to eat. After eating, we went to get our flying equipment and dressed for the flight. We were pressed for time, and rather than change into a flying suit, I simply put my electric suit over my dress uniform, and went to mission briefing.

In mission briefing, we learned of our target (JU 88 plant and airfield at Aschersleben, Germany), route of flight, enemy opposition, etc. We were driven away from the briefing room to where our aircraft was on the hardstand (parking area). We were one man short because the enlisted men had informed me that Sgt. Thomas Hansbury, our tail gunner, had been on guard duty the night before. The thought of placing a combat crew member on guard duty and then expecting him to fly the next day was irritating to me, and I had the word passed along to Hansbury to remain in the barracks and I would credit him as being on this mission. I suppose he was put on guard duty because we weren't scheduled to fly the next day. At any rate, it didn't set well with me to put a combat crewman on guard duty, which could have been performed just as well by base personnel. Sgt. Robert Fisher took Hansbury's place as tail gunner and the ball turret was left in the retracted position.

After performing our normal pre-mission and pre-flight duties, we sat in the aircraft waiting for the green "go" flare from the tower. We maintained complete radio silence between all planes and the control tower, to reduce information available to the enemy. When we got the signal to go, we taxied out in our proper slot and took position on the runway. It was here, as we started take-off roll, that I looked out to my left and saw our Chaplain standing at the edge of the runway. He gave us a combination salute and "God be with you" motion and we were rolling down the runway 20 seconds behind the preceding aircraft.

Our take-off was to the southwest and we were on instruments almost as soon as we were airborne. We made our left turn to climb north bound until reaching on top of the clouds where we would be assembling for the trip over the continent. Our nose wheel had failed to retract and I sent Sgt. Harris Davis, our engineer, down into the nose gear compartment to make manual adjustments to enable the nose gear to retract. After some difficulty, he got the nose gear up and in place, and we continued our climb through the clouds. If we had been unable to retract the nose gear, we would have had to abort the mission. The hand of fate was, indeed, laying heavy upon our shoulders!

We, as well as all other aircraft, were unable to reach on top conditions and therefore started assembly between layers of clouds. In very short order, con-trails (vapor condensation) filled in the narrow space between cloud layers and the decision

to proceed on course was made. I don't recall the exact number of airplanes in formation, but it was less than the number we were scheduled to have.

While over the English Channel, we tested our machine guns and found that one of the top turret 50 caliber guns was not firing. It had only been a short time before this that the decision had been made, by higher authority, that only one gun malfunctioning was no longer a valid reason to abort a mission. As we neared the coast of the continent, waist gunner Sgt. Joseph Kennedy, called over the intercom, "Lieutenant, there's the 'Bird Dog' out to our left." I looked out my left cabin window and sure enough, there she was — the shiny B-24 we had flown to the United Kingdom. The "Bird Dog" was flying alone, and if memory serves me correctly, that crew joined up with us in the lower left hand box of our formation. We also saw a B-17 flying alone and I mention this to illustrate what a foul-up everybody was having that day in assembling. We continued on course without further incident, other than the deputy lead aircraft aborted just as we got to the continent coastline.

While still over the Channel, and before getting over enemy territory, it was customary for each of us to use the "restroom" since we would not be getting out of our seats until we were again back over neutral territory. This was not as simple as it may sound, because of the procedure involved in disconnecting and reconnecting oxygen, electric suit, flak vest and pants, steel helmet, and radio connections, etc. When I sat back down, I reconnected everything except I FORGOT TO FASTEN MY SAFETY BELT AND SHOULDER STRAPS! I had never done this before, and it was to be the major factor later in my not perishing inside the ship.

As we continued inland toward our target, at an altitude of 21,500 feet, I kept eyeing the deputy lead's position, hoping someone else would fill that slot. No one did, however, and I waited until almost the last minute before sliding our ship down into that position. This maneuver was accomplished between Wing IP and Group IP. (Wing IP means Wing Initial Point where the Combat Wing breaks up into individual groups and proceeds to that group's target. Group IP means the Initial Point for the individual groups to proceed to their own target).

As we approached our target, the JU-88 factory at Aschersleben, visibility was good and we could see no flak or fighters in the area. We were not more than 30 seconds from "bombs away" when the first burst was fired, and they hit us with that burst and every ensuing burst. We could hear the flak tearing through the aircraft each time one of the 88mm shells exploded. As I reflect on this, I am amazed that our bombs

(continued on page 30)

“Bird Dog” Crew (from page 30)

I had been asking about any other fliers, hoping some of the crew might have made it, but a German Major who interrogated me drew me a picture of the fuselage of our plane, showing the location of the bodies of the crew members that they had recovered. They also told me where Bill Greble and Don Hudson had been found. Greble hadn't opened his chute, and Hudson was thrown out with no chute on. He was found over half a mile from the fuselage where the others were. They showed me Greble's Zippo cigarette lighter, which was crushed like a wad of tinfoil. They also brought me Don Hudson's left flying boot to wear. I knew Bill and Don didn't make it. But I could not tell, from the information they were giving me, whether it was the truth or not. They were very cunning at obtaining information from downed fliers and we were warned about this. They could not account for the tenth, or missing man from the crew. It puzzled them. They kept asking me if I had a boxer on my crew. I told them no. It seems, as they said, they had shot and killed an airman that day who had tried to fight when they captured him. He took a swing at one of the Germans and was shot to death. I have no way of knowing whether that was the truth or not.

I was kept at Bernberg one night and sent, along with others, to Wetzlar, which seemed to be a distribution center for prisoners. I, along with others, were taken there by train. After a couple of days at Wetzlar, they loaded a whole bunch of us on another train. Those of us in my car were sent to Dulag Luft, the infamous interrogation center at Frankfurt on the Main. The RAF finally firebombed this place because the Germans were obtaining so much intelligence from captured fliers. It was reported that only one Allied Prisoner of War lost his life in the bombing.

At Dulag Luft, I was placed in solitary confinement, in room 4C. The room was about 5 or 6 feet wide, and about 8 feet long with one barred window that had wooden shutters that were kept closed, making the room quite dark. I never got out of the room except for going to the restroom and to daily interrogation in the mornings.

I was kept in this place a long time, perhaps 10 or 12 days — maybe even 15, as I completely lost track of time. This was in violation of the Geneva Convention, which restricts holding a prisoner in solitary confinement more than 3 days. As I was taken back and forth down the long hall to interrogation, I noticed there was a white card tacked up on my door, where only one or two others along the corridor had them — and even those would disappear after two or three days. One day I asked the guard why the card was on my door and in broken English he replied, “Why don't you speak?” He conveyed to me that they would keep me there until I was too weak to get up off the straw bunk without fainting, if I didn't tell them what they wanted to know. The guard seemed to be trying to warn me and I sensed that he didn't agree

with my treatment. They deliberately fed starvation rations to prisoners as that was a part of the breaking-down process.

In the morning I was given a warm cup of ersatz coffee and one piece of black bread, which was thinly spread with some kind of marmalade; at noon they brought me the coffee and a small bowl of warm, watery soup, and at night, the coffee with the bread again. Sometimes at night, they would bring two pieces of bread. I saved the hard crusts of the bread to scrub my teeth with, and wash out my mouth with the so-called coffee.

The very next weekend, after I had the talk with the partially friendly guard, I wasn't called in to be interrogated. When I asked why, I was told that my personal interrogator, a German Hauptmann (Captain) was on leave. I then said to the guard, “Why he told me I was going to be released this weekend.” To my surprise they believed me!!! They opened my shutters on my window, let me shave and clean up and even gave me a book to read. That very afternoon I was released from Dulag Luft and transferred to Stalag Luft III at Sagan, Germany. I should mention that it was obvious to me the reason they kept me for so long was because they were trying to find out where the tenth man on our crew was. They knew very well there should have been ten men on the airplane as they probably had the papers showing Hansbury as being on the flight.

Before I went outside, another POW handed me a draw-string tobacco sack with enough tobacco in it, along with the papers, to roll two or three cigarettes. For the first time since I was captured, I was free to walk from a room, by myself, and go to another location unattended. I sat down by the side of one of the buildings with my cigarette, in the warm sun, and was enjoying my smoke, when I heard a slow, southern drawl beside me, asking, “Can I have a draw off that cigarette?” I handed him the tobacco sack and papers and we struck up a conversation, learning we were both from Arkansas. He was Lt. Roy Dale Thompson, from Clinton, and I was from North Little Rock. We became lifelong friends and were separated only by his death by heart attack in 1984. When Tommy and I returned to the States, his fiancée introduced me to her best friend, and we have now been married for almost 44 years. I feel sure the effects of the war cut his life short some 15 or 20 years, as he came out of prison camp with heart problems and a nerve condition.

For the longest time, after I was in Stalag Luft III, I lived in fear that they would discover my absence, when my interrogator returned, and come to Sagan and take me back to Dulag Luft. But they never did. It may be, by that time, the war was so advanced they couldn't keep up with everything. I never gave up hope that some one other than me made it out of our plane that dreadful day, but each time a new group of “Kriegies” (prisoners) came in, I would question them, but never received any hope from anyone I talked with.

Incidentally, while I was at Dulag Luft,

one of the threats they used was accusing me of being a spy. I didn't wear my dog tags and they used that as an excuse to tell me that since I had no identification, that anyone could get clothes like my uniform, and therefore they had no way of establishing that I was an American serviceman — so I could be executed for spying.

Before daylight on January 28, 1945, we were marched out of Stalag Luft III because of the advancing Russians from the east. This was a miserable journey of some 2 to 3 weeks in the bitter cold and deep snow. Our German guards (some of them) were in worse shape than we were. There was one old man who got to the point where he couldn't put one foot in front of the other. He would drag his left foot, up to his right, one step at a time. The whites of his eyes were solid red with blood, and I have seen some of our own men carry the old man's rifle for him. We had orders not to escape during the march. These orders were from our own leaders. The reason was that all of Germany had been declared an area that any unauthorized person could be shot as a spy.

We walked from Sagan to Spremberg. During part of this journey, two German intelligence men walked with us. They talked to us about the Russians and made the statement that they had killed 15 million Russians and couldn't whip them — and that we (the Americans) couldn't either. They stated that we would have to team up someday to fight the Russians. For years it seemed their prophecy was right, but at this point in time the situation with Russia is not that bleak.

One night on this trip we stayed in a barn, and it was so cold that we stayed up and walked around most of the night to stay warm. We only had one light blanket each that we carried with us. Another night they packed so many of us in a church that the air grew stale, and we all became groggy and some men passed out. We stayed two or three nights in a pottery factory, where we were actually warm inside the building. They had some unique pottery containers there in which a man could crawl inside, and they were said to hold 1,000 liters.

At Halbau, Germany, we were standing in line in the street, with snow on the ground, and it was still snowing. An old German woman kept bringing us hot water, in defiance of a Nazi party member. Each time she went back and forth by him, she would toss her head up. The party member was standing over on a corner, by a post, with his hat brim pulled down over his eyes, like a movie gangster. Out in the country, we were stopped for a rest, and there was a house close to the road. I went over to the house and traded some soap for a bag of potatoes — kartoffels in German. I asked the lady in German if she had any food she would trade me. She said she had some kartoffels and asked me what I would give her for them. I told her soap, and we made a trade. I carried the potatoes all the way to Moosburg, where we had a potato bash. There were many of our men who had vary-

(continued on page 32)

Letters



Dear Bill:

Having just received my eagerly awaited copy of the Journal, I was deeply shocked to read the letter from Maureen Cope of Norwich. I can only assure you that her views are not shared by many of us Norfolk people who had the great privilege of meeting you during World War Two and have continued on that great friendship to the present day. I have searched through all our 1990 convention records, at the lists of helpers from the Trust, the Friends, the Villages and the many other Norfolk people who gave their time, but her name is not among them. As you know, all of us who help you do this out of gratitude, love and the chance to repay just a little of the great debt we owe, but we certainly do not expect to attend all YOUR convention functions. However with your 1990 theme of "We Honour the Villages" I am amazed that she did not attend, for even at your Banquet, each Group kindly invited so many local people. Other than the County Reception which was limited due to security reasons, all the main public events were open. The Cathedral Service, the Day Out when we needed helpers, the Base Days were all available so I am mystified why she did not attend. As for the "Big Brass," I have yet to meet them, for the only people I meet are those who are prepared to devote their time and effort to maintaining your unique 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich and the many other memorials, buildings, memorabilia and friendships in our villages by your old bases.

As a Norfolkman who has been fortunate enough to know the Division since 1942, I can only apologise and assure you that many of us do not share the views or bitterness of Maureen Cope; we are only too pleased to give up our time to serve you. We do not expect to be invited to all your functions, our reward comes in just having you back with us and making your stay a happy and enjoyable one. Perhaps if you do come back for a convention once more, Maureen will be willing to join the team of helpers. She will certainly find it hard work but great fun.

David J. Hastings
Norfolk, England

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

We keep looking for reasons why we are attracted to reuniting with those who have faced what we have.

I know from our crew's point of view, four of us have reunited at every opportunity: pilot Dick Witton, co-pilot Buck Croxford, bombardier Walt Conneely and navigator Abe Wilen. We have gone together to 2nd ADA, mini midwest and just the four of us to the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio.

We trained together from Boise, Pocatello, March Field, Hamilton Field, then 17 missions from Old Buckenham, all with the 453rd Group. We went down together May 8, 1944 on a mission to Brunswick. Then we spent the next year together in various German POW camps.

We had our own feelings and our own desires to reunite. Recently in one of the veterans' magazines, I ran across this explanation of our feelings and reasons for them:

"I know now why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep on one another's knees. Comrades gather because they long to be with men who once acted their best. Men who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped raw, right down to their humanity."

That is the best explanation I have seen for why we feel as we do, why we seek the company of those that were "stripped down to their humanity" as we were.

Abe Wilen
20100 Boca West Drive
Apt. 166
Boca Raton, FL 33434

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I am enclosing a photo of a young Carl Schmidt taken during the last war at Hortham St. Faiths, 458th Bomb Group. If anyone or even himself recognizes it they can contact me at the address below.

This photo came into my possession from a friend of mine who worked on the base during the war and they are just interested in finding out if he made it through to the end of the war and if he is still about. It was thought that he came from Charleston, PA. Hoping that this will meet with some success.

E.D. Clarke
16 Darrell Place
Norwich
Norfolk NR5 8QW
England



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I received my copy of the Kassel Mission. There is a note in the book that they don't know why the three planes aborted. I was on that mission on McClelland's plane. I was an assistant engineer waist gunner.

The reason we aborted was we had an engine knocked out by flak and could not keep up with the group. We were hit just before the target and aborted. I'm sending a picture of McClelland and our crew.

John Barron
66 Cumberland Village
Carmichaels, PA 15320



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Evelyn:

I am writing to you to join the 2nd Air Division Association. My father, S/Sgt. Roy E. Welch, 33089729, left waist gunner, was a member of the 8th AF, 392nd BG, 579th BS, and was KIA on 20 Feb. 44.

I've been trying to trace my father's military career and details about his death in a crash and have been trying to find someone who may have details that would help me. His plane, a B-24 H, 42-7529, the "Coral Princess," while returning from a bombing mission exploded and fell into a field near Manston RAF on 20 Feb. 44. I have been told another B-24 flew along with this crippled aircraft and that the navigator, a Lt. Gregory, was flying the plane. The pilot of the aircraft, 1st Lt. J.B. Peyton, and CP, 2nd Lt. A.P. Rueffer, apparently were not able to function as a result of taking heavy enemy hits.

I would like to hear from anyone who might recall any details of this fateful flight, especially while returning from the mission. Most all of the information I have about the crash came from the 392nd book "Liberators from Wendling" by Col. R. Vickers and a note from the 3rd SAD about the status of the wrecked plane.

I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone about this incident or any prior service that my father had with the Anti-Submarine groups (827th BS/5th Anti-Sub Sqdn that was stationed at Westover Field in 42/43).

I can be reached at home at (413) 467-3226 if anyone would rather call than drop a note.

Joseph Roy Welch-Snopek
37 Kellogg Street
Granby, MA 01033

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Recently, I have been in contact with Bill Dewey and Walter Hassenpflug regarding the memorial in Germany honoring those who lost their lives in the fateful bombing mission to Kassel, Germany on September 27, 1944 which nearly wiped out the 445th Bomb Group. I was the radio operator/gunner on Lt. William F. Golden's crew.

Lt. Golden was KIA as was Sgt. Norman Stewart, tail gunner. The balance of the crew were taken prisoner and spent the remainder of the war as Yankee Kriegies.

Since the war I definitely know that two former crew members have passed away. Sgt. Robert Bagley died on cancer in 1973. Bob was our armorer/gunner. Bombardier Lt. Ted Boecher also died of cancer on July 19, 1978.

Lt. Edmund Boomhower is retired and lives at 814 Warren Ave., Cary, NC 27511.

I am very interested in learning the status of the remaining crew members and hope that some of the Journal readers can provide me with an update on the following former crew members: co-pilot, Lt. Robert Christie; navigator, Lt. Norman Lubitz (wounded on our 1st mission to Strausberg, France); engineer, T/Sgt. Earl C. Romine; waist gunner, Sgt. Edward Feltus III; waist gunner, Pendelton Raines (not flying the day we were shot down).

I surely enjoy reading the Journal and look forward to each issue.

Jack M. Erickson
4090 Riverwoods Drive
Auburn, CA 95603



Front row (l-r): Sgt. Pendleton Raines, Sgt. Norman Stewart, Sgt. Bob Bagley. Second row: Sgt. Edward Feltus, S/Sgt. Jack Erickson. Standing: S/Sgt. Earl Romine, Lt. Norman Lubitz, Lt. Wm. F. Golden, Lt. Chester Droug

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

This letter is in regards to the Spring 1991 Journal, page 29. In the picture, 1st row, kneeling down, 2nd from left, reads Captain Rove. I believe that is Captain Love at that time. I stayed in barracks with Major Love, who was in ordnance, at Watton.

M.M. Feys
1340 So. 22nd Street
Quincy, Illinois 62301

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a photo of the Roth crew as assigned to the 453rd Bomb Group, 735th Bomb Squadron. I was co-pilot on the original crew who flew across the Atlantic on July 4, 1944 as a replacement crew. After six missions our pilot, O.K. Long, was taken off the crew to become a lead pilot. Long took our engineer with him on the lead crew. I moved up to pilot of the crew and McGilvary took my place as co-pilot until Pete Poulos replaced McGilvary. Fairchild took over the vacated engineer position. We completed thirty-six bombing missions plus one gas hauling mission for General Patton.



Standing (l-r): Vojtko, tail gunner; Statham, upper turret gunner; Jones, radio operator; Rippy, bombardier; Pippitt, nose gunner; McGilvary, co-pilot. Kneeling (l-r): Sweeney, waist gunner; Fairchild, engineer; Roth, pilot; Snyder, navigator.

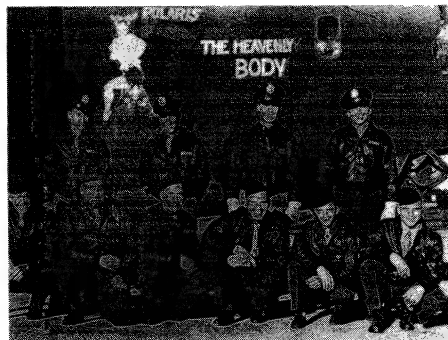
✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I have just received my first issue of the 2nd ADA Journal. It's great!

I, like so many others, would like to know the location of my former crew members. I am enclosing a photo of the original Polaris crew of the 466th BG. I would like to hear from any of them.

Wayne Tabor
7009 Echo Trail
Louisville, KY 40299
(502) 267-9857



Standing (l-r): J.W. Brown, P; Clifford "Kip" Schoeffler, CP; Karl Oesterle, N; and J. Weisgarber, B. Kneeling (l-r): Robert "Tex" Cannon, R; William Kent, TG; Wayne Tabor, WG; Walter D. Kvech, WG; Robert L. Enders, BG; Clyde Clontz, EG.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Waist gunner Sweeney received the one and only Purple Heart of our crew. He received a flak injury.

We returned to the States in April 1945. Only four of our original crew have been in touch. They are Long, Roth, Snyder and Neffsinger, the original engineer. If anyone knows the whereabouts of the rest of the crew please get in touch with me.

John Roth
38041 Ballard Drive
Fremont, CA 94536-7132
(415) 793-1691

Dear Bill:

A couple of weeks ago we had a visit from Darrell Reed, a former radio-op with the 445th BG. He told me of the wonderful reception he had received at the Aerospace Museum at Cosford when he went there with his son to inspect their B-24. As an old B-24 man he was allowed access to the aircraft which is not given to the general public. The person responsible for this was Dave Heath, an ex-RAF Liberator man who is employed by the Museum and whose special "baby" is the B-24.

It occurred to me that some of our members visiting the UK and finding themselves in the West Midlands area might like to visit Cosford or they could do what Darrell Reed did and make a day trip from London. There is a rail station at Cosford which is about a two and a half hour journey via Wolverhampton from Euston, London.

It would be a big help if people visiting Cosford especially to see the B-24 could contact Dave Heath first, at 56 Vicarage Road, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton WV11 1SE. Telephone 0902-731737. They would get a good response.

Tony North
Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich
Norfolk NR2 1NJ

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of the original "Delectable Doris" with the crew that made its final bomb run.

We were on our 18th mission and were hit by flak over Magdeburg, Germany on February 3, 1945. The initial hit took off the nose — on fire, with controls shot out, and our bomb load on board. We disintegrated at about 17,000 ft altitude. Two of us were blown clear and were able to pull our chute rip cords. We were taken prisoners and were survivors.

In the picture I am second from the left in the top row and was the co-pilot. Billy E. Wiedman was the right waist gunner and is the last on the right in the bottom row. I have not heard from Billy since wiring him \$150 after receipt of a telegram July 12, 1950. I am hoping he will see this and contact me.

You may be interested to know that our assigned aircraft was "Miss America" but because of a malfunction we were assigned to "Delectable Doris" to complete the maximum effort of February 3, 1945.

John W. Merrill
234 West Haven Road
Manchester, NH 03104



+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I noticed in the 2nd ADA Journal someone was looking for an address for the Air Force Sergeants Association. Just in case you don't have it: Air Force Sergeants Association, General Offices, 5211 Auth Road, Suitland, Maryland 20746; Tel. 1-800-638-0594.

If you know where I can get patches for the 467th Bomb Group, Squadron 791 & 788, please let me know.

Paul Hatten
8346 Copperside
Converse, TX 78109

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

In the Winter 1990 issue of the Journal on page 30 there is a letter by Ed Wanner. Maybe someone could enlighten me as to where I could purchase a sweatshirt like the young lady in the photograph has on.

Bill Maisenhelder
30 Horwich Street
Kingston, NY 12401

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

There are still some interesting stories left to tell about the 445th reunion at Tibenham last July. I wonder if any of those who were there remember the old gentleman who had his steam engine decorated with the Union Jack and the American flag. There was also a large sign on the front of the engine which said the following: "THANKS YANKS, YOU GAVE US HELP, WE GAVE YOU HOPE."

And hereby hangs a tale. Several days before Christmas I received a package from England. It was addressed to HITON Island, no state and no zip code. It had taken twenty-two days to get here. The sender was Mr. Aldrich. The package contained photos of his steam engine with a note asking me to forward one of the photos to Bob Hope to autograph and to return to him. The day after we received the package I had a telephone call from England and it was from Mr. A, asking if I had sent the photos on to Bob Hope. I assured him I would. I mailed the photos and request to Palm Springs, CA on the day after Christmas and hoped for the best.

On February 12 I had another call from Mr. A, happy and grateful, Bob Hope had come through. Mission accomplished! It's a nice little tale, isn't it?

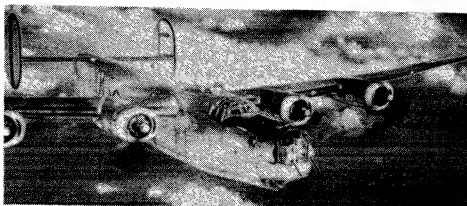
Theodore J. Kaye
11 Fishermans Bend Court
Hilton Head, SC 29926



+ + + +

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION BILL ROBERTIE

P.O. BOX 627
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DR CHARLES W GETZ
491ST
05 BRAEMAR DR
ILLSBOROUGH CA
94010

Dear Bill:

Here are various pictures taken of me on May 11, 1944 on my return from my 30th and last mission to Mulhousse, France marshalling yards.

Col. Gerry Mason, base CO, greets me as I depart plane. Friends help relieve me of my heavy flying clothing but they went a step further in getting me down to my longhandles. Even with the Scotch on an empty stomach I told the guys, "I don't know what you have on your mind but this is far enough!"

I had not seen the red, white and blue PJs in the background. Our 448th had lost 75 bombers before anyone had finished his tour so the Col. thought a little celebration was in order.

Leroy Engdahl



✦ ✦



✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I read your Mayday notice in the recent issue of the Journal and I had sent you a newspaper interview about myself and also a clipping about the book "Home By Christmas" last year. Perhaps it was nothing that you could use as it was in a newspaper? I also have photos of Harry Otten receiving decorations at the Hague for his contributions to the Air Forces liberations.

Everett S. Allen

Ed.: We have to have the permission of the newspaper if we are using an article from their paper. This sometimes delays the use of the material. We love articles where a 2nd ADA member is being interviewed.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I was a crew chief in the 506th Bomb Squadron, 44th Bomb Group stationed at Shipdham. The reason I am writing is to see if I can find a cap and logo with the 44th on it, and also a sweatshirt or T-shirt or both. Please let me know if you could direct me to the place I could purchase these items.

Percy L. Thomas
1630 E. 46th St. So.
Wichita, KN 67216

Ed.: These items were available some time ago but what the status is now I don't know. Try writing to Pete Henry who is your VP.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I'm sending you this photo of the 453rd Control Tower Crew, which includes the Weather Crews, Alert Crew, the Crash and Ambulance Crews and the Air Traffic Crews. When this photo was taken in 1944 I knew all the names of these men, and now I recognize the faces and remember few names. Those I do remember are:

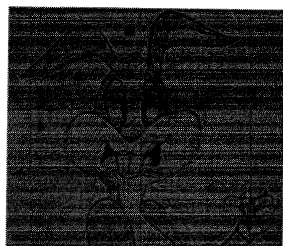
Back row (l-r): #2 Lee A. Doolittle, #4 Preston L. Hoover, #6 Wexler, #9 Young - with a question, and Captain Wyatt on the

end who was from Wenatchee, Washington.

Middle row: #1 Leonard M. Peterson and #3 Russel Bugbee. I still correspond with Leonard M. Peterson who lives in Brookings, South Dakota.

First row I drew a blank, except that #1 in that row manned the radio caravan at the approach of the landing runway.

Lee A. Doolittle
6552 N. 16th
Coeur D Alene, ID 83814



Dear Bill:

Would you please put these pictures and note in the letter section of the Journal? The envelopes with these drawings on the back were loaned to me, while over in England for our convention, by Mrs. Judith M. Pickering, now Judith M. Pickering Rasbsey. I was interested in finding the artist who drew these. Would anyone recognize the artist, or know where I can find him, would like to send an application to S/Sgt. Don Dayton, 17072551, 330th BS, 93rd BG.

Thank you Bill, you are doing a wonderful job, even though you were a 44th man.

Floyd H. Mabee
93rd BG Group VP
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801

Ed.: Them fighting words, son!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

"Bird Dog" Crew (from page 31)

ing degrees of frostbitten hands, feet and faces from walking in the bitter cold.

At Spremberg, I traded a cigarette to a German soldier in exchange for his skull and crossbones insignia, which I have to this day. He was in either a storm troop or a panzer unit, I have forgotten which. At Spremberg, we were crowded in boxcars on a long train and rode, standing up for the most part, the balance of the way to Moosburg. The only way one could sit down was between the legs of another man, who also needed to rest. For the latter part of our stay in Moosburg, we slept in tents on the ground. It was further south, near Munich, and the snow was off the ground when we got there.

We were liberated by Patton's 14th armored force on April 29, 1945. After we were liberated, we had no food at all. We borrowed rifles, jackets and vehicles from

American soldiers in the area, and went out among the German population and obtained our food from them. While this may seem harsh, it was the only way we could get anything to eat. On May 10, 1945, we were flown to Camp Lucky Strike at Le Havre, France, where I obtained leave and had made arrangements to fly out to Rackheath to find out about my crew. But, before I could leave, I became deathly ill with the flu and couldn't make the trip. After I felt better, I did write to the 467th group in England for information and when I arrived home in North Little Rock, I had a letter there from a Lt. Thomas Goodyear, advising me that I was the only survivor of our crew. The last sentence in his letter has often haunted me — "The Group has chalked up a good record and life at Rackheath has continued just the same as before." Just the same as before. Nothing would ever be the same as before to those of us who didn't return to

Rackheath from their missions — whether they managed to live through it or not.

There has been much soul-searching and considerable anguish in reliving these events. I will not belabor this account with further details. It is sufficient to say that air crew members had a special camaraderie for each other that is found only under circumstances where they routinely face danger together, time after time, and are dependent upon each other for their safety. To this day, I cannot watch a documentary of aircraft going down in battle without tears coming to my eyes for the gallant, young men riding those machines of war to their deaths. I think of what might have been had the men of my crew been allowed to live and contribute their good minds, talents and enthusiasm to our world. I sometimes think that what we lost was greater than what we won.



491st BOMB GROUP THE LAST AND THE BEST the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Hap Chandler

GROUP DIRECTORY

The 491st Bomb Group Directory for 1991 is ready for the printer and will be in the mail in early July. It contains 848 current names and addresses of Ringmasters. This will be mailed *only* to "LOG" subscribers paid up for 1991, 328 as of June 8, 1991. You may obtain a copy and become a current subscriber by mailing ten dollars to 'Ringmasters Log', P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, GA 30338-8148.

ALL AMERICAN WEST COAST TOUR

I was in California and Oregon with the "All American" crew in May. Reaction to this almost extinct "bird" was remarkable. One day in San Jose, three thousand paid to walk through this restored aircraft. Ray Covert, 855th Squadron and one of the original pilots of the 491st, was among those in San Jose. Ray now lives in Santa Cruz.

In Oakland we visited with Jack Chapman, also 855th Squadron, who reminisced about his crew's unusual composition, two sets of brothers. Jack's brother was the pilot, while the waist gunners were twin brothers. Probably the only crew in the Eighth Air Force so constituted.

The flight from San Jose to Sacramento was another "first" — father and son on same flight. Lloyd Hubbard, whose career was covered in Log 6, was accompanied by his son Wayne. To the delight of Lola Hubbard, wife and mother who awaited their arrival in Sacramento anxiously, this mission was without incident.

Sacramento was alive with Ringmasters.

John Crowe was on hand to report on Bill Getz' crew. Dee McKenzie regaled Ruth, his wife, with his feats in "the bird." Dee and Ruth plan to return to England with our 491st tour in May 1992. Emil Mastagni arrived just as we were taxiing out to takeoff for Oregon.

Then, on to Portland, a five hour flight across northern California and along the Oregon coast. Although we had Los Molinos in our bombsight, we squelched the urge to bomb Louis Brunnemer, our resident comedian. Louis is busy delighting California audiences with his "Ringmaster Humor." Louis has not figured which squadron he served with. "I went with the party, not the squadron." Good thinking!

Harold Fritzler had organized a rousing welcome in Portland, where a large crowd waited two hours in a cold rain to welcome us. Sadly, time did not allow me to continue to Tacoma and a reunion with my sometimes pilot, Gene Scamahorn.

As for my flight time. It has been 46 years, 2 months and several days since my March 3, 1945 round trip to Magdeburg. This trip in the restored plane was draftier than I remembered. It climbed faster, there was less flak, no fighters and, best of all, the comforting roar of Pratt and Whitneys.

The shocker was how small that "great big airplane" has become over the years. Although I gave up on getting into the nose turret again, I was able to go from waist to nose via the bomb bay and tunnel. Then back to the flight deck and an hour in the co-pilot's seat! Next day via Delta's L-1011 I reflected on how far aviation technology has come in the years since the great adventure of flying the North Atlantic.

2nd ADA MEMBERSHIP

Along with our parent organization we continue to grow. Our latest count, May 22, 1991, is 475. Although our numbers continue to grow, sadly so do our "Folded Wings." Jim Trego, Ed Ainsworth, Bill Starnes, Bob Fogarty, and Dr. Sid Grant all departed this life in 1991.

2ADA

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Group

“Bird Dog” Crew (from page 29)

were not hit in the bomb bay. Just before “bombs away,” Sgt. Francis Van Veen, our radio operator, tapped my right shoulder and said, “There’s a fire in the bomb bay.” I looked back over my shoulder and saw the fire, which appeared to be hydraulic fluid burning. I told Van Veen to try to put it out, and returned to trying to keep the aircraft in formation and clear of other planes. At almost the same time Van Veen reported “fire,” I had felt the controls go slack and my oxygen supply was extremely hot. I jerked the oxygen hose loose to avoid inhaling flames, in case that system was on fire — as it is sure death if this happens. Eyewitnesses later reported seeing the men in the back of the plane slump over and fall to the floor, and flames streaking out of the waist windows. It is my belief that they died from breathing the deadly flames from the oxygen system, but there is no way to know this for certain. They could have been hit by flak fragments.

Because of this fact, Sgt. John Murphy may not have been able to get his customary brick thrown out. On every mission he carried one addressed, “to Adolph with love, from Murph,” and threw it out somewhere over Germany.

It was Robby’s custom to call out “bombs away,” and I didn’t hear him as I felt the ship rise as the heavy bomb load was released. Our radio was out but I didn’t know it at the time. Immediately after bombs away, I fed the two left engines in and cut back the right engines, in order to avoid midair collision with anyone else and clear the formation. As we cleared the formation, in a diving right turn, I fed all four engines back in and the plane began heeling to the left. I felt that we were going to go down, and told the boys on the intercom to abandon the aircraft. I repeated this twice before I realized the radio was out, as I didn’t get any “feedback” through my headset. As I reached for the alarm bell to alert the crew to bail out, Lt. Bill Greble, my co-pilot, had risen from his seat and was stepping around the control pedestal, when, it felt to me like the right wing came off. I don’t know if the wing did come off then, or there was an explosion, or exactly what happened; but for lack of a better expression — “all hell broke loose.” I believe the top turret came loose and crushed Greble and nearly got me, as something grabbed my left leg and held it tight enough to pull my flying boot, electric sock and regular sock completely off.

The aircraft gyrated viciously, with a whipping motion, that I find difficult to accurately describe. I was being tumbled about inside the fuselage like a pea in a rain barrel, and could not maintain any sense of direction, up or down, center of gravity or anything one might think they could do under those circumstances. I had previously thought what I might do if something like this were to happen, but I couldn’t even put my hand in front of my face, so violent were the forces. After what seemed an eternity, during this period, I realized I was not

going to get out and that I would be smashed lifeless upon striking the ground. I was almost unconscious from the beating I was taking inside the plane, when the violent oscillation suddenly stopped and the plane continued falling with a rolling motion — similar to the rotation of a mixing machine, such as a concrete mixer. After an indeterminate time in this condition, I suddenly felt fresh air blow across my back, and I knew that the next time the plane rotated I would be thrown out — and sure enough, I was thrown out of some hold, like a shot, into cool, fresh air. I estimate the altitude to have been about 2500 feet, and as I got my feet pointed towards earth, I looked down and saw our aircraft fuselage falling below me, rolling over and over, with no wings on it. It appeared to me that the plane had quit burning.

I remembered our briefings on being shot down, to delay opening your chute until you could see trees start to spread rapidly and you would miss some ground fire at you. I did this and when I thought it was time, I grasped my “D” ring with my right hand and pulled, but was unable to pull the rip cord. I had injured my right elbow and hadn’t realized it until that moment. I then put my left hand over my right hand and pushed, opening the parachute. I swung forward and then backward and started another swing forward when I hit the ground face down in a plowed field, about 100 feet from where the fuselage of our plane hit. I wanted to run over to it, but couldn’t because Germans were already coming toward me from across the field.

Thinking of escape, at some later time, I unbuckled my chute and ran about 100 feet into a clump of trees, about the size of a very small house. I quickly broke open my escape kit and hid a tube of condensed milk and an escape compass in my only boot — the right one. My left foot was completely bare. I buried the rest of the kit, containing Germany escape money and other items that I didn’t want the Germans to get. As the Germans approached me, I came out of the woods toward them and fell down on my stomach, pretending to be hurt more than I actually was.

The next thing I knew they were standing all around me, both men and women. They looked to be some sort of civilian watch force whose purpose was this very thing. One woman asked me if I had a “pistola.” I pretended not to understand. Another one looked at my clothes and asked a man if I was a civilian. He replied, “Nix, officer.” They brought my parachute over and the women were feeling the material and looking as though they were thinking of what they could make out of it. They handed it over to some of the men.

They took me over to a road where I sat down. It wasn’t until later, when I saw myself in a mirror, that I realized how terrible I must have looked. My head and face were totally covered with blood from head wounds that went to the skull and my face was totally covered in blood; you could see no skin, except for my eyelids. My left foot was also burned and cut, especially on my

heel and my right elbow was injured. I was very fortunate, though!

One old man pointed a rifle at me and indicated that he wanted me to start walking down the road, away from the others, and I had no choice but to go. I firmly believed at that time, and do now, that he intended to shoot me when we were out of sight of the others. I made up my mind that I was not going to just walk along and be shot, and I was trying to formulate a plan, in my mind, of how to jump him first, when the regular Wehrmacht soldiers came down the road in a pick-up truck and put me in the back with two of them. During this time, they were apparently checking the old man out good, which included threatening hand gestures. It was during this trip, where they took me to an airfield we had just bombed, that I saw two B-24s from other groups, on the ground burning and two other plumes of black smoke that I am almost certain were either other aircraft burning, or the wings from our aircraft, which contained the fuel tanks. On the way to the field, as we were passing along a high bluff, someone apparently threw a brick at me from the top of the cliff and it landed in the bed of the truck. One of the young German soldiers drew his pistol and I believe he would have shot at whoever threw the brick if he had located them.

It was at the airport that I saw myself in a mirror. They took me to a room where there were three other American fliers. One of them was named Friend, and he was seriously injured in the back. Another one was named Feldman, who later turned up at Stalag Luft III with me. He was from Tulsa, Oklahoma. If I was told the name of the other flyer, I do not remember it. We were not allowed to speak to one another. I remember that the clocks in the building were stopped at 10:32 from our bombs. They took everything I had away from me, except for my handkerchief, which they must have missed. That handkerchief was really good to have, especially when I was in solitary confinement later. When I went down the corridor to the bathroom, I would wet it and carry it back to my cell and dab it around my face the best I could.

From the room at the airport, I was taken to the local jail, where I was put in a dark room (cell) that had a wooden bunk with nothing but boards on it. It was made to slant upwards for a pillow. (The Germans didn’t mollycoddle their outcasts.) Believe it or not, I actually went to sleep, I suppose from a combination of shock and loss of blood. Later that same day, I was transferred to a regular jail at Bernberg, where a German doctor supposedly tended my wounds. He put something on gauze that burned like fire and just scrubbed my head and face wounds with much unnecessary vigor. I decided he was trying to make me show pain, but I was determined to show none, and didn’t. I almost fell out though, as when I was standing there everything went slowly black, but I didn’t fall. I probably would have if the doctor hadn’t stopped scrubbing on my wounds when he did.

(continued on page 31)

Merry-Go-Round in the Sky

by Ken "Deacon" Jones (389th)

January 3, 1945. Marshelling Yards - Homburg, Germany Aircraft V- Bomb Load 20-250 lb. GP 2-M 17 Incendiary.

This is the Deacon Jones crew's second visit to this particular, picturesque part of Fortress Germany on our European tour. The Germans gave us a very warm reception. We turned down an invitation to stay for supper.

Take-off and formation were normal and uneventful. 5/10s to 10/10s clouds over the continent.

We were at the top of the world, flying right wing, right element in the High Right Squadron. A few locations along the Rhine River pumped up some black clouds to assist the navigators with alternate check points as we skirted some areas known to have heavy flak concentrations.

As we neared the critical stage of the mission, there was a funneling of bomb groups toward the IP. The flak was becoming concentrated. Everyone wants to get in and get out!

Our group started to over-run the bomb group ahead of us. The 389th lead pilot began to make slow "S" turns to hold us back. The groups behind started to over-run our formation. The outside elements in our group were mushing along in a nose high altitude and we were on the verge of going into a stall.

The trailing groups in the bomber column bored in at closely spaced intervals. Within seconds, we would have squadrons flying through one another and planes stalling out all over the sky. The 389th Bomb Group was squeezed out at the IP. No chance to get back into line.

The group leader took the only possible course of action - we made a shallow turn to the left. The group behind filled in the narrow gap we left and continued into the bomb run. Our group made two 360 degree turns which seemed to take up most of the afternoon. The Germans added to our excitement about being on the merry-go-round by painting the sky with pretty black blossoms. Someone said it was a "black picture."

The secondary objective at this stage of the mission was to give the German Flak Gunners Society some extra practice in shooting at moving targets and to drive them nuts trying to figure out what we were going to do next. Sort of a diversionary tactic to take the heat off of our friends in the other groups.

We felt like the most popular girl at the dance because our plane was getting all the attention. The moderate, and accurate as hell flak was concentrated on the right side of the group's three squadrons which were circling to the left. Our element was showing brightly on German radar and was the

one in the middle of the flak bursts, regardless of false claims by a hundred other eye-ball witnesses.

One particular four gun battery, bursting in close proximity would go off in a stepped up sequence. The first shell exploded low, the next one higher, etc. The sequence slanted left and right and sometimes forward and backward at an upward angle. Mushrooming ink blots seeking aluminum and Yankee bottoms. And, always moving with our element. A blind, drunken giant below the undercast, with a long club, savagely lashing out at metal trash cans in a back alley. The intercoms on scores of planes were jammed with colorful language.

The aircrew spectators were huddling behind the dubious protection of helmets, flak vests and armor at their individual stations as the painted horses plunged up and down on the merry-go-round. It would be proper to say the action was more like playing "crack-the-whip" on ice skates as we had to push throttles to stay somewhere in the formation.

How in hell can the formation *look good* with all the distractions?

It was terrifying to fly through the spent bursts. Everyone knows lightening doesn't strike twice in the same place. Waiting - for a spent burst to explode again like a giant firecracker going off in your face.

Upon suddenly slicing into one dark burst with the nose of the ship, I instinctively ducked below the instrument panel. The personal embarrassment damned near ruined my day.

"The war is hardest for those who must sit and wait." Scared and frustrated - bouncing around from concussion and letting them beat your brains out. Everyone thinking, "What the hell are we doing here in a shooting war anyway?"

A hundred years ago, I stumbled over my feet in my haste to sign enlistment papers as an Aviation Cadet and raised my hand so I wouldn't miss the war. Now some squareheads are trying to blast us into oblivion. I was sweating in the sub-zero cold and filled with vain regrets.

An unknown, unfair, and impulsive pilot broke radio silence and screamed over Channel "B" that "Horrible Herbie has screwed up again" and closed his tirade with "you might as well give your heart to God, boys, because your fanny belongs to Jerry." (He didn't use polite language.)

After completing the two, large sweeping turns, the formation straightened out. It surprised me that we still had some resemblance of a formation. The outside elements pulled back in and we made the run into the target.

On the bomb run into the target I made a lot of promises to the Lord which I prob-

ably won't keep.

The sky behind us was a pall of drifting smoke. Bits of shrapnel were still raining down on the potato fields around Homburg. The Krauts ran out of ammo and targets at the same time. The flak opposition over the target was mild and anti-climatic by comparison to the endless minutes of circling.

We rallied down and to the right. Even though we were on the inside of the turn, it seemed like we were now going 500 mph. We were the last group out in the bomber column. Pushing power a little to try and catch up with the group ahead. Felt alone - fighter bait. Thank God Jerry fighter pilots were relaxing in the beer hall with a few steins of schnapps.

The weather had closed in while we dallied over Germany. Let down through a hole in the clouds in south England. Flew low visibility back to base at 200 feet under a dark, lowering overcast. The squadron probably "raised some straw on a few thatched roofs and turned a windmill around." Back home we would be grounded or fined for having all this fun.

After landing, we eased the ship into the circular hardstand and spun it around, pointed back toward the perimeter taxi strip. Shut the power down and turned off the lights.

Before heading for debriefing and a cold shower, we noted the crew chief and his men would spend a little time with tin snips and rivets patching up a few holes in the tour bus. The next occupants wouldn't have to sit in a draft if the line crew was given enough time to finish before she takes off again.

Stars & Stripes

HEAVIES HIT SUPPLY LINES FOR 12th DAY

"The 8th Air Force relentless assault on supply lines feeding Nazi forces in the Ardennes salient thundered into the twelfth straight day yesterday as over 1,000 Fortresses and Liberators protected by some 600 Mustangs and Thunderbolts, smashed road and rail centers at more than a dozen points.

"Striking deeper into Germany...the heavies rocked communications centers northwest of Karlsruhe and some near Belgium-German border. Marshelling yards in the Cologne and Frankfurt areas took a beating (*So did we - KJ*).

"A Reuter's dispatch last night disclosed that in the first 16 days of the German offensive Allied air forces alone destroyed 1,647 Nazi planes, not counting ack-ack successes."

How to Crash a B-24 the Hard Way

by Hershel J. Hausmann (448th)

I must preface this account, of the durability of the Liberator in surviving a crash landing, with the proviso that I am recalling the incident from memory some 46 years after the fact. Hence, there may be lapses both in detail and in the temporal sequence of the event. Our crew were members of the 714th Squadron of the 448th Bomb Group stationed at Seething, England.

On the 15th of January 1945, I and my crew were awakened, at the typically early hour, only to be informed that we were scheduled to join the mission of that day, a mission that we were not scheduled for previously. The mission of that day was to be a maximum effort one and my crew was tapped to join the effort due, I believe, to the fact that we were the most junior crew at hand. This was to be in fact our second mission. As a point of information, I was the first pilot of our crew.

Aside from our natural nervousness at being called at an unexpected time, I was further unhappy to learn that we were to fly the oldest 24J on the base and at the bucket-on-bucket position in formation. Our target of the day was at Gunzburg, Germany and I do not now recall the nature of the target. Since I have no record of any particularly heavy flak or fighters, I must assume it was a fairly easy mission except for the length. While it proved to be approximately 8 hours long for the rest of the formation, our logged time was 7 hours.

Flying in the bucket-on-bucket position was particularly difficult. Not only were we on the bottom end of the eleven-ship formation with the concomitant necessity of constant throttle jockeying to stay in proper formation, but I and my co-pilot had to look upward to stay in formation with the accompanying strain on our neck muscles. In all honesty I must admit that some of the throttle jockeying was probably due to my

inexperience. As any formation pilot will attest, constant throttle jockeying is particularly hard on gas consumption.

On withdrawal from target and approximately one-third the way across the channel, one engine quit! I immediately made a 180 degree turn and headed towards the continent. Our engineer then informed me that the bottom had fallen out of the gas gauges and we were in danger of running out of gas. I then had the radioman call air-sea rescue and gave the crew a ditching warning. As we let down through an overcast at 6000 feet, we could see ships (presumably air-sea rescue) circling beneath us. What a welcome sight. However, ditching was my last thought. I hoped to have enough gas to reach a field on the continent. As land came into sight, unfortunately all four engines quit. At this point all I could think of was to reach land; I wanted no part of ditching. Our altitude was decreasing rapidly and it did not appear that if we reached land we would be high enough to bail out. So I prepared the crew for a, hoped for, crash landing. Prior to this time I do not recall ever having flown the 24 without power. One can imagine the nose-down attitude I had to sustain in order to maintain flying speed.

Now some 46 years later I do not recall if we had ever been briefed on the best way to crash land the 24, but I assume we had. In any event I called for full flaps and gear down. As I looked ahead all I could see was a vast area of snow-covered land. We hit the ground about one-half mile from the coast at a point I later learned was south of Ostend, Belgium. Fortunately the landing gear came off simultaneously which kept the wings level. Otherwise we might have cartwheeled with disastrous results. I kept jockeying the rudders trying to keep us going straight. We finally came to rest with the nose of the plane in an irrigation ditch.

At this point my feet were resting on dirt; the bottom of the plane had been ground away. My first thought was, "Oh my God, were the bombardier and navigator still in the nose?" Of course they had been pulled out and in fact were directly behind me. There was no fire, no explosion, and we all dazedly evacuated the craft. There were no injuries among all ten members of the crew. As we stood beside the plane and looked backward towards the coast, all four propellers in a staggered array were seen to be standing with one prop blade of each one impelled in the ground.

Being the rookies that we were, we were unsure as to what our responsibilities were with respect to the aircraft. So the gunners went back into the craft, after a respectable time to ensure there was to be no fire, and pulled out their fifty calibers and the bombardier retrieved his bomb-sight platform (we carried no bomb sight in the bucket-on-bucket position). All I could think of was, "what are the powers that be going to do to me for destroying this beautiful plane." What a woe-be-gone group we must have presented to the Belgian people who came running to the plane. To this day I cannot believe what I said to them as they approached. In my dazed condition and in my best high school poorly-remembered French, I said, "Nous sommes Allemagne" — We are German! Fortunately they could not understand my French. Subsequently we were picked up by members of the British 75th A.A. battalion who informed us that we had slithered through a mine field.

On many of the additional twenty missions we flew as a crew, we were able to look down on crossing the coast, when the weather was clear, and see our poor airplane lying on the ground. At least in this instance, the remarkable B-24 proved its mettle in a dead-stick crash landing.

Bomber Buzzes Bristol

Submitted by Henry Wentland

Dateline - May 28, 1945: Earlier this morning a lone 4-engine, twin tail bomber flew low over the Chippanee Hill farm land in Bristol. Probably this is one of the many aircraft streaming into Bradley Field in nearby Hartford, returning from...

Hmmm... I remember Bristol, Connecticut. But why does this newspaper article [Bristol Press, Bristol, CT, May 29, 1945] crop up in my mind after 45 years?

Let's see, I spent my high school "vacations" on the Behrendt Farm in Bristol, the last year was 1941.

You probably know the farm routine: up at 5, milk 30 cows, breakfast, work in the fields (weeding corn, making hay, removing rocks from the pastures, building chicken coops, etc.), dinner at noon, back to the fields, cows in at 5 p.m., supper, listen to

the radio, apple pie and milk at 9 p.m. and off to the feather bed. Repeat this routine every day, only substitute church for field work on Sunday.

Some Sunday afternoons I might take a .22 gauge rifle down to the pond in the south pasture, throw out small blocks of wood on the water, step back and plink away for awhile.

Once I fell asleep up on the bank only to be awakened by some buzzing overhead. Looking up, I saw a bright yellow Piper Cub doing circles across the sky. Some student pilot evidently trying to satisfy his instructor with perfect circles that looked more like lopsided ellipses to me. I felt qualified to make this judgment since I had amassed all of 5 minutes of dual instruction in a J-3 myself. One of my high school teachers moonlighted on the weekends as a

Flight Instructor. Each week he selected 2 deserving students to join him and while he taught his students in a Piper Cub, we were allowed to clear large stones from his new landing field. And yes, at the end of the day each of us got our reward — 5 minutes of flight instruction.

Oh, I remember Bristol and those "summer vacations" fondly, strange as that may seem. This was a real treat for a teenager from the streets of New York City. And yes, 1941 was an eventful year for me, which was not complete until December 7th threw everyone's life into chaos. The United States Army Air Force seemed to be spot for me and in 1942, I became a member.

Moving along to January 1945, I recall arriving late one dark night at the airbase in
(continued on page 27)

Come Fly With Me

Submitted by Dwight Bishop (453rd)

I'm proud to be a U.S. flag...and fly with dignity...Because my freedom wasn't won...without hostility...O may I plead come fly with me...look out across the sky...And if you will, I promise you...that I'll try not to cry.

My job is flying ev'ry day...for all the world to see...I represent the gallant men...that all through history...Marched out from hallowed pages when...the trouble did ensue...And if you knew them, like I did...you'd fight the tears back too.

For as they sang, we won't be back...until it's over there...They planted many memories...that I would like to share...I felt such pride that day at Wake...I flew there for a while...Was raised against tremendous odds...on Iwo Jima Isle.

I've flown half mast at places like...Corregidor, Bataan...Men scaled the cliffs at Normandy...to bear my colors on...Pearl Harbor taught this land of ours...no liberty is free...I wept o'er ev'ry battlefield...and know that victory,

Is bought with sweat and blood and

tears...Or traded for the slain...But I proclaim to all the world...they did not die in vain...I flew at ev'ry major front...to honor Uncle Sam...Korea had its heros too...and so did Vietnam.

Marines were slain in Lebanon...to raise involvement fear...But if we don't fight over there...they'll bring it over here...If I could know, just what it was...that reared courageously...To leave behind heroic deeds...that carved out history.

Just what it was inside of them...that overcame their fear...What made them leave the homes they loved...and families held dear...What made these men, lay down their lives...to stem the tide of war...For now they rest beyond the blue...upon that golden shore.

For in the air, on land or sea...great courage did prevail...But many names, may God forgive...were lost upon the trail...It reads unknown, upon their cross...they rest beneath the sod...Tho we may never know their names...their names are known to God.

I'm very sure that God himself...told ev'ry man 'well done'...And comforted each mother's heart...who sacrificed a son...My vigilance will never end...above your hallowed dead...Who gave their very best, their lives...and then marched on ahead.

I pray that I can someday fly...in peace forevermore...That I'll be spared, the pain and grief, and misery of war...That someday through the grace of God...the drums of war will cease...And ev'ry place on earth will dwell...in everlasting peace.

For ev'ry soldier I have known...may I salute you sir...For I was there the day you fell...and know how brave you were...And so I fly around the world...for ev'ry soldier's sake...But wonder how much more of this...my broken heart can take.

I'm much, much more, that just a flag...that decorates a pole...I am the faith, the hope and love...within the G.I. soul...And if a flag could really talk...here's what this flag would say...To ev'ry soldier laid to rest...COME FLY WITH ME TODAY.

93rd Information Needed

I request this information for historical reasons. This information is needed before it is too late and/or forgotten. Please fellows, take a little of your time and help with this. This is a list of pilot names and planes of 93rd BG that were involved in the Ploesti 1 Aug. 43 mission. Two plane names are missing; if you know what they are please let me know. Please check this list for accuracy. The numbers I know are correct. I need pictures of these planes and crews now, if possible, especially "Hells Wench," flown by our 93rd Group commander, Lt. Addison Baker, shot down over target. He and co-pilot Maj. John L. Jerstad were both awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal of Honor. Either send me copies or negatives; I will guarantee the return of anything. Please no Xerox copies. Please send to:

Floyd H. Mabee, 28 Hillside Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801

Pilot	Plane Name	Plane Number
Avendano	Dog Patch Raider	41-24192 192-A
Baker	Hell's Wench	42-40994 994-D
Bird	Boomerang	41-23722 722-C
Black	Shoot Luke	41-23729 729-D
Brown, G.S.	Blasted Event	41-23682 682-Q
Brown, L.L.	Queenie	41-24298 298-V
Collins	Picadilly Filly	41-24111 111-P
DeMont	Valiant Virgin	42-40765 765-T
Dessert	Tupelo Lass	41-24105 105-Q
Emmons	Big Noise (Doity Boid)	42-40969 969-A
Ford	Satan's Angels	42-40604 604-C
Freese	Jack Frost	41-24259 259-30
Geron	Death Dealer	42-40611 611-W
Harms	Hell's Angels	42-40781 781-U
Harvey	Hellsadroppin II	41-23809 809-N
Hickman	Jerks Natural	41-23711 711-D
Hurd	Tarfu	41-23810 810-S
Kendall	Lucky (Luck Gordon)	41-24215 215-S
League	?	42-40610 610-Y
Long	Jersey Bounce	42-40609 609-I
Longnecker	Thundermug	42-42046 246-F
Meehan	?	42-40804 804-X
Merrill	Thar She Blows	42-40127 127-O

McBride	Here's To Ya (Jo Jo's Special Delivery)	41-24230 230-Z
McFarland	Liberty Lad	41-23742 742-R
Olliffe	Let 'Er Rip	41-24121 121-J
Porter	Euroclydon	42-40612 612-K
Potts	Duchess	41-24147 147-A
Roche	Ready and Willing	41-24109 109-C
Roper	Exterminator	41-23717 717-H
Stampolis	Jose Carioca	42-40617 617-N
Stewart	Utah Man	41-24226 226-L
Tate	Ball of Fire, Jr. (War Baby)	32-40128 128-J
Teltser	Pudgy	42-40613 613-E
Turner	Vulgar Virgin	42-40608 608-M
Wilkinson	Little Lady (Teggie Ann)	41-23754 754-U
Womble	Honky Tonk Gal	42-40265 265-W



"THEN YOU WILL SLIP INTO THE AMERICAN LINES UNOBSERVED."

-Sgt. F. Phillips

Hethel Highlights

by Earl Zimmerman



Lt. H.L. James crew, Ankara, Turkey. Kneeling (l-r): S/Sgt. John P. Morris, KIA; T/Sgt. Earl L. Zimmerman, radio. Standing (l-r): Lt. Wm. R. Gilliat, navigator; S/Sgt. Max Cavey, folded wings; T/Sgt. Grover A. Edmiston, bombardier; T/Sgt. Harold M. Thompson, KIA mid-air over Hethel; Capt. Robert Schwelling, co-pilot. Lt. James had escaped to Syria when this photo was taken.

On December 14, 1943, Brig. General Richard Tindall, Military Attache, U.S. Embassy, Ankara, Turkey, came to the Yeni Hotel and advised me, "Earl, get your affairs in order. It is your turn to escape and you will be going out on the 16th." I was given instructions on the details of the escape and handed a phony passport.

On December 15th, I attended my last Turkish language lesson with my private tutor, advising him I was switching to German as we had a Kraut deserter in our hotel and he agreed to teach me Kraut. I returned some books to the library at the Embassy, broke a date, picked up my laundry and collected a few debts from the boys.

Early on the morning of the 16th, I signed the payroll at the Embassy, made the rounds of my usual haunts in Ankara and attended a gala party in the evening at Pop Karpich's, the best restaurant in town. For the escape I chose a brown pinstripe, tailor made, double breasted suit from my wardrobe and polished my low quarters. Among my effects I had two gold Omega watches, six English gold sovereigns (from escape kits) and a Leica camera.

After signing in from parole I escaped from the Yeni Hotel, made my way to the rendezvous, met a few other escapees and received last minute instructions. At 11:40 p.m. we boarded a train headed for Syria. Got through customs at the border and was met by a British Major in Aleppo. The trip to Cairo was made on a battered C-47 and we were quartered at Camp Huckstep where we got back into uniform. Christmas in Cairo, with firecrackers yet, and a C-47 to Marrakech, Morocco, in time for New

Year's Eve celebration at the Red Cross, departing for Prestwick, Scotland on General Montgomery's private C-54 the next day, the General climbed aboard just before take-off. From Prestwick, Scotland then to London to get cleared by the CIC and back to the land of the Sky Scorpions, Hethel.

Circa 1986, I started to receive letters from the VA advising that all ex-POWs were required to take a physical to determine if they suffered any lasting effects from being held captive. I ignored all of the letters but received a phone call from the VA setting a date for the physical. About the same time I got letters from the ex-POW outfit inviting me to join up and get with the program. They became very persistent so I finally called the secretary and advised I was not a POW but an internee. No matter, I was officially listed by the VA as meeting the requirements to be listed as an ex-POW. So, OK, I'll join up and send my dues but don't expect me to attend any meetings and sit next to an old dogface who survived the Bataan Death March. What would I say if he asked me how I escaped out of Turkey?

A good friend of mine was shipped to Italy after boot camp and was taken prisoner two days after getting off the ship. I accused him of walking off the gangplank with his hands in the air yelling, "Comrade." He denied it of course. He tells of an SS Trooper dragging him two miles through the hills of Italy trying to remove his high school ring, getting thrashed with barbed wire and eating turnip soup during his captivity.

I have received applications to apply for the ex-POW medal, apply for a free license plate and get invitations to attend parades and picnics, etc. So far I have resisted all attempts to put ex-POW decals on my car, wear a baseball cap or jacket proclaiming I was a POW. Can you imagine the catcalls I would get if seen by a 2nd AD dogface while marching in an ex-POW parade wearing one of those funny hats.

Come on guys, it's a long way from eating in good restaurants every day and dancing with the Ambassador's daughter, to laying in a rack in Stalag Luft VI and eating turnip soup. We did have our rough days however. The Second Internment Command lads lost a football game to the war correspondents one weekend and the Ankara University students beat us in a baseball game. Our bombardier, T/Sgt. Grover Edmiston, flattened a Turkish traffic cop one day after a bout with a bottle of Raki. If you think a Stalag was rough, you should see the inside of the Kapis (jail) in Turkey. We visited Grover now and then to take him a few smokes.

Our time in the Yeni Hotel in Ankara did take its toll on the lads. After six months of dinner parties, beer busts, picnics and dates with allied embassy secretaries, our guys got a little bleary eyed. It was rough walking into Pop Karpich's, slipping him a pack of American cigarettes, flown in from Cairo every week, and getting caviar and oranges sent to your table. The zither player in the band would break out in an old favorite when he saw us enter. If Herr Von Papen, the Kraut Ambassador, was present, we were seated across the room so we didn't have to rub elbows. We were not lucky enough to get turnip soup, ala Stalag Luft VI, but served a cabbage soup with sour cream called Borscht. It was a real chore to put away all the chow and top it off with a dish of dondurma (ice cream).

After arriving back at Hethel I went to the Combat Mess and was served up some boiled mutton, brussels sprouts, dehydrated potatoes and cold tea (Typhoo), by an unshaven dogface, wearing a greasy apron, with a cig hanging from his mouth, the ashes falling in the gruel. No zither player to entertain us but a female dog, in heat, charging around under all the tables, chased by the 565th mascot, Rover.

Ah, back home again, no worry about which suit to wear to the Associated Press beer bust, or which invitation to accept; the waffle breakfast at the home of the British Ambassador or a long bike ride through the woods to the Ciflik swimming pool with Ashley, the buxom daughter of a professor at the University.

Well dogfaces, my question is, do I send in for my POW license plate and if I do, what story do I tell the lads at Fort Ben when I show up for the "Fat and Forty" bowling league and they ask what notorious Stalag I was in.

Resolutions Adopted at Recent Meeting

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS: Our Country has been engaged in a war in the Persian Gulf for the liberation of Kuwait, and

WHEREAS: The men and women of the armed forces of the United States are carrying out the policy of our Country and the commands of our Commander-in-Chief with great courage and honor, and

WHEREAS: Our Commander-in-Chief, George Bush, and his staff have chaired the leadership of a coalition of nations to ensure peace, freedom and stability in the Middle East, and

WHEREAS: American Military personnel are serving in an efficient and effective manner in order to preserve freedom for all the people of the world and deserve the continued support of their fellow citizens,

THEREFORE: Be it resolved by the members of the Executive Committee of the Second Air Division Association, U.S. 8th Air Force, representing a membership of 8089 and assembled at Palm Beach Gardens, Florida for their mid-year executive meeting, that

A. As a veterans organization we extend our full support to the men and women of the United States Armed Forces as they pursue the policies and seek the peace of the United States in the military conflict now being waged in the Persian Gulf, and

B. We extend our sincere heartfelt sorrow to the families of those who have lost loved ones in the war, and we trust a speedy return of all POWs, and

C. We salute our Commander-in-Chief and his able staff and field forces for their ambition and incredible courage in their performance of duty.

So adopted this 8th day of March, 1991.

Second Air Division Association

By: Richard Kennedy
President

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS: The Collings Foundation of Stow, Massachusetts, has restored to flight readiness the B-24J "All American", and

WHEREAS: in 18 months of appearances the "All American" has been to 97 loca-

tions and been viewed by an estimated three million individuals, and

WHEREAS: a tour of additional locations in the United States and overseas is scheduled for 1991 and 1992,

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Second Air Division Association, representing B-24 veterans of the 8th Air Force, in executive session, desires to express its thanks to the Collings Foundation and Mr. Robert Collings for this exceptional restoration of the aircraft we took to war and in which over 6400 of our comrades died.

FURTHER: this motion conveys to the Collings Foundation formal endorsement of their efforts and our enthusiastic support of the current program of the Collings Foundation as concerns the "All American" tour program.

So adopted this 9th day of March, 1991.

Second Air Division Association

By: Richard Kennedy
President

Hap Chandler Appointed Director of Public Relations

F.C. "HAP" CHANDLER, 491st and 489th, has been appointed Director of Public Relations of the Second Air Division Association by President Dick Kennedy. Hap succeeds Fred Meyer who recently resigned for reasons of health.

Hap flew 18 missions with the 489th Group beginning with Magdeburg, Sept. 44. Transferred to the 491st Group 10 Nov. 44, he completed 35 missions 3 Mar. 45 returning to Magdeburg for the sixth time. His targets included the low level resupply mission to Nijmegen/Groesbeck, Dresden, Frankfurt, Hanau and practically every marshalling yard in the Ruhr.

Recalled to active duty during the Korean War, he flew 50 B-26 missions as a member of the legendary 13th Bomb Squadron of the 3rd Bomb Wing.

The Mighty Eighth

by Patrick O'Donoghue

O What Glory They Have Known
The Fate Of The World Was Theirs Alone
They Came From a Land Where Freedom Reigned
And They Fought To Defend It
In A World Of Shame

They Flew In Machines With Strange Sounding Names
But No Matter What They Flew
They Were One In The Same
The United States Army Air Corps Was Their Name
But To The World The Mighty Eighth Air Force Was Their Fame

On-ward They Flew Day By Day
To Rid The World Of An Evil Prey
Some Of Them Lived And Some Of Them Died
To This Day Their Love Of Freedom Is Still Alive
Thanks To The Men Of The Mighty Eighth
The World Is A Safer And Much Better Place

So Let Us Not Forget With The Passing Of Time
The Glory That Was Theirs In Those War Torn Times
When History Is Written By A World Yet To Come
The Song Of The United States Army Air Corps Will Still Be Sung
And Those Words That Were Inscribed For The Ones That Died
They Gave Up Their Today So Your Tomorrows Would Survive

Not A Good Day (from page 17)

As we passed the gulley and thicket some German called out, "Americana." I said, "Yes." They replied, "Das is good, das is good." The English speaking German said, "If you were English it would not be good." He said something else about their dislike for the English.

Just about that time a little short fat German coming from the direction of the farm came up and with visible hate in his eyes, stuck his bayonet against my belly and was really talking to the other one. I could see the gun was cocked and his finger was heavy on the trigger. I'm certainly no hero but somehow I believed this English speaking German was more human than soldier at that time and for some reason I remember no fear. I turned my head to the English speaking one and in an impatient way said, "Make him leave me alone!" (Sounds foolish and I thought so on reflection.) He said something to the little fat one and he mumbled and moved on.

We arrived at the farm house after passing a short smoking cannon. Other Germans were milling around, shooting at B-24s as they flew over. They looked me over and took a curious look at my throat mike and took my knife. Then we were put down into the basement where there were more Germans and 2 or 3 were wounded.

Later the rest of the crew was brought in and sometime later Jack came out of the unit commander's office and said that in 5 to 15 minutes the Germans were going to break out and they couldn't take us with them. They were going to have to shoot us. Then I was worried. The soldiers were friendly for the most part and I tried to convey my rights to be taken to a prisoner of war camp etc.

The English speaking German took us into another room. Finney and I were questioned and things were getting more active but it didn't last long. All of a sudden he turned a heavy wooden table on its side and told us to get down behind it. We asked, "Why?" He said that the Americans might run by and toss a grenade in the window. We got down and shortly after he left, the next thing we heard an American yelling, "Anyone in there?" Finney and I jumped up, Finney went to the window, looked out and yelled back, "Yes, we're in here, come in and get us." To me at this time a stickler for details, it didn't sound exactly right so I got up and yelled, "We are Americans, we are in here." I can still remember that airborne man, tall, loose and gangly, rifle at the ready, coming down those basement steps kind of glancing over to a room on the left. I said, "We are over here." Then he asked, "Did they hurt you?" I said, "No." Afterwards we went outside and the airborne and glider troops were walking around smoking and joking while a sniper was taking pot shots at us.

Me, I'm under a German half track or something, praying to be gotten out of this mess. Flak, high altitude, fighters whatever, I'll take, but this is not my kind of activity. Yet these airborne seem like it's just a walk through the woods.

While we were in the Germans' hands in the house I saw a soldier run up the stairs and at the window on the landing at the turn of the stairs take his position. He had no more than knelt down when you could hear the splat as a bullet hit him in the head and he tumbled down the stairs and a couple of his buddies just looked down at him as they passed, showing no emotion.

When outside a sniper was being irritating, someone gave the order to get that SOB and two soldiers walked around behind the shed or barn and pretty soon I heard a shot and no more sniper. I hope it was the one that got Milchak. It was from that direction.

We crashed at 1:10 p.m. England time and were at the aid station where we stayed the night about 6:00 p.m. or a little later.

As the firing was too close for comfort, we dug a good sized fox hole and lined it with grenades and weapons we didn't know how to use.

As night came on we could see the fire light less than a mile away, probably 500 yards, and those tracers made the most beautiful sight. Yet we knew how deadly was the battle going on.

We could hear the big guns, all night, across the Rhine River sending their shells overhead and the whistling noise they made. For a long time I thought it was thunder and a storm was coming up.

Many, many times we could hear a call out, "Comrade, comrade," as a German tried to infiltrate and often an English voice say, "Get that SOB," and a burst of automatic no more comrade.

The next day we walked back to the plane and through the battle field and I can remember seeing those young fellows lying all over the place, some of them looking like they were just sleeping there, yet I turned such a one over to look at his back to see where he had been hit and he had no back, it had been blown away. I saw three glider men in crawling positions burned to a crisp, Germans by the score in their fox holes burned or shot.

Finney and I took a walk with a soldier into a German farm home where a middle aged couple were eating, but I believe the man had shed his uniform because a belt, canteen and bayonet were in the middle of the floor. I started to pick it up but the soldier said no, and made the woman pick it up and hand it to me. He said it might be booby trapped.

The next day we were taken to the farm house or somewhere in that area and it seemed the Germans were columned up for miles and we were to help march them out. I believe it was just so we wouldn't get lost. But I saw the English speaking German as we passed or he passed us and our eyes met because I truly believe he saved our lives and let us surrender and kept us from being shot.

On our way marching the Germans, we had a five minute rest, smoke, whatever break, and I remember sitting with my hand in touching reach of a young blonde headed German who had that day or night before been killed, and thought of searching but I felt it would be ghoulish, therefore I did not.

Things began to be a little hazy to me after our rescue from the farm house but I know the events in this order because you don't forget such an experience.

In fact at the aid station that evening we were wondering what had happened to Deaton, Knudson and Morris — the latter two had jumped we knew but no one had seen Deaton jump.

Then all of a sudden coming across the field with one flight boot on and carrying the other, here comes Morris and he was a sight for sore eyes. He said Knudson had been killed on the ground.

I remember the second night being cold at the front of a flight commander's tent at some fighter base in Holland. The rest had gone to some building to sleep in beds but I don't know why I stayed there. It may have been shock setting in. I refused to go in and lay there all night and about froze listening to the fighters landing and taking off.

The next day we crossed the Rhine in a boat operated by about a dozen or more or less of British Commandoes, with their blackened faces and grenades, knives, etc. You could just smell death around them, friendly but not talkative. They had jumped behind the lines before the invasion. I'll never forget them or the feeling they left with me, a special breed of men.

I slept in one of their barracks that night and the next day we were flown back to our base in a transport plane. We were debriefed and given a 10 day R and R in Southport, England.

Then back to the base where we took a flight in the Black Widow under supervision to see if we still had the nerve to fly — we passed — and were back to flying missions.

This is my story of March 24th, 1945. I hope that some one else on that mission saw us go down and crash. I would like to hear from them. Remember we're all growing older.

Caterpillar Association Reunion

A reunion of the Caterpillar Association of the United States will be held on Friday and Saturday, September 13 and 14, 1991, at The Sands Regency Hotel, 345 N. Arlington Avenue, Reno, Nevada 89501. The guest speaker will be Col. Paul Poberezny, President, E.A.A. The main event will be the "Reno Air Race." For hotel reservations, call (800) 648-2228. For super meeting saver fare discounts with American Lines, call (800) 433-1790. For general information call:

LTC Johnny Brown, Commander
(414) 658-1559



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

FOLDED WINGS, 93rd men not members of the 2nd ADA. Carmen J. Fox notified me that two of his crew on "Naughty Nan" 42-99949 had passed away: in 1988, Vincent Young, tailgunner and, in 1989, Col. James McKamy (Ret.), pilot. Michael J. De Brino Sr. notified me that the following members of his crew had passed away: John Reamer, Dick Dains, and Joe D'Agoastino Nov. 13, 1990. Lt. Edward Weir (Ret.) notified me that James A. Lantane had passed away Nov. 5, 1990. I had just sent him an application and his wife returned a postcard saying he had passed away. Art Corbin notified me that the following crew members had passed away: Pete Trainer, Bill Geland, Bill Donalds and Charlie Flynn. Jim Cooley notified me that their Flight Eng. Walter F. Zdabosz passed away December 22, 1990. New member Jim Heinemeyer notified me that the only 93rd man that he had been in contact with, Robert D. Wood, had passed away. Howard E. Williams notified me that A.H. Bake that was on alert crew with him had passed away. Howard Jones notified me that his pilot Roger Skjei, Herm Mathees, nav. and Fred Weisbrad C.P. had passed away. Packy Roche notified me that his friend 1/Lt. Joseph Avendano, pilot on "Dog Patch Raider" flew Ploesti 1 Aug. 43 and later went to pathfinders 1943 while on test hop crashed and killed.

INFORMATION NEEDED: In reference to crew pictures in "The Story of the 93rd B.G.": Any of you 329th and 330th men that are shown in pictures, would you please inform me of the names and numbers of those planes. I have all but one of the 328th and 409th except 41-23748, pilot David Thayer, 409th.

INFORMATION NEEDED: Can any of you tell me if a 93rd plane crashed at Ludham on 26 Feb. 1943? I have been asked by the Ludham Tower Preservation Group for names of crew and name and number of plane. If one of our planes did crash, he had to be a 329th BS plane, as the other three squadrons were just starting to return from Africa expedition. I have no record of this crash.

INFORMATION: I made an error in my Winter report saying that William Stein wrote and told me that his crew flew Ploesti with pilot Hickman on "Jerks Natural." In fact an associate 93rd member told me about this, as his uncle T/Sgt. L.H. White was radio operator on this plane on Stein's crew and after Ploesti Lt. Stein was pilot on

"Jerks Natural" and they were shot down on 2nd raid on Weiner Neustadt, Oct. 1, 1943, navigator only survivor.

INFORMATION: Before I forget again, by the time you read this report I will have moved back to my summer address. Please note the changes about the same time each year. May thru October: 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801, Tel. 201-366-5916. November thru April: 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668, Tel. 813-862-2309.

"THE STORY OF THE 93rd B.G. (H)": As of the writing of this report, April 11th, we had four copies of this book left. There will be no more of these, the expense now is so much more, it will not pay. As for the emblems, I will have an additional fifteen 328th BS when they arrive. Only 2 Group of 115, twelve 329th of 100, twenty-three 330th of 100, and two 409th of 113. There will be no more when these are gone.

93rd BOMB GROUP REUNION: I am looking for volunteers in different states to pick a committee for help to arrange a 1, 2 or 3 day reunion or even just a get together dinner. I will be asking for volunteers at our 93rd mini reunion dinner meeting at Dearborn, MI in July. Think it over and let me know. I would like very much to have something in Florida next winter.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: I made another error in my last report when I stated they needed a minimum of \$50,000.00; it should have read \$500,000.00. Come on fellows, any of you that had pledged, please honor your pledge, and any of you that haven't donated, please do so.

NEW MEMBERS: I will now be showing our new members each quarter. Harold J. (Pat) Furlong, 643 East 305th St., Willowick, OH 44095. H. James Heinemeyer, 10001 Hereford Lane, Dewey, AZ 86327. Howard G. Hallgarth, 11414 Summitview Ext, Yakima, WA 98908. Associate member Gregg R. Jones, 2400 Riverfront Dr., Apt. 2232, Little Rock, AZ 72202. Lt. Col. David W. Thompson (Ret.), 6471 Woodridge Rd., Alexandria, VA 22312. Harry D. Caskey, 85 East West Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15237. Robert W. Bieber, 2711 NE 5 St., Pompano Beach, FL 33062. Joe E. Chadwick, Rt. 1, Box 47C, Tiptonville, TN 38079. Edward P. Biichle, 8739 Wick Pl., Tampa, FL 33604. Harold B. Moore, 34 C. Locust Dr., Jamesburg, NJ 08831. George F. Parsons, 1 Bunker Pl., Rotonda West, FL 33947. Joseph A. Liposky, 9 Claridge Dr., Middletown, NJ 07748. Arthur P. Bukoven, 616 Locust St., Tarpon Springs, FL 34689. Kenneth J. Rachau, 6428 Auburn Ave., Bradenton, FL 34207. George V. Halapy, 4047 Cook Rd., Gibsonsia, PA 15044. Colin N. Jones, 5100 N. Ocean, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. John Stauffacher, 15245 Hwy. 23, Darlington,

WI 53530. Arthur J. Quinn, 2225 Coventry Rd., Lancaster, PA 17601. Donald W. Frank, 4516 E. 32 St., Tulsa, OK 74135. Glen P. Hartman, 10744 Kalamath St., North Glenn, CO 80234. Ernest Pribson, 1260 El Rancho Dr. #75A, Sparks, NV 89431. Quentin L. Morris, Rt. 4, Box 144, Sulphur Springs, TX 75482. Charles N. Boyer, 308 East St., Golden, CO 80403. Associate member Florence A. Hunt, RD 3, Box 132, Middle Road, Riverhead, NY 11901. This is a good start for the year, but the sad news is, I received a drop list from Evelyn Cohen, that she had sent two dues notices to with no response. This list contained 29 members that had been dropped. I immediately sent out letters with a postcard with wording to be checked and space for wife if member was deceased. So far I have received two back to be dropped. Please keep your fingers crossed for me that the others will reinstate.

M.I.A.

Submitted by John W. Butler

The letter came just yesterday,
"Presumed Dead... M.I.A."
My heart went cold, my spirit numb.
Why did it have to be my son?
Why not some other, nameless one?
Why was it he, so strong and young?
In memory now, my heart still hears
The joy and love of nineteen years.
From gurgling infant in the crib
To growing up to spoon and bib.
And then one day, off to school
Pencils, books and golden rule.
Still growing up, so much to do.
Those wondrous years now seem so few.
My Lord and God, how could you bear
To take the life of one so fair?
How could you stand just idle by,
And watch a life so precious, die?
Then far away, down through the years
I heard again the taunts and jeers,
Of those who gathered at the cross
And felt no pity at your loss.
Yet at that cross, you must have known
The self same loss that is my own.
Forgive me when I failed to see
The son you sent to Calvary.
He was your own beloved son
Whose blood was shed, for everyone.
Forgive me if I never cried,
Each time I read how your son died.
Your loss to me seemed far away.
I couldn't feel your grief that day.
I never truly felt your loss
Until today — at my own cross.
And now the years that lie between
Become as naught, and somehow seem
To be a comfort in my need.
I know somehow, when my son died
Your son was waiting at his side.
Perhaps like Him, my son could say:
"Forgive them —
There is no other way."

Missives from the 492nd

by Willis H. "Bill" Beasley

MEMBERSHIP: I am happy to report that the 492nd Bomb Group is alive and well. In July 1990, our 2nd ADA membership was officially listed at 137. The first of April 1991, our total membership had risen to 187. **AN INCREASE OF 50 MEMBERS!!** Thanks to all of the members who have sent me the names of crew members and friends who were former members of the 492nd; our numbers are increasing. If you have the names of former 492nd BG members please drop me a note and I will send them a copy of the "Happy Warrior" along with an invitation to join the 492nd BG, 2nd ADA. Come on guys, let's all be recruiters.

LOST AND FOUND SUCCESS STORY:

Several months ago, I contacted the Veterans Administration to locate all missing members of my crew 707 including our Crew Chief. The service was excellent and all members were located...sadly some of them had passed on several years ago. However, I was able to make contact with Jesse Briggs, 857th Squadron Bombardier and Berl Robinson, 857th Squadron Navigator who flew with us on the 20 June 1944 mission to Politz and were subsequently interned in Sweden. Both men answered my letter and told me they had not been in contact with one another for 40 plus years and didn't know the whereabouts of the other. I am not sure who was the most excited...them or me. They were not aware that they had lived within 40 miles of each other for the past 10 years. They have now contacted each other and hopefully, will be able to attend one of our reunions in the near future.

FOLDED WINGS: It is with sadness that I have to report that the following 492nd BG members have passed away: Samuel Bryan, Jr.; J.E. Gegenheimer; Robert B. Crane; George D. Wright; and Leslie Riddell.

10th ANNUAL 2nd ADA REUNION DINNER, EL TORO, CALIFORNIA,

2 MARCH 1991: This is the second year that Norma and I have had the pleasure of attending this well-planned affair. The Reu-

nion Committee does an excellent job. Harry Orthman of the 492nd/44th is one of the committee members along with Richard Boucher, 445th; Charles McBride, 448th; and J. Fred Thomas, 392nd. The food was delicious and plentiful, entertainment was excellent and the evening of comradery with the other 492nd BG members will be long remembered. Bud Chamberlain, former 2nd ADA President, was the M.C. and participant in the entertainment along with Julian Ertz, his two daughters, Beth Lee and Bera Dordoni (both Heritage League members) and Roger Markle. The entertainment ended with the singing of "Wind Beneath My Wings" by Beth Lee, dedicated to all the veterans.

I was honored to be a participant in the candle-lighting ceremony and Norma led in saying the Pledge of Allegiance. The following 492nd attendees were: Bill and Norma Beasley, Bill and Maxine Clarey, their son Doug Clarey, Carl Johnson and son Jeff Johnson, Bill and Molly Sparks, Gene and Renie Gossett, Harry and Sally Orthman. Guests were Steve Miller, Keith and Bennie Boillot.

BREAKFAST WITH THE KENNEDYS:

April 19 found us in Valley Forge for the Encampment of Washington's Army at Valley Forge. During our short stay we were able to have breakfast with Dick and Bobbie Kennedy who met us at our hotel. We are looking forward to seeing them again in Dearborn in July. I had hoped to meet with Buck Moorhead but the activities of the Encampment were so tightly scheduled, I wasn't able to make connections.

ROYAL YUGOSLAV COMMEMORATIVE

WAR CROSS 1941-45: To obtain this beautiful medal contact Col. H. Harding Isaacson who was chosen to represent the King in matters of the War Cross in 1966. His address is Col. H. Harding Isaacson, 7 East 85th Street, New York, NY 10028. The regulation medal is \$25.00, the miniature medal \$20. If both medals are ordered a certificate is also issued.

"32 CO-PILOTS" by DICK BASTIEN:

Dick Bastien is writing a history of "32 Co-Pilots" which will be featured in the Happy Warrior, in serial form, beginning with the September issue. Look for it...he's doing a great job. If you have something you would like to share with him, drop him a line. He was in the class of 43K. His address is: Charles R. "Dick" Bastien, 2174 Tower Court, Woodbury, MN 55125.

KUDOS TO...

For referring potential members: Dick Bastien, Jake Mink, Harry Rawls, Henry Gendreizig, Buck Moorhead, Bill Sparks, Harry Orthman, Lorraine Williford, Billy Johnson, Phil Day, Jim Reeves, Dave Patterson, Jim Mahoney, Sebastian Corriere and Allan Blue. For writing the "Fortunes of War": Allan Blue (copies \$8.95 postpaid), Box 201, Bendersville, PA 17306. For "minding the store" for 492nd BG caps: Gerald Edwards (\$7.50 postpaid), P.O. Box 576, Loris, SC 29569. For researching the Happy Warrior Patch: Charles Barrett, Harold Both with input from Harold Fritzler. For articles for the Newsletter: Dick Bastien, Harry Orthman, Archie MacIntyre, Al Mohny, Don Fraser, Bill Sparks, Billy Johnson, Lorraine Williford, Henry Gendreizig, Bill Clarey, Tom Nelson, Harold Both, Ernie Haar, Jim Mahoney, H. Harding Isaacson and J. Fred Thomas. For continued support of the 492nd Newsletter: A thank you to all members both of the 492nd and the 2nd ADA as a whole.

DEARBORN, JULY 3-6, 1991: At this writing 25 members of the 492nd are registered for the Reunion. It promises to be a great reunion. An agenda with all registrants will be sent prior to the reunion and a recap of the activities will be in the next Journal as well as the Happy Warrior.

FINAL NOTES: Happy Warrior Pins and 492nd Bomb Group Caps are still available. Please keep those cards and letters coming. Don't forget the 492nd was and is still a great bunch of guys. To say the least, we will probably go down in history as being the most unique.

The 489th Bomb Group

by James M. Davis

Our Annual Reunion in Dearborn, Michigan is coming soon and I am proud to announce that the 489th BG has at this time one hundred and fifteen registered to attend. We are one of the smallest groups in membership but always have an excellent attendance at all Second Air Division Association Annual Reunions. Thank you, each member, for your strong support of the Second ADA.

The history book of the 489th Bomb Group is an outstanding publication and I would encourage anyone who has not purchased this book to please do so soon, as the supply is getting short. Contained in this book are three hundred and fourteen pages of history of the 489th BG. We would like to express our thanks to each person who contributed his time and effort for the publishing, and special thanks to Charlie Freudenthal for his many years of gathering

and accumulating pictures, records, and all information which is the foundation of this history book, and for the multitudes of untold hours he spent to put it all together — thank you, Charlie!

I received a letter from Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian for the Central Library in Norwich, England. She told of the library's effort to keep two acid-free Archive boxes of each bomb group in the attic of the Library. These boxes would be available to visitors to review when they visit. These Archive boxes would contain photographs, orders, diaries, formation sheets, crew lists, tapes and any papers related to the 489th BG operations. Mrs. Dubois wrote, "The bad news is there is no material in the 489th BG boxes." She has requested we alert you to this situation and encourage all members to contribute any material they have. She specifically asked that we should each write

a letter describing our memories of Halesworth, including any friendship with local people and any participation in village activities.

I hope each 489th BG member will contribute whatever they can for this project. It will be a lasting tribute to each of us as well as the Group. I know we were all proud to have served in England and it will be important that each of us contribute to the Archives of the 489th Bomb Group.

You may send any material to: Mrs. Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1NJ England. If you wish to call her, you may reach her at (0603) 222222 Extension 52.

For those who cannot attend our reunion in Dearborn, we will miss you and hope you will attend next year.

Good wishes and good health!

The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein



Crew 656. Top row (l-r): John McGoldrichs, Paul Boyle, Method Nikoloff. Bottom row: Julius Wiess, Edwin Sievers, Edwin McCann, Russell Holt, John Englert.

In the winter issue of the Journal I mentioned the possibility of a memorial to be erected at a site near Attlebridge by the 466 Bomb Group Association. I will now update you on the progress of this project.

Since January I have been engaged in a dialogue with Barky Hovsepian, successor to John Woolnough, as President of the 466th Bomb Group Association and with Tom Reto, Board Member and Memorial Project Coordinator. To guide me, I have conducted a survey of approximately 15% of 2nd Air Division Association, 466th Bomb Group members. I asked if they would: (1) Endorse a proposed memorial. (2) Give financial support. (3) Comment on the project.

The results of the poll were very much in favor of endorsing and supporting the project. One member sent a contribution, which I will bring to Dearborn in July and present to Tom Reto. Tom will be present as a representative of the 466 BGA, to give us an overview of the memorial project.

Some comments received as a result of the poll were:

"The sooner the better."

"The design appears to be a nice simple design and should require little or no maintenance."

"It's badly needed - it is important to place it at a conspicuous place."

"Would it be possible for us to join ranks (with 466 BGA) on this project?"

"More fitting to our memory of Attlebridge and our pocketbooks (champagne taste and beer pocketbooks are absurd)."

"Seems like a good idea. Hope you can put it together."

"The proposed monument looks good to me."

"I suggest omitting 466 logo (flying deck) at the top and just say Attlebridge - 466 Bombardment Group. I don't recall the 466 logo, it is after the fact and means little to me."

"Once in place, who is to 'care' for the well being of the monument?"

"Could a plaque at the church be done?"

"I would like to see our money go to our Library."

"What does 'near the airfield' mean? A project that involves ALL 466 BGers makes sense. If each group creates their own wheel it would support a poor image of us as a whole. I am sure the British might be inclined to manifest symptoms of annoyance and/or irritation because of the variety and number of memorials. I could never comprehend why there was a split between the 466 BGA (and the 2ADA). This project sets the stage for unifying us via fulfilling the same objective."

My thanks go out to all of you who took the time to answer my letter. You have been very helpful as I could not have done this by myself. With a little luck this can all be resolved in Dearborn.

HELP WANTED: John D. Englert of crew 656 (Paul Boyle, pilot) is looking for information concerning his crew (see photo). You can contact him at 8910 N W 79 Ct., Tamarac, FL 33321.

Roger R. Walker desires information concerning his father's (Robert A. Bernardi) crew (583). SSGT Bernardi was the radio operator for Lt. J. Frank O'Neill and served in the U.K. from Jan. to May 1945. Mr. Walker's address is 1605 Astor Avenue, Cambria, CA 93428.

Recruiting new members is becoming more and more difficult. If you have the

name and address of a 466er, non-member, or ANY former veteran of the 2nd Air Division, please send it along and I shall make an effort to sign them up. An application is not necessary, \$10.00 to Evelyn Cohen is sufficient.

During the period from January 1990 through March 1991 we welcomed nineteen new members. They are: Walter Johnson, Alexander Reade, John D. Englert, William A. Terry, Carlo Galvagno, Winfred H. Hart, Jr., Carl E. Dengler, Jr., James P. Sampson, James B. Pentz, Stephen Fecho, Henry R. Grady, Jr., John F. Kraeger, Richard S. Lundberg, Lester Leitherman, Jack G. Gneiting, Paul Stikeleather, Edward N. Snow, Wayne Tabor, Charles H. Scarborough. If you recognize anyone and want to get in touch - write me at the address listed on page two of this Journal.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Donald and Cathy Thomson of Attlebridge (HQ building) have another reason to celebrate their wedding anniversary. On March 27, 1991 (their 24th) their daughter Wendy and Tim Hammond became the parents of daughter, Jessica. At birth, Jessica weighed 7 lbs, 10 ounces (approximately ½ stone). At the latest report mother, father, grandparents and aunts are all doing fine.

Cathy and Donald are still anticipating a stateside visit, but as yet no firm plans have been made. They are looking forward to seeing all the places we 466ers have told them about. The biggest problem will be getting enough time to visit all those places.

Bombardiers, Inc.

During World War II, a unique job was created in the United States Army Air Corps: that of Bombardier.

When the technique of dropping bombs from a tightly flown formation of airplanes was conceived and the Norden Bombsight was perfected, it became apparent that someone - a specialist - was needed to aim the aircraft and drop the bombs that they carried. That person was called a Bombardier. They were specially trained and commissioned in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Funny thing. In this day of computers, radar, etc., they are no longer needed.

A few thousand men were made Bombardiers back then. A few hundred remain. They have formed a group calling themselves **The Bombardiers, Inc.** These old guys get together periodically for a reunion. Remember now, they are unique in all this world. There will never be another group like this.

Many old Bombardiers may not know of this organization. If you are an ex-Bombardier interested in this group, or if you can help in finding ex-Bombardiers, please write or call:

George Howell
3822 Lazywood Lane, Houston, TX 77023
Tel. (713) 643-9030

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

Some of you who served at Division Headquarters may have forgotten that there were four (that I can think of) units assigned to the Second Air Division for the purpose of assisting the Hq. to give support and service to the wings and groups. These units were the 315th Signal Co., the 987th Military Police Company, the 5th Air-Sea Rescue Squadron, and, last but not least, the 562nd Army Air Corps Band. And many of you were assigned to these units although you were working at Hq. You were as much a part of the Second Air Division as those assigned to Hq. & Hq. Squadron.

Earl Brown, with the help of Henry Counts and William Shelton, put together the following short history and chronology of the 562nd Air Force Band. I had forgotten that the band did not arrive at Ketteringham Hall until January 1945 but what a great impact it made on the morale of the troops once it arrived. Prior to that time we used bands formed by some of the groups or occasionally a band from London. CWO Gaylord Nicholas was the bandleader while the unit was with 2AD. First Sergeant Earl Brown, Assistant Bandleader, was with the band from its beginning in the fall of 1941 until the fall of 1945. And Fred Randall, who joined the unit at Daniel Field, was also with the band until deactivation. The full list of the 29 men in the band, showing the instrument that each one played, was listed on page 7, 2AD Newsletter, December 1977. If you would like a copy of the list, just drop Earl Brown (or me) a note. Just thinking about the band playing at dances and at awards ceremonies on the lawn at the side of Ketteringham Hall brings back many fond memories. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get the band back together long enough to play at one of our reunions!

562nd Air Force Band

by Earl D. Brown

In the fall of 1941, CWO Louis Yassel, Bandleader, Third Cavalry Band, Ft. Myer, Va. was advised that three of his musicians should be earmarked for transfer to Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga. for the purpose of organizing the 62nd Air Corps Band (later redesignated the 562nd Air Corps Band). Orders were cut and the three enlisted men proceeded to Daniel Field, arriving in mid-October 1941. A separate barracks was assigned to this new unit and auditions began immediately in an effort to fill the TO&E. It should be noted that it was the opinion of all three men in the cadre that this band was one of the first bands (and probably the first) ever to be organized or assigned to an Air Corps base. Previously, the Air Corps was without bands.

At the time of Pearl Harbor only 4 or 5 men had been assigned in addition to the original cadre. With the help of some enlisted men who did not wish to become part of the band but wanted to see the unit get started, a ten piece jazz band was organized and played for dances. Following Pearl Harbor, Daniel Field became a Replacement Center and there were more enlisted men coming through to choose from. Following is some information about the life of the 562nd Air Force Band.

Unit: 562nd Air Corps Band. Organized: at Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia. By Whom: S/Sgt. Gene Bommhardt, Sgt. Vincent Amorosi, Cpl Earl D. Brown (three man cadre from Ft. Myer, Virginia, Third Cavalry Band). When: October 1941.

Bandleaders: Master Sergeant Gene Bommhardt (Oct. 41 to Feb. 43); WOJE Edwin Boettger (Apr. 43 to Nov. 44); CWO Gaylord Nicholas (Dec. 44 to Dec. 45).

First Sergeants: Master Sergeant Gene Bommhardt (Oct. 41 to Dec. 41); Tech Sergeant Vincent Amorosi (Jan. 42 to Jan. 43); Tech Sergeant Earl Brown (Feb. 43 to Oct. 45).

Activities at Daniel Field: Enlisted men's dances; officers' dances; USO shows; military reviews; radio broadcast - two stations; parades in Augusta; war bond rallies; musical shows - rec. hall; band concerts.

Additional Training: first aid; stretcher bearing; warehousing; heavy vehicle driving with winch; qualifying - rifle range; gas mask procedure; water - lifesaving.

Alerted for Overseas Assignment: Summer of 1944. Table of Organ. vacancies filled: Fall of 1944. Arrived at Camp Kilmere POE: December 1944. Departed for overseas: Early Jan. 1945 - Victory Ship - Sea Robin. Arrived in England: Mid January 1945 - Southampton. Traveled by train from Southampton to London and on to Ketteringham Hall. After assignment of barracks and becoming oriented, we now learned that our assignment was to be known as the Second Air Division Band of the 8th Air Force.

The largest part of activity for the Second Air Division Band was the playing of dances for Enlisted Men and Officers of the Second Air Division. The Special Services Officer set up a schedule and all assigned Bomber and Fighter Groups were visited.

Although the band was only authorized 28 enlisted men, two separate jazz bands operated within the unit. The "A" band of 16 men played all of the Bomber and Fighter Bases within the Second Air Division. The "B" band played in several locations in the Norwich area.

It was noted immediately that both the Officers and Enlisted Men desired to listen to and be entertained with up to date pop music. Therefore, band concerts with pro-

grams of marches, overtures, etc. were very limited. However, the concert and marching band was available for any special activity at the bases such as parades, awarding of decorations, etc. The most rewarding musical program for the concert band was by representing the Second Air Division at the Norwich Cathedral following the end of the war, with a program titled "Thanksgiving Sunday." The exact date and time was 13 May 1945, at 11:00 AM and included the Band of the Dorset Regiment. Very seldom were the concert band and 16 piece jazz band utilized at the same location. It did happen as noted: Regal Cinema, North Walsham, Sunday, March 18, 1945, at 7:30 PM featuring the 2nd American Air Division Military Band & Orchestra; and The 466th Bombardment Group (H) Station 120, U.S. Army Air Forces, 200th Mission Party, Friday, 6 April 1945 - dance music; Saturday, 7 April 1945 - band concert.

Although the 16 piece jazz band was the only unit utilized, the entire band was placed on TDY on two separate occasions to the Riviera Recreation Center, for a period of eight days, and performed at the Martinez Hotel, Cannes, France.

Before departing for Southern France and the 9th Air Force, the 562nd Air Force Band, as part of the ground troops, was invited and accepted the invitation to take the trolley run, better known as An Aerial Tour of Northwest Germany.

Change of Address

When you move, please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the Journal will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip Code _____

Group _____

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(Snow Birds) MARK HERE** _____

This mail will be sent to you 1st class and there will be no need for further notification. Snowbirds will receive Journals at both addresses.

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“Milk Run”

by John L. Frisbee

Hard-pressed bomber crews of Eighth Air Force welcomed a rare milk run, but sometimes the milk turned sour.

Flying out of England in World War II, the Eighth Air Force was the largest air combat organization ever assembled. Between August 1942 and April 1945, the Eighth lost more than 4,000 heavy bombers to all causes. Air combat losses were about evenly divided between enemy fighters and flak. One measure of combat violence over Europe is the toll of human casualties. In thirty-three months, nearly 44,000 Eighth Air Force bomber and fighter crewmen were killed or missing in action, compared to some 33,000 battle deaths for *all* US forces in Korea and 47,000 in Vietnam.



Most of the Eighth's targets were guaranteed to be hot: Berlin, Schweinfurt, Merseburg, and Munich. Milk runs, on the other hand, were few and never guaranteed. The 44th Bomb Group's mission of January 21, 1944, looked like one of those few. Its target, military installations south of Calais, France, was only 120 miles from the group's base at Shipdham, a few miles west of Norwich. Enemy opposition was expected to be light. As a result of this benign forecast, Lt. Keith Cookus, who led twelve B-24 Liberators from the 67th and 506th Squadrons, had aboard his plane, *Liberty Belle*, three extra crewmen: the group bom-

bardier and gunnery officers and command pilot Maj. William Anderson, who was on his twenty-fifth and final mission.

Lieutenant Cookus' formation, flying at the assigned bombing altitude of 12,000 feet, found heavy cloud cover over the target area. Regulations prohibited bombing any target in France under other than visual conditions. After five passes that failed to find a break in the clouds, the mission was aborted and the B-24s headed for home, still carrying their bombs.

A navigation error put the formation over Calais, where the Germans had covertly sited a concentration of mobile anti-aircraft guns. Cookus' lead plane, an easy target at 12,000 feet, took seven direct hits when the guns opened up. One shell burst inside the bomb bay, ripping out the doors and the catwalk. Major Anderson, navigator Lt. Franklin Campbell, bombardier

Lt. Woodrow Cole, and tail gunner SSgt. Herman Becker were wounded. The radio operator, who fortunately was wearing his chute, was blown out of the plane. Blazing hydraulic fluid badly burned the ball turret gunner and one of the waist gunners. Seeing a large section of the fuselage gone, the group bombardier and gunnery officers bailed out, to become POWs for the duration, along with the radio operator.

Surveying the damage, Lieutenant Cookus found that the numbers one and two engines had been destroyed, number three was on fire, and the right landing gear had been blown away. All communications

and hydraulics were dead. Cookus put the bomber into a dive as soon as he regained control and headed west across the English Channel. The burning number three engine had to be kept running as long as possible, since Cookus would ditch with wounded aboard only as a last resort.

Over the Channel, bombardier Cole staggered onto the flight deck, covered with blood. Since the emergency bomb release mechanism was inoperative, he had crawled into the open bomb bay, where there now was no catwalk, and thrown out all the bombs he could release. He reported that some bombs were still hanging, then collapsed.

As *Liberty Belle* neared the English coast, barely able to hold altitude, the number three engine exploded, leaving only one prop turning — not enough to keep the torn-up bomber airborne. Over land near Canterbury in southern England, Lieutenant Cookus cut his one good engine, turned everything off, and prepared to crash-land. At fifty feet, in a final gallant maneuver that could have spelled the end for all of them, Cookus lifted one wing enough to clear a farmhouse. The bomber plowed into the ground, coming to rest in a ditch.

Fighting his way out of the wreckage, Cookus and other able members of the crew tried in vain to put out the fire in the number three engine. Co-pilot Lt. Howard Holladay stayed in the plane, which he knew could explode at any moment, struggling to free four crewmen trapped on the flight deck. Of the four, Major Anderson and Lieutenant Cole did not survive. Lieutenant Campbell and Sergeant Becker were extricated three hours after the crash.

The 44th Bomb Group mission of January 21, 1944, which began with the promise of a short, easy breather ended, like so many others that penetrated the skies of Europe during World War II, in tragedy and heroism. There were indeed no guaranteed milk runs for the bomber crews of the Eighth Air Force.

Tenth Annual Southern California Reunion Dinner

by Chuck Walker (445th)

The Tenth Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Dinner was held at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club on 2 March 1991. The evening's events started off with a warm and appreciated welcome by Col. Leonard Fuchs. Chaplain Gerald Cook gave the invocation which was followed by the presentation of Colors by the Marine Color Guard, which was very impressive.

The Candle Lighting litual was performed for the first time at a So. Cal. dinner. This ceremony, honoring those of the 2nd Air Division who lost their lives during the war and those who have folded their wings since, was especially enjoyed by those who have not previously witnessed this very emotional ceremony at one of the 2nd ADA annual reunions. One additional yellow candle was lighted in recognition of our brave men and women currently serving in the Persian Gulf.

Following an excellent dinner, the 244 members and guests in attendance were

treated to a "USO TROUPE" style show arranged for by Bud Chamberlain (489th). Julian Ertz (44th) was the "leader of the troupe" and what a voice he demonstrated. Other members of the cast were Paula Ertz (Julian's daughter), Beth Lee, Ron and Bera Dordoni, and Una Mae & Roger Markle (44th). It was quite a show and was enjoyed by all. Julian came up with a much improved P.A. system which added to the enjoyment of those at the rear tables. Bud Chamberlain outdid himself as Master of Ceremonies for the evening and in addition sang tenor with the show. What a voice! Mark Hoage again favored us with his display of memorabilia. Although his display was somewhat reduced in size this year, we all understood that he and his partner were very much involved in Persian Gulf activities and just didn't have time for a more elaborate display.

Bob Harper (448th) again donated several of his 2nd AD prints as door prizes.

The Paper Goose (Chuck Walker, Jr.) donated several gift baskets and Dario De-Julio (458th) provided a beautiful pewter B-24 belt buckle which was awarded to Oak Mackey (392nd) for having come the farthest distance — Edina, Minnesota.

The committee responsible for the reunion was made up of Dick Boucher (445th), Fred Thomas (392nd), Harry Orthman (492nd), Bud Chamberlain (489th) and was chaired by Chuck Walker (445th). Of course these dinners could not succeed without the help of the wives who contribute so much.

The committee was especially pleased with the turnout in light of everyone's interest and concern for our men and women in the Gulf. Those of you who are planning on visiting Southern California next year should include this annual dinner in your plans. It is scheduled for the last Saturday in February 1992 at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club. We will be looking for you!

A Once in a Lifetime Opportunity

by Leroy Engdahl (448th)

I'm sure many of us have in our lifetime had situations which at first caused apprehension but when it was all over, turned out to be not so bad or in many cases, actually turned out surprisingly different.

One such incident happened to me in my early Air Force days. I had graduated from radio school at Scott Field, Ill. and was on duty one Sunday afternoon alone as control tower operator at Langley Field, Virginia about mid-summer of 1942.

A runner from the base commander (Col. Lohman's) office came to the control tower and told me that as soon as I could get relief from a qualified tower operator I was to report to his office ASAP.

My first thought was, "What in the world have I done that the Col. wanted me to report to him ASAP. I searched my mind and I could not think of any trouble I had gotten into; and secondly it may be a real problem finding relief on a Sunday afternoon as most airmen would leave the base on weekends if they were not on duty.

But luck was with me in that there was one tower operator back in the barracks and he soon came and relieved me.

I went to base headquarters, knocked on Col. Lohman's door and he said "Come in!" I took a few steps toward him, stopped and gave him a snappy salute and said, "PFC Engdahl reporting as ordered, sir!"

The colonel said, "Have a seat." I was very relieved that he didn't keep me standing at rigid attention and told myself, "It

must not be too bad if he asked me to sit down."

Col. Lohman then said, "I guess you are wondering why I called you to my office." I replied, "Yes sir, I sure am."

He said are you familiar with the weekly programs on NBC emanating from various military bases on a rotational basis, i.e. Navy, Army, Marines, Air Force. I replied that I was and that I enjoyed listening to the programs featuring various talents of our servicemen.

The Col. then said "Well, NBC is featuring Langley Field on their half hour program this next Saturday and our regular base announcer is on vacation." He then said, we have searched through our personnel records trying to find someone we feel capable of handling the Master of Ceremonies position, and we see that you were active in public speaking and drama contests and had an audition on NBC in Chicago in 1940 for radio announcing and news commentator. He then asked me would I care to be Master of Ceremonies?

I asked the Colonel if I had to memorize the script as time was short. He replied, "No, you can read the script," and I replied I would be happy to do this job.

Since I wanted to be a professional announcer and this was going to be a half hour on NBC, I felt this was a once in a lifetime opportunity. My closing line for a goodbye was, "This is PFC Leroy Engdahl saying, BUY WAR BONDS!"

Forget? Never!

Submitted by Arthur DeVincenzi (489th)

The years have passed, it seems I'm old
Yet still the memories unfold
Of fine young boys in battle dress
Who to their country's call said yes
Who chose to serve in skies above
For freedom's sake they showed their love
All volunteers they asked to fight
To break the back of Hitler's might
They picked the toughest job of all
"The Mighty Eighth" would be their call
In heavy bombers, crews of ten
We changed from kids to older men
Between the members of each crew
A bond of friendship grew and grew
This bond of love can never end
For one on each they did depend
Six miles straight up, no place to hide
They did their job with guts and pride
The 17s got glamour more
But none surpassed the 24
They roamed the skies and fought the fight
And brought us home both day and night
Through heavy flak and fighters' fire
They gave me so much to admire
Of missions limit 25
How could we live? Could we survive?
With purest luck I did stay well
Lord knows we had our share of hell
My heart is sad, the tears they burn
For thousands who did not return
Their life was sweet, a brimming cup
Yet willingly they gave it up
Dear God, my life I'd gladly give
If they could have a chance to live
Each one a hero in my mind
We never more will see their kind
My hair turns white, my body lame
Still proudly do I bear its name
With love, respect, abiding faith
I can't forget "The Mighty Eighth."

The War Room

by Thaddeus C. Poprawa (389th)

I served in the War Room on three occasions during my seven months at Hethel, and they were interesting assignments. The War Room was the command post of the Group, a room in the base headquarters under constant armed guard, requiring secret clearance to enter. Inside was a full scale map of Europe, kept up to date with the latest front lines showing.

After the furor over the Battle of the Bulge subsided, the Group settled down to a routine where three of the squadrons were on combat duty status every day and the fourth squadron was "stood down." This allowed the squadron that was "stood down" a 24 hour period to refurbish their equipment and make the needed repairs. It also put the combat crews on a fatigue duty status.

For example, the gunners pulled KP and stood guard duty, shivering in the gun emplacements, waiting to see if the Germans would repeat their attack of 1 Jan. 45 when the Luftwaffe rose en masse and just shot the hell out of the 9th Air Force bases in France, Belgium and Holland. How the gunners hated that guard duty; their logic was unanswerable. "How come we pull guard duty on the ground with live ammunition and yet we fly practice missions over England with no ammunition for the guns?"

The pilots were assigned duties such as Officer of the Day, check flight of repaired planes, or any other assignments that the Engineering Officer found; this included

the ever-nauseating practice missions.

The bombardiers and navigators were assigned to the War Room to prepare for the next day's mission. After supper, three each of the more experienced bombardiers and navigators went to the War Room and awaited the Battle Orders to come off the teletype machines.

There was no set time for the Battle Orders to arrive; sometimes they arrived early in the evening and sometimes they arrived the next morning. As we waited, the joke was that the Brass selected the targets by throwing darts to a map of western Europe while blindfolded, and three darts had to be within ten miles of each other in order to qualify for a target.

At any rate, once the Battle Orders came in, the bombardiers scurried to gather the appropriate bomb data, and the navigators plotted the course and prepared the maps and charts. From the weather data supplied by the Metro office, the wind was applied to the course to determine the drift and the speed; the true headings and ETA for each leg of the mission was calculated, and then the total time aloft was computed to determine if the bomb and fuel load specified in the Battle Orders were compatible. (What made things interesting is to have just completed all of the above work, and then hear the clattering of the teletype as it delivered a new Battle Order; one memorable night, we plotted three different missions, and then the group was "stood down.")

The navigators prepared map overlays

and charts with the route drawn on them for the command pilots and two of the three navigators of the lead crews: pilotage and radar ("Mickey operators"); the lead navigator usually preferred to do his own. The pilotage navigator was usually a bombardier, transferred from a wing crew, who sat in the nose turret and did double duty as a gunner and a pilotage navigator.

This is what happened to our original bombardier, D.K. Johnson, Jr. He flew six missions with us, and then was pulled out to become a pilotage navigator on a lead crew. For most of our 30 missions we flew without a bombardier; I, as the navigator, opened the bomb bays and set the toggle switches for the release, once we hit the I.P. Since we bombed as a group, there was no need for the wing bombardiers to monitor the bomb sight. We kept our eyes on the lead plane, and when we saw the bombs fall, three of us (navigator, co-pilot and engineer) hit the salvo button to release our own bombs. The bombs of the wing planes also were released automatically via radio waves sent out when the lead plane dropped its bombs, but this system was not too reliable, and the trio continued with the manual salvoing.

The tour of duty in the War Room ended usually when the briefings were completed and the mission was on its way. The only thing remaining was to "sweat out" the safe return of the planes, and to prepare to return to combat duty status on the next day.

Four Engine "Ace" Verified

Dear Bill:

I have corresponded with Roger Freeman in England and he stated that, to his knowledge, no other Four Engine Pilot, of the Eighth Air Force, engaged a German fighter in a dog fight and won.

As related in my story "Four Engine Ace" which you published in the Summer 1990 Journal, I should like to formally lay claim to that distinction.

Date: 29 January 1944

Time: Approximately 1415 hours

Place: Flanders, Belgium

Opponent: FW 190

Outfit: 446 B.G. 704 B.S.

In essence this is a dual claim, for the pilot and the Liberator, who were as one.

E. Warren Bruce
Riverside, California

Dear Col. Brogger,

I am wondering if you recall the mission I made on 29 January 1944 to Frankfurt in which I came home on the deck under almost constant fighter attack

from the rear until one FW 190 finally showed himself at nine o'clock level and in an ensuing dog fight, with only the nose turret operative, we got him.

The news release made at that time was a little fuzzy as to the actual events as they occurred and I have written an account of the mission as it actually happened. I have enclosed a copy as printed in the Second Air Division Journal.

The reason for this letter is twofold:

First, I have always wanted the opportunity to tell you what a pleasure it was to serve in your group. Six of us were your first replacements and I was always thankful to have been assigned to the 446th because you had molded a group that knew how to fly good tight formation. Many times others provided good cover for us because they were a bit sloppy.

Second, if you do recall the conversation you had with Lt. Grisham and me after we returned from Depling, where I had to belly in at an English fighter base, in which Grish didn't stop talking about

the dog fight, could you send me a short statement that this did, in fact, occur.

Grish died in the Korean conflict and I can't locate Lt. Pretty who was in the nose turret.

At this late date, I have developed an urge to lay claim to being the only Four Engine Pilot, in the Eighth, to down a pea-shooter in a dog fight, and your affirmation would help.

E. Warren Bruce
aka Ernest W. Bruce

Dear Warren,

Your kind remarks regarding the 446th are greatly appreciated and brought back many remembrances of those hectic days.

I do recall the conversation with you and your crew at the time and have never doubted that the encounter took place precisely as you folks outlined then.

Sorry to learn that Lt. Grisham lost his life in Korea. Best of luck.

Jacob J. Brogger
Col. USAF Retired

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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President's Message "The Eagles Assemble"

by Richard M. Kennedy



Again, we look forward to yet another 2nd ADA Reunion. This one, number 44, follows a most memorable gathering that took place in East Anglia during July, 1990.

A year has passed since we assembled the Association and, in retrospect, I would observe that during that period, several important accomplishments have been securely put in place. I would be remiss if I failed, at this point, to acknowledge the efforts and subsequent achievements effected by our Group Vice Presidents. The leadership and hands-on contribution to the "esprit de corps" that continues to exist within the Association must certainly be attributed, in great part, to our Group Vice Presidents. My high regard for their successes is herein recognized, along with my heartfelt thanks.

It is my express purpose to keep this message brief and, perhaps, even somewhat uninformative. Why? Well, I think you will all be well pleased when the happenings of the past year are presented during the Dearborn Reunion, and then reported in the Fall edition of the Journal. A good number of dedicated people have contributed to the Association's success this past year and their opportunity to present, to the membership, the record of these efforts should not be preempted here.

Thank you ALL for your endurance and kindness this past year. Serving you has been a pleasure and a privilege for me.

Heritage League Open Invitation

The Heritage League of the 2ADA cordially invites all of the spouses, children and grandchildren of 2ADA members to our Heritage League General Meeting at 2:00 PM on Thursday, July 4, in Dearborn - site to be announced.

We will welcome all our current members plus all of you who wonder what we do and who we are, and all the English "Friends of the 2ADA" that will be in Dearborn for our reunion.

The League is very active, and getting more so all the time. We help with the Memorial Library and we have pen-pal connections between U.S. children and British children. The second generation is coming to life and making themselves seen and heard.

The dictionary says your heritage is something transmitted by or acquired from your predecessors - your birthright. But the one I like is an old Scottish law that says inheritance is an obligation of carrying on. That's what the Heritage League is all about - when we of the WWII generation are gone - let our heritage go on.

Ruth Hunter Berkeley, President, Heritage League

Folded Wings

44th

Charles Landells
Albert E. Jones
Brother Raymond Van Ackeren
Harold F. Bergmann
Martin J. Vodinelich

93rd

Col. Robert B. Crane (491st, 492nd, 466th)
Raymond C. Hunt (453rd)
Norman W. Giese
Charles F. Smithwick

389th

Wyman Z. Hendon
Louis V. Winter
Robert R. Sherman
Robert E. Klagstad

392nd

Richard E. Sheppard

445th

Douglas Pillow
Palmer M. Bruland
Stewart J. Ross
Charles O. Bishop

446th

William Apodiakos

448th

Waldo H. Balzer
Talton T. Lovell
E. James McNulty
Harry B. Davis

453rd

Wilbur Y. Pickett
Theodore Sanborn
Phillip N. Christian

458th

Don J. Breckernridge (93rd, 466th)
Luther W. Anderson
Charles E. Crackenberg
Samuel G. Foster
John L. Kleineck
Joseph W. Stryker
Walter I. Torgerson
Harold H. DeForest
Paul O. Moore
Thomas C. Rawlings

466th

Geoffrey P. Metzeler
John A. Travis, Jr.
Ira M. Young

467th

Fred Buelte

489th

Richard F. Klaus
John E. McGrath

491st

Robert E. Fogarty
Sidney S. Grant
Robert J. Burnham

492nd

Leslie D. Riddell
Ernest E. Gossett (44th)
George D. Wright (44th)

HDQ

Warren L. Burman (458th)

Answered
5/22/90

Dear Bill,

Have just been through my
"peachy" file & have found these
peaches.

The AWS song tune is self
explanatory.

"Hell in Texas" was picked up
at Camp Wolters while I was doing
my basic Infantry Training in 1942.
I know of no tune.

The El Duce bit was
glanced from my very dear friend,
Wing Commander Freddie Sayers,
who typed it out from memory, & does
not know its origin.

I still have not located a
book of songs, sung by aviation
cadets at Boca Raton Florida
in 1943. I think its in the attic.

yours truly

Elm J Nolte

NOLTE

36 MARINERS COMPASS

60 PLESTON, ST. YARMOUTH

ENGLAND, NR31 6TQ.

"Invasion" is only a poem, not
a song. Ditto "Hell in Texas".

J.

Did you see "The man who
wrote TAPS", The Retired Officer
November 1989? If not I can
send you a copy. (page 25).

J.

"They Laughed -" pretty
well explains our movement to England.
The Retired Officers Assoc, of which I am
V.P. has about 100 members all over the U.K.
Nearly all with British Wives. Its great
here.

J.

AWS song found

Research reveals author of lyrics

Through diligent efforts and a close persual of musty, dusty and extremely crusty Observer archives, it was recently discovered that Air Weather Service has a song. The Observer staff in 1956 went through considerable effort to trace the origin and history of this epic piece. Extensive research indicated that the original lyrics, to the tune of "McNamara's Band," were written by one 2nd Lt. Eugene Devereaux during the latter part of 1942.

At the time, Devereaux was stationed at FT. Warren, a coast artillery installation in Boston Harbor, Mass. He was in transit status with a group of students awaiting assignment to a meteorology class at M.I.T. The song was apparently the product of youthful exuberance during idle hours.

After World War II, Devereaux rose to even more exalted heights as a song writer, producing parodies to such American favorites as, "I'm My Own Grandpa," and "I'm Married to a Strip Tease Dancer." The latter of these was written for the opening of a new U.S. Steel plant just south of Morrisville, Pa., and figured quite prominently in the ceremonies.

At last report, in 1956, Devereaux was said to be living the comparatively quiet life of a school teacher at Merrick, L.I., though it was rumored in some quarters that he had a hand in writing that epic of the Korean action, "Just a Little Hole, On the Other Side of Seoul."

Good Forecasting

OFFUTT AFB, Neb. — Air Force Global Weather Central's North American Forecast Center predicted all 30 tornadoes and 28 severe thunderstorms reported in the south central and Mississippi Valley states in March.

During the month, AFGWC weather forecasters also issued 22 point warnings calling for tornadoes. Of these, nine verified with tornadoes, three with severe thunderstorms, three with moderate thunderstorms and the remainder with thunderstorms.

I'll never forget, the day was wet,
The general wanted to fly.
He said, "My boy, is it OK, For me
to go on high?"
When I said, "No, it's going to
snow,"
You should have seen him frown.
Say I'm the only boy who's ever
Kept the general down.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But when you see,
Our planes on high--igh,
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

I read the codes and spot the plot
My maps are very neat.
With isotherms and millibars,
These charts are most replete.
I slip the slide-rule, check the
graph,
Consult the weather vane.
I order sunshine every day,
But all I get is rain.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But when you see,
Our planes on high--igh,
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

The teletype hops, synoptic shots,
Anomometer's going around.
My pressure lines are intertwined,
The fronts are on the ground.
The winds that go from high to low,
Have blown me off the track.
I'll have to throw my books away,
And use the almanac.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But when you see,
Our planes on high--igh
Just remember we're the ones
who let them fly.

I fly reconnaissance every day,

In my Baker Twenty-nine.
My double drifts and ascent rates
Are always out of line.
The "naviguesser" mixed his fix,
The crew is all a-fright.
But that's the way it always is
On a weather recon flight.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But when you see,
Our planes on high--igh
Just remember we're the ones
who let them fly.

In hurricane's and typhoon's eyes,
I ride the thermals through.
And by the time we're halfway
there,
My seat is black and blue.
The lightning strikes, the thunder
roars,
The sea looks awfully rough;
The wind is blowing a hundred
knots,
I swear I've had enough.

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong,
Oh, now and then,
But when you see,
Our planes on high--igh
Just remember we're the ones
who let them fly.

Oh, we're the weather boys, you
see,
We catch it in the slats,
From passing out misleading dope
To people down in MATS.
But you'll always find us singing,
For we're never ever blue;
Oh, we're the weather boys, you
see,
And who the h— are you?

CHORUS:

We are the men,
The weathermen,
We may be wrong
Oh, now and then,
But when you see
Our planes on high--igh,
Just remember we're the ones
who let them fly.

Tennessee ANG Needs Five

Drier Service Weatherman

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eagles

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as D. Madigan, 6th
Powers, 5th WWg.;
5th WWg.; Joseph
WWg.; John D.
g.; Thomas A.
S.; and Joseph E.

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Heroine

HELL IN TEXAS

The devil, we're told, in hell was chained,
And a thousand years he there remained,
And he never complained, nor did he groan,
But determined to start a hell of his own
Where he could torment the souls of men
Without being chained to a prison pen.

So he asked the Lord if He had on hand
Anything left when He made the land.
The Lord said, "Yes, I had plenty on hand,
But I left it down on the Rio Grande.
The fact is, old boy, the stuff is so poor,
I don't think you could use it in hell any more."

But the devil went down to look at the truck,
And said if it came as a gift, he was stuck;
For after examining it careful and well
He concluded the place was too dry for hell.
So in order to get it off His hands
God promised the devil to water the lands.

For he had some water, or rather some dregs,
A regular cathartic that smelled like bad eggs.
Hence the deal was closed and the deed was given,
And the Lord went back to His place in Heaven.
And the devil said, "I have all that I needed
To make a good hell", and thus succeeded.

He began to put thorns on all the trees,
And he mixed the sand with millions of fleas,
He scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put thorns on the cacti and horns on the toads,
He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers
And put an addition on jack rabbits ears.

He put little devils in the broncho steed
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
The mosquito annoys you by buzzing his wings.
The sand burs prevail, so do the ants,
And those that sit down need half soles on their pants.

The devil then said that throughout the land
He'd manage to keep up the devil's own brand,
And all would be mavericks unless they bore
The marks and scratches and bites by the score.
The heat in summer is a hundred and ten,
Too hot for the devil and too hot for men.

The wild boar roams through the black chaparral,
It's a hell of a place he has for a hell;
The red pepper grows by the bank of the brook,
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook.
Just dine with a Greaser and then you will shout,
"I've a hell on the inside as well as without".

Il Duce sent his warriors to march against the foe,
So off to Abyssinia the organ grinders go,
But now they are incapable of any sort of grind,
They're back from Abyssinia with their organs left behind.

The hosts from Abyssinia return to hearth and home,
With knick knacks for the mantle piece imported straight
from Rome,

The Pope is inundated with pleas to join the choir,
From men whose normal voices are now an octave higher.

Il Duce mounts the restrum as the warriors return,
With an unknown eunuch's ashes in a truly Roman Urn,
For some great gift of gratitude this state occasion calls,
What shall we give our heroes - and the heroes answered
"balls!"

THEY LAUGHED..... when I said - "WE ARE GOING TO LIVE ON A NARROWBOAT"!

by
Glen G. Nolte

The idea of living on a narrowboat and cruising the canals of England had its dubious origin when we began to discuss my second retirement. While on my third tour of duty at High Wycombe Weather Central we had lived at Denham. We had often walked the towpath of the Grand Union Canal between Uxbridge and Harefield, enjoying the romantic isolation of Black Jack's cottage, watching enthusiastic boaters work the miracle of lifting their boat to a higher level by manipulating ancient lock gates, and observing the fantastic variety of plant and animal life nearby.

Neither of us can remember having discussed buying and living on a narrowboat before our return to DC in 1971. Prior to our return we had visited several Mediterranean countries and Ireland for, among other things, a half hearted look for a retirement home. After all, that was a long time away. Gradually, we came to the conclusion that we wanted to live in an English speaking country and that, for us, the tax situation shouldn't be too bad in England. It was also dawning on us that we couldn't very well be close to our three children in the U. S., as they were becoming established on a triangle which had minimum sides of 1200 miles. Our final educational responsibility would end in 1975, when the youngest took his degree at George Washington University.

My widowed mother-in-law was having a difficult time adjusting. She had bought and moved into two houses before re-buying the old home place where she "just couldn't spend another winter".

Considering these and other things we gradually came to the conclusion that we would be moving to England to live and began to speak openly about it... at first not really believing it, but later, with more conviction. We had traveled extensively in the British Isles. We had liked Devon and Cornwall as a final home, because we thought it would be warmer with better weather in early spring and late autumn. We had believed the myth of Norfolk being colder than other parts - in a country this size there can't be all that much difference.

But wait a minute ! Like Saint Someone-or-other in reference to his chastity vows - "not just yet". Why not have a last fling before settling down, buy a narrowboat and live on it for a couple of years, visit historical sites and maybe ^{HAVE} a round of golf, then move on after a few days keeping the car within a short bus ride as we progressed. We could return to Grannies at Gt. Yarmouth every few weeks for mail and a change of scenery. After twenty-seven years of shift work what a carefree, exotic, romantic, halcyon way to get repaid. Life took on a new dimension with all the fervor of youth.

On reflection, I think that I made all of the running as I can't remember one word of encouragement -- or discouragement, for that matter, either. Obviously that old girl had lived with me for a long while, and knew intuitively how to handle a very delicate situation. As the months passed and the second shoe hadn't dropped, perhaps I could get by with it. At least I was becoming more self assured. What I had put out with tongue-in-cheek hadn't been rejected outright, or gradually, and I began to feel that my bluff had been called. Now I had to gamble the lot or fold. As the latter would have been a loss of face, I wrote to the British Waterways Board (don't ask how I found their address, or even knew that they existed). They sent information about class A, B, and C moorings and the names of three canal boat builders. Eventually, upon request, one of the three sent a brochure giving construction details, floor plans and prices plus

".....NARROWBOAT !" - continued

something new called VAT at eight percent. The whole brochure presented some pretty heady stuff. Here was the real thing.

When we arrived in England with all the passion of Lochinvar from out of the west, we moved in with my mother-in-law, went to Southampton for the car, and prepared to sally forth.

The original plan was to have our own boat built to our specifications so we headed first for Braunston, the Piccadilly Circus of the canals, to the boat yard which had so kindly sent us information. The first blow fell when we found that the envy brigade had classed narrowboats as luxury goods, and the VAT had gone from 8% to 25%. What? Pay ten thousand pounds for a seven thousand five hundred boat? Not me! Some consolation was felt when we found that we could buy a second hand boat from an individual without VAT.

Our wildest dreams were becoming sodden by the facts of life. We took our time, looked at nearly thirty boats, and drove nine hundred miles in doing so. Every concept had to be revised. We found that the British Waterways Board was no longer issuing new resident permits, mostly to decrease the amount of linear moorings on the canals, and partly because local councils were not giving planning permission. Besides jointly supplying water, electricity and sewer facilities to isolated places, the locals were afraid that the boat people would claim residence in the area, and that eventually they would go onto the housing list.

There are quite a few people living on the canals, and we did find some residential permits for sale. Quite often that meant buying an old hulk without means of propulsion. Later after we had given up that idea we did find some which were nice. It is rare to find the combination for both residence and trouble free cruising.

We made frequent trips to look at boats and to visit old friends around the country. Each time we were away from Great Yarmouth, even for a little while, we developed get-home-itis, an unconscious desire for familiar surroundings, mail, golf, and old Great Yarmouth friends. On the three previous tours of duty we had spent weekends and holidays with Daphne's parents, had been country members of the golf club, and had evidently put down more roots than we realized. When it finally dawned upon us that Gt. Yarmouth was our home and prospects of living on a narrowboat were small, we bought the house where we are now living. That was in November 1975. Little did we know that even though the house was not occupied, we would not be moving in until mid February. The problem was divorce proceedings between the two owners - the man on an oil rig in the North Sea for two weeks at a time, and the woman in Portugal where mail took nine days to reach her, then that long for the return post, and a half-fast solicitor who mailed letters to his counterpart a hundred yards away.

It took customs five weeks to clear our household goods after they were on the dock at Felixstowe. We didn't know when we packed our bags in DC in August, when the temperature was 100 degrees, that we would be living out of those same bags with few additions through the heat of an Iowa September and the "Blarsted Hinglish Drizzle" of an English winter until mid February.

It was not that our ardor for a boat had cooled -- just a temporary flux in plans. Now we could have a home base and cruise where we wanted, two or three weeks at a time several times a year.

On one of our excursions we had gone by Cowroast Lock on the summit level of the Grand Union Canal near Tring to look at a steel hulled, fifty foot, eight berth narrowboat we had seen advertised. We never saw the owner as he had left the key with the lockkeeper, who let us go on board to look it over. It was one of the best we had seen and nearly new, so on our return to Great Yarmouth we negotiated by telephone. The price was agreed and arrangements were made to meet

".....NARROWBOAT !" - concluded

and make the transfer on 15 December. The time arrived, I paid up, and the man disappeared down the towpath. My God !! What had I done ? I'd given nearly a third of my life savings to a man I'd never seen before who gave me a receipt on a child's school tablet sheet, and surreptitiously took off leaving me to look apprehensively at my assumed chattel, and it could very well sink ! Suppose he hadn't owned the boat at all ? Suppose there was a lien on it ? Suppose I couldn't get it registered ? Did I need a title ? Funny these thoughts hadn't seemed very important before. Only with time would each of these questions be answered, one by one, and peace of mind be restored.

But look at her ! Fifty feet of painted steel ! Look at those long, sweeping lines ! Fifty feet is sure a long way ! Hey, let's make some use of her. Let's cruise to the far end of the summit level and return ! The lockkeeper assured us that the canal was wide enough at both ends for "winding", a method used by old boatmen where one end is cast adrift, and the wind turns the thing around to head in the opposite direction.

Like babes-in-the-wood away we went gathering nuts in May. The frustration of three years of planning and replanning, revising and trying again was at an end. Here was the payoff ! Unfortunately, all wasn't a bed of roses, and we soon found that old adage rammed home again: "anticipation is greater than realization". If you wanted to go left, the tiller had to be pushed right - how strange. I found that I wasn't steering the front of the boat, but was in fact steering the center of gravity twenty-five feet farther back. The result was horrendous oversteering which had us pointing alternately at one bank on a collision course, and then the other. Rather than a thrill this was downright frightening, interspersed with moments of outright panic ! Evidently I'm another of those guys who are so poorly coordinated that I can't walk and chew gum at the same time, but do overcome the handicap through a slow learning process. Gradually the gyrations smoothed out, and we arrived at the other end of the cut at Boubourne a half hour later than intended.

What a nice large lake there. I wouldn't need to put Daphne ashore for "winding", but would cruise in close to the shore, put the rudder hard over, and cruise out again. Boy, was I ever wrong ! I didn't know that the winding hole was silted up, or that although we had cracked some thin ice on the way, here it was much thicker. The combination of the two, I soon learned, gave me about as much control as my little rudder would have on the QEII. It was soon evident that the ice was the main culprit. Out came the boat hook and hanging with one hand and punching with the metal end enough ice could be broken to make a few degrees turn. With the process repeated many times, accompanied with much racing of the motor and many shouted invectives, the turn was made in about forty-five minutes. Now it was getting dark on a miserably cold December evening, and we were an hour and a half from our mooring. We couldn't stay on board because of a doubtful heat source, and the water tanks had been drained for the winter. The cabin and head lights worked, so we crept back and tied up hours later than we intended, bloodied but unbowed. Home we went to lick our wounds and to dream, like others on the night before Christmas of sugarplums, - we of our beautiful boat and our eminent canal domain.

* * *

11
January 17, 1990

II-7
ANSWERED JAN 25 1990

C.W. "Bill" Getz
P.O. Box 412
Burlingame, CA
94011-0412

Dear Bill:

Will wonders never cease? My wife found the parodies and for the most part I only had to copy them. The copies are enclosed.

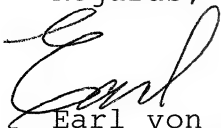
Also, my former co-pilot from North Africa, who is now a practising attorney and a retired Major General, phoned from Massachusetts to say that he would be happy to see those old war time parodies published and to go ahead.

The Tanker Boom Song enclosed is something I picked up many years ago. I have no idea who wrote it.

The Tiny Bladder, I heard from a bus driver in Honolulu...more or less.

Everything else was composed while flying over North Africa during the 1944-45 time frame.

Regards,



Earl von Kaenel
(707) 448 8632
120 Doris Ct.
Vacaville, CA. 95688

P.S. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to call.

NAFD THEME

Melody-Casey Jones.

Casa blanca tower we are ready to go
Our engines are warm - both the blowers in low
The mixtures are in rich - we've got the booster pumps on
We're lined up with runway - takin off to the dawn

CHORUS

NAFD * PIONEERING AIRWAYS
NAFD* WE WILL DO IT AGAIN
NAFD * DRIVING DOWN THE FAIRWAYS
NAFD * WE'RE IN LIKE FLYNN

Meknes army airways we are over your cone
We're flyin on the gages - down your modulated tone
Our ETA to OUJDA is eleven ten
If we change our flight plan- we will call you again

CHORUS

Oujda army radio we just passed by
We're on our way to Biskra and we're flyin high
Our final destination will be Tripoli town
Will you give us the weather hope it hasn't gone down

CHORUS

Biskra army airways we are five miles west
The passengers are comfortable the crew is well dressed
The radio operator's operatin but
The pilot's with the flight nurse checkin on the put-put

CHORUS

Castel Benito we are over your field
Our flight plan is finito got alight and awheel
We're turnin' on the final gettin' ready to land
This grease job ought to show you why---were in demand

CHORUS

MELODY-----COME AWAY WITH ME LUCILLE

Come away with me Marie
In my merry DC3
Down the radio range we'll fly
Bracketing - you and I
And we'll stay in the bi-signal zone
Who cares if we hit the cone
Ypu can fly as long as you like with me
In my merry D63

MELODY-----PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

Braise the spam and pass the malnutrition
Braise the spam forget about condition
Braise the spam and pass the malnutrition
And we'll all get dysentary
Oh the pilots all got it
The ground pounders got it
What a bunch of runners are we--
we're shoutin--
Braise the spamand pass the malnutrition
Braise the spam forget your inhibition
Braise the spam and pass the malnutrition
Move over make room for me

AUTHORS: Earl von Kaenel and Steve Keefe

MELODY-----FOR ME AND MY AND MY GAL

I'm tired of flying I want to go home
Tho I keep tryin they still make me roam
Everybody's been knowin to the states they'd be goin
And for weeks they've been knowin'
They're gonna see theppes their gals
They're congregatin 'round that C-54
The pilots waitin' now he's closin the door
Someday I'm gonna climb aboard like that
I'll tip my hat and then
In leveland I'll be home again

MELODY-----LET ME CALL YOU SUZIEBARK

Let me make this landing I won't bounce it very high
It will raise my standing if you'll only let me try
George does all the flying but he'll never learn to land
Can't you hear me crying I just want to try my hand

MELODY-----ON THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

Oh I bellied in my C-46
Who I made it a class 26
Oh I'm the talk of the town
Since my gear wasn't down
And I bellied in my C-46
Now I've had plenty of time to repent
Plus pilot error one hundred ten Percent
Since without wheels I did alright
I've been sitting on the right
Since I bellied in my C-46

C-46 BLUES

CARELESS-----

Careless that's how you got me lovin you
Careless the facts of life I thought you knew
You reassured me that things were alright
I let you stay there the rest of the night
Careless why did we do just what we did
Careless whatever will I name the kid
Yes I'm a mother that's plain to see
Just cause you were careless with me

MELODY----- I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

He's a gravel agitator all the livelong day
Pilots fly a thousand hours but he'll not get home that way
Can't you hear rotation calling just a hundred fifty hours more to go
Can't you see his arches falling just three more years to go

AUTHORS: Steve Keefe and Earl von Kaenel

OVERSEAS BLUES

MELODY-----MY SISTER AND I

My buddy and I recall the day
We left New York and we sailed flew away
And we think of the boys who had to stay
But we don't talk about that
My buddy and I remember still
Those lovely babes at the Old Gin Mill
And we want to go back and have our fill
But we don't talk about that
We're learning to Parley Francaise
From the mademoiselles we meet
We're almost happy over here
But somehow to us it's incomplete
We've looked all around for Dotty Lamour
Guess that she isn't here anymore
Hope and Crosby were kidding thats for sure
But we don't talk about that

2nd Verse-----

An arab walks by in GI clothes
He picks your pocket then off he goes
Ah but that's only one of our many woes
So we talk-- don't talk about that
We spend every night at the old Brass Hat
The liquor is poor and beer is flat
All they can offer is a welcome mat
But we don't talk about that
The Croix de Rouge will treat you well if you've an hour to spare
You may decide to sit a spell especially if Jinx is there
We censor mail when we're not on a flight
As mess superintendants we do allright
And the battle of Casa we fight every night
We know we've had it thats that!

MELODY-----DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Gather around boys and hear my tale
Of passion and death and how a woman can fail
I loved a maiden her name was Flo
S he doublecrossed me why I don't know
I had the first flight the weather was bad
I climbed in my airplane afeeling so sad
You may have trouble the weatherman said
Couldn't help thinking of them thunderheads
The night was a black one when we took off
Fiftytwo inches-nary a cough
We climbed to nine thousand when all hell broke loose
Tried to be calm boys but it was no use
My poor heart was achin' I thought I would die
My gal was out datin' some other guy
I saw that mounting but it was too late
Died thinkin' of her out on that date
We hit east of Tasa with terrible crash
My mother would soon have ten thousand in cash
Now here is the moral for all pilots true
Don't grieve over women it may happen to you

DON'T
GRIEVE

AUTHORS: Earl von Kaenel and Steve Keefe

HE'S AN ATC PILOT

HE FLIES THRU THE AIR IN A C 46
HE IS A HOT ROCK AND KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS
THE GIRLS THEY ALL LOVE HIM AND NO MISTAKE
THEY KNOW HE IS OUT ON THE MAKE

THIS MAN HE IS FEARLESS AND NAUGHTY
THIS HE WILL TELL YOU NO FEAR
BUT WITH THE GIRLS HE IS NAUGHTY
AND HOW HE CAN GUZZLE HIS BEER

OH HE IS A PILOT ~~KNIES~~ FOR ATC
ONCE EVERY WEEK HE GOES OUT ON A SPREE
HE STARTS IN ON SUNDAY AND THIS IS NO BUNK
COMES SUNDAY HE'S STILL ON A DRUNK

AUTHORS: Steve Keefe and Earl von Kaenel

SULPHA SERENADE---MELODY -- MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL

Couple of doses of sulpha you'll be alright
Guess you shouldn't have gone out the other night
Now you awake in the morning and you find
The girl you loved wasn't the right kind
You could have gone out with Mabel she'd treat you square
Must be the gal that you picked up was really rare
Too bad you didn't stay home and read that book
Say by the way how did she look
Cryin' in the morning sun isn't gonna get this thing undone
Think of how much better you'd fared if you hadn't gone off unprepared
Couple of doses of sulpha you'll be O.K.
You know that you're gonna suffer if you must play
Do you remember the warning I gave to you
You paid no heed----now you've got the flu

MELODY -----FERDINAND THE BULL

He's a wheel one big deal
A wheel with a delicate ego
He's a wheel heap big deal
The pilots all call him amigo
Knows the poop from the group
At the brass hat he operates nightly
He can push a large pencil
Or typewrite a stencil
But he'll never learn to fly

The wheel

DAKAR DILEMMA---MELODY---HOBOS LAMENT

Listen mate while I relate a tale known near and far
This story's 'bout the lousy chow they serve down in Dakar
The pilot's come and pilots go but always it's the same
The food they eat no dog should eat
I wonder who's to blame
Tired and hungry they arrive
The Air Corps feeds 'em well
They do in every other place but in Dakar it's hell
The project is green the coffee is too
The water's unfit to drink
It bears a marked resemblance to
The drain from the Kitchen sink
Dishwater soup and ptomaine hash
It seems is their main plate
If you should eat this nasty stuff
You don't recuperate
Now if you've heard my tale of woe
You know just why I'm here
I'll never leave this hospital
My stomach's disappeared

ROTATION---MELODY---DAISY

Rotation, rotation- eighteen months overseas
We're half crazy- wont somebody hear our pleas
We came over fine young fellows
We were mild and mellow
But now we're beat --We're obsolete
After eighteen months overseas

AUTHORS: Earl von Kaenel and Steve Keefe

February 3, 1990

C.W. "Bill" Getz
P.O. Box 412
Burlingame, CA
94011-0412



Dear Bill:

Most of the parodies were written in early 1945 at eight or nine thousand feet over North Africa in the old Curtis Commando...the C-46.

Steve Keefe and I wrote these for the pure fun of it. We would then amaze and entertain our friends at the bar of the Officers Club. We enjoyed it. They enjoyed it.

We even considered putting on a musical on a grander scale. There was an exceptionally good band over there. Many of them had played in the Tommy Dorsey Band before the War and the others were all from big name bands. They were willing. We had contacted the WAC Squadron Commander and she had no doubt that there would be plenty of girls to form a chorus line. About this time, the War was beginning to wind down and we were really busy. I was sent to Marrakech to check out in the C-54 to start flying the troops out of Europe. The War was over and we forgot about the show.

Sulfa Serenade was written in late '44 because a few people were receiving the Sulfa "treatment"...so it was timely. I'm Gonna Re-enlist With Kilroy was written shortly after the War and a recording of me singing it was played over the PA system at Travis AFB* during a Base "Open House". Me Name is Abie Kilroy was written in early '47 for a Squadron picnic and has been modified now and then over the years to suit the occasion.

If you need anything else, please let me know.

Regards,

Earl von Kaenel
120 Doris Ct.
Vacaville, CA 95688
(707) 448 8632

* In those days, known as Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Base.

MELODY.....TINY BUBBLES

Tiny Bladder...filled with beer
Gotta find someplace...better be near
Tiny Bladder...makes me warm all over
'Cause I had to find someplace
To get rid of all of this beer.

Author unknown

PARODY TO THE TUNE OF "THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"

He flies through the air in a C-46
He is a hot rock and knows all the tricks
The girls, they all love him...make no mistake
They know he is out on the make.

This man he is fearless and haughty
This , he will tell, no fear.
But with the girls he is naughty
And how he can ^{his}guzzle/beer...Oh
He is a pilot...flies for ATC
Once every week he goes out on a spree
He starts in on Sunday and this no bunk
Comes Sunday, he's still on a drunk.

Authors: Steve Keefe and Earl von Kaenel

Tune...Oh, You Beautiful Doll

Oh that C-54

Oh, that C-54...that great big C-54
Let me in that left seat..please
Take off in the evening breeze
Oh, that C-54...that great big C-54
When I pour the power to those four fans
All other airplanes are also rans
Oh, Oh, Oh, that great big C-54

Authors: Steve Keefe and Earl von Kaenel

ATC LAMENT

NORTH AFRICA'S PEACEFUL AND QUIET
CANNON NO LONGER ARE HEARD
WE'RE GETTING SICK OF THIS DIET
BUT PLEASE DON'T THINK US ABSURD

THE ATC IS OUR DETAIL
A LIFE OF EASE AND RECLINE
I WANT A FIGHTER WITH TWIN TAIL
I WANT A B29(

IT'S OUR AMBITION
TO FLY A MISSION
AND SO WE'RE WISHIN
TO GET PERMISSION
WE WANT TO FLY IT
WE WANT TO TRY IT
AND LOG SOME COMBAT TIME
I SAID SOME COMBAT TIME

WE'VE TRIED THE BLOOD BANKS
AND THEY SAID ~~NO~~ NO THANKS
THO WE'RE THE REAR RANKS
WE'RE DOUBLE DARE YANKS
WE WANT TO FLY IT
WE WANT TO TRY IT
AND LOG SOME COMBAT TIME
I SAID SOME COMBAT TIME

NOW YOU HAVE HEARD OUR STORY
AND THO IT'S SAD BUT TRUE
WE WANT TO FLY FOR GLORY
BE PART OF A FIGHTIN' CREW

NOW WE MUST LEAVE YOU
DON'T MEAN TO GRIEVE YOU
BUT ~~POSS~~ BELIEVE YOU
WE WON'T DECEIVE YOU
WE WANT TO FLY IT
WE WANT TO TRY IT
AND LOG SOME COMBAT TIME
I SAID SOME COMBAT TIME

← Tune - "Makin' Whoopee"

Authors: Keefe & von Kaevel

DUP

HERE WE GO INTO THE FILE CASE YONDER
DIVING DEEP INTO THE DRAWER
HERE IS BURIED AWAY DOWN UNDER
THAT DAMN STUFF WEVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR

OFF WE GO INTO THE CO'S OFFICE
WE GET ONE HELLUVA ROAR
WE LIVE IN MILES OF PAPER FILES
BUT NOTHING WILL STOP THE ARMY CHAIR CORPS

HERE'S A TOAST TO THE HOST OF THOSE WHO SLAVE
WITH FEET ON DESK SO HIGH
TO A FRIEND WELL SEND A MESSAGE OF
THE TRIALS OF A SWIVEL CHAIR GUY

WE TYPE AND FILE AND THOUGH WE HAVE NO PROP
WERE EITHER IN A SPIN OR ELSE WE BLOW OUR TOP
A TOAST TO THE HOST OF MEN WHO CURSE
THE ARMY CHAIR CORPS

HERE WE GO INTO THE FILE CASE YONDER
KEEP THE MARGINS LEVEL AND TRUE
IF YOU LIVE TO BE A GRAY HAIRED WONDER
KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THE GLUE

OFFICE MEN GUARDING THE ARMY'S RED TAPE
WE'LL BE THERE FOLLOWED BY MORE
WITH DICTIONARY...WE'RE STATIONARY
NOTHING CAN STOP THE ARMY CHAIR CORPS

Tune -
Air Force
(Army Air Corps)
Song

Author UNKNOWN

TANKER BOOM SONG

(To be sung to the tune of THE THING)

DUP?

AS I WAS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,
ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,
I SAW A GREAT BIG AEROPLANE,
WITH TANKS IN ITS BOMB BAY
I FLEW RIGHT UP AND LOOKED AT IT,
AND MUCH TO MY SURPRISE,
I FOUND A GREAT BIG BOOM BOOM BOOM
RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES
OH, I FOUND A GREAT BIG BOOM BOOM BOOM
RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES.

I MOVED IN A LITTLE CLOSER,
TO GET A BETTER VIEW,
I ASKED THE OPERATOR,
TO SEE WHAT HE COULD DO,
HE SAID, "COME ON IN CLOSER,"
I'LL FILL 'ER UP FOR YOU
I'LL GAS YOUR TANKS, AND CHECK YOUR TIRES,
AND WIPE YOUR WINDSHIELD TOO,
OH, I'LL GAS YOUR TANKS AND CHECK YOUR TIRES,
AND WIPE YOUR WINDSHIELD TOO.

I FLEW UP CLOSE AND HOOKED RIGHT ON,
AND STARTED IN TO FILL,
I FLEW A TIGHT FORMATION TILL,
THE GAS BEGAN TO SPILL,
I TRIED TO MAKE A "BREAKAWAY"
I WAS A DESPERATE SCHMOE
BUT I WAS STUCK TO THE BOOM BOOM BOOM
IT WOULDN'T LET ME GO
OH, I WAS STUCK TO THE BOOM BOOM BOOM
IT WOULDN'T LET ME GO.

IT FILLED THE TANKS, IT FILLED THE WINGS,
IT FILLED THE COCKPIT TOO,
IT RAN ALL OVER THE GODDAMN THING,
AND NEARLY DROWNED ME TOO.
THE TANKER CALLED AND ASKED ME IF,
I HAD ENOUGH TO LAST.
I YELLED "TURN OFF THE GOD DAMN THING
I'M UP TO MY ASS IN GAS."
I YELLED "TURN OFF THE GOD DAMN THING,
I'M UP TO MY ASS IN GAS".

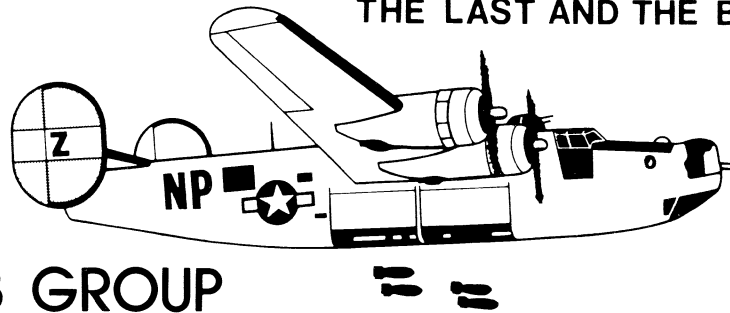
I HIT THE PANIC BUTTON
I WASN'T VERY SLOW
I SAID THAT I WAS BAILING OUT
THE SEA WAS FAR BELOW,
AND AS MY SILK WAS RIPPLING,
THE TANKER CRUISED AWAY,
AS FAR AS I KNOW THE GOD DAMN THING
IS GASSING TO THIS DAY
OH, AS FAR AS I KNOW THE GOD DAMN THING,
IS GASSING TO THIS DAY.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS,
WHEN YOU ARE LOW ON GAS,
AND YOU SHOULD SEE AN AEROPLANE
WITH A BOOM STUCK OUT ITS ASS,
DON'T EVER TRY TO HOOK TO IT,
THAT'S MY ADVICE TO YOU,
YOU'LL NEVER GET RID OF THE BOOM BOOM BOOM
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!
OH, YOU'LL NEVER GET RID OF THE BOOM BOOM BOOM
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!

Author
unknown



THE LAST AND THE BEST



491st BOMB GROUP

VOL. 1 NO. 7

RINGMASTERS' LOG

September 1990

491st Bombardment Group (H)

AIR OFFENSIVE EUROPE

RHINELAND

NORMANDY

ARDENNES

NORTHERN FRANCE

CENTRAL EUROPE

THE RINGMASTERS

**"NO OTHER 8th AIR FORCE GROUP WAS
COMMITTED TO ACTION SO FAST-
FLEW SO MANY MISSIONS IN SO SHORT A TIME-
ACHIEVING SUCH FINE RESULTS."**

DISTINGUISHED UNIT CITATION
26 NOVEMBER 1944

14th CBW FINAL REPORT (1945)
DEDICATED 19 OCT 1990

This plaque, quoting the final report of the 14th Combat Wing,
2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force is the centerpiece of our 491st Memorial.

REUNION REGISTRATIONS

Frank Lewis reports that there are 204 paid registrations for our October 18-20 reunion. "I don't count them until the money's in the bank," he says.

Julie, from Holiday Inn South Dayton, our reunion hotel called to advise 104 rooms had been reserved as of September 6th. We requested another fifty (50) rooms for the 491st. They can accommodate 350 in their facility. **Get your reservations in now or you may be staying in Cincinnati or Environs.**

REUNION PROGRAM

Thursday, October 18th

0900 - 1400	Registration
1400 - 1700	ALLAN BLUE, author of "Ringmaster's History of 491st Bombardment Group (H)"
	<i>Will lead a symposium assisted by representative flying and ground personnel</i>
	<i>Who will be assisted by a cast of thousands.</i>
1800	Happy Hour
1900	"Green Jacket Night" Louis Brunnemer-Master of Ceremonies
	New York Strip will be served in the 'mess hall'

Friday October 19th

0700 - 0830	Breakfast
0845	Busses depart for USAF Museum
0930 - 1000	Dedication of 491 st Memorial led by Chaplains Lee Spencer and Father Ed Norkett
1000	Museum tour 491 st Combat film in theatre Lunch in Museum Cafeteria
1400	First bus departs for hotel
1700	Happy Hour
1800	Candlelighting Ceremony - Carl Alexander Past President Second Air Division Dinner - Prime Rib

Master of Ceremonies - Walt Boychuk -
"The Pride of Flower Mound, Texas and
Sterling Member 855th Squadron"
Speeches limited to five minutes by assorted
dignitaries and "Toastmaster" graduates.
This is your chance after 45 years to
"let it all hang out."

MUSIC: Harmonicas, Juice Harps and the 1990
version of the "Rhythm Bombshells."

Saturday, October 20th

0700 - 0900	Breakfast
0900 - 1000	Business Meeting
1100	"Auld Lang Syne"

Gale Johnson wrote this lyric — both the verse and chorus to the melody of "MacNamara's Band."

Verse: My name is Major Flamming
And I shoo them in the air.
I land them by the numbers
While the Brass gets in my hair.
I fire a green and a yellow flare
And a red one in the blue
And when it gets real quiet
Then I fire a mortar, too.

Chorus: Early aborts, avoid the rush.
Early aborts, avoid the rush.
Early aborts, avoid the rush —
Ooh, you've got to start home
in a hurry
If you're going to avoid the rush.

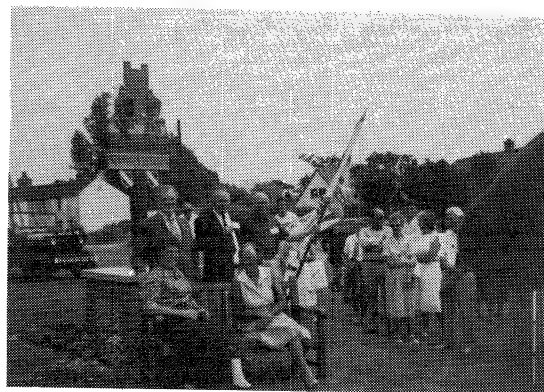
Verse: My name is Colonel Reed and I'm
the leader of the group.
So gather round me, pilots, while
I give you all the poop.
I'll tell you 'bout the fighters and
I'll tell you 'bout the flak.
I'll take off in the forming ship
You go! I'm turning back!

Repeat Chorus.

Verse: My name is Captain (Hankins)(?),
I'm the leader of the Mess.
So gather 'round me, air crews,
I've got something to confess.
These powdered eggs I serve you
Aren't powdered eggs at all.
I get them from the dairy farm
When they clean out the stalls.

This song with appropriate changes
became a Korean War favorite.

L to R: Chandler, Trattle, Leggette
"Tractor Annie" and sister "Midge"
and the 491st bench.





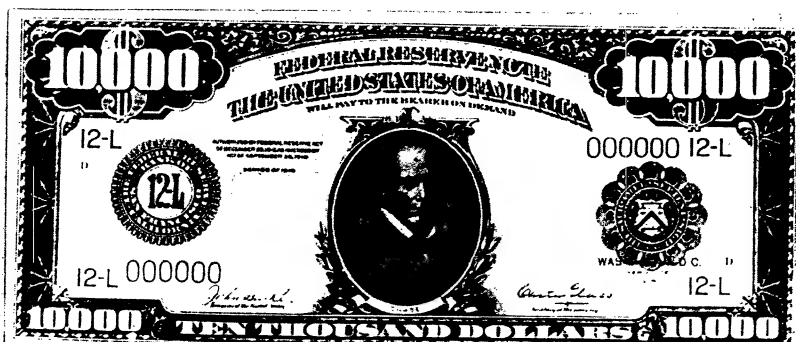
**IT TAKES
A
LOT...**

**...Of
THESE
& THESE...**



**...TO
REACH...**

OUR ANNUAL BUDGET



REUNION REGISTRATION

Mr. Frank Lewis
900 Greenwood Drive
Dublin, Georgia 31021

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ to cover registration for _____ attendees for the 491st Bomb Group Reunion 17-20 October 1990.

NAME _____ Sqdn/Org _____

Spouse or companion/s attending _____

Address City _____ State _____

Street/Apt _____ Zip _____

Telephone () _____

I have forwarded Holiday Inn Registraton Card _____
DATE _____

Do you require bus transportation to the Air Force Museum (approx. 20 minute drive)?

Yes ☐

No ☐

HOTEL RESERVATION

Special Reservation Request

Holiday Inn SOUTH

2455 Dryden Road
Dayton, Ohio 45439

F N O B G

NAME _____

REPRESENTING FIRM _____

I WILL ARRIVE IN (CITY) _____, 19____, AND DESIRE THE

FOLLOWING ACCOMMODATIONS FROM: _____ TO _____
DATE DATE

☐ 1 PERSON - DOUBLE BED

☐ 2 PERSONS - 2 DOUBLE BEDS

☐ 2 PERSONS - 1 DOUBLE BED

☐ TV OTHER _____

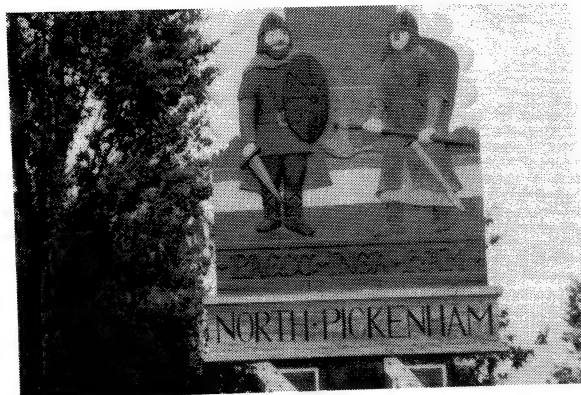
I UNDERSTAND THIS RESERVATION WILL BE HELD FOR ME UNTIL **6** P.M. OF
DAY OF ARRIVAL SHOWN ABOVE.

SIGNED _____

North Pickenham

July 29, 1990

Left: North Pickenham town limits sign.

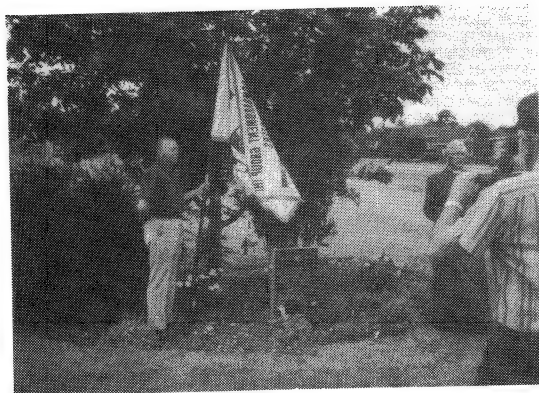


Right: Alan Trattle, Chief of Parish Council accepts a bench from the 491st.

(L to R) Iris & Keith Thomas, Jack & Marilyn Leppert, Nelson Leggette with flag, Hap Chandler and Alan Trattle.



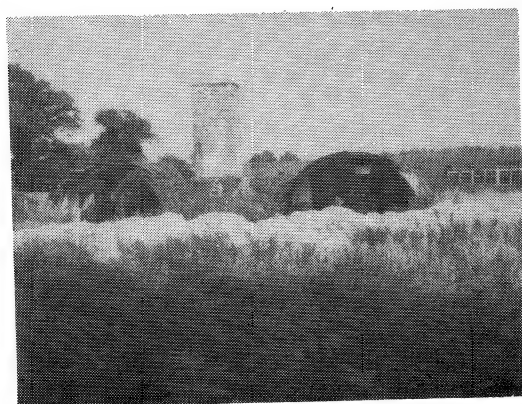
Left: 491st Flag at memorial stone with Nelson Leggette.



Right: Ringmasters overload Keith's jeep.



Left: Base buildings after 45 years.



Right: June Flagler and Norm Johns at Duxford 8th Air Force Memorial - Ringmasters' logo (enlarged) upper right.



Second Air Division Association Welcomes 47 New Members from the 491st March 5, 1990 - September 5, 1990

Alexander, Thomas J.
P.O. Box 12563
Dallas, TX 77017

Anderson, Clarence A.
8045 Cedar Lane
Niles, IL 60648

Aschinger, George J.
901 Lowden Rd.
Streator, IL 61364

Barger, Leo G.
5057 Pleasant Hill Dr.
Fenton, MI 48430

Bouchard, Andrew R.
17 Lakeview Park
Shelburne, VT 05462

Doremus, Warren E.
9 Crest Hill Dr.
Oak Ridge, NJ 07438

Eyrem, Robert
662 Seminole Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19111

Fitzgerald, John H.
6202 N. Sheldon Rd. #612
Tampa, FL 33615

Gauthier, George O.
14 Katsikas Ave.
Dracut, MA 01826

Giles, Lloyd W.
1123 SE 28th St.
Albany, OR 97321

Glabau, William E.
1154 Park Ave.
Coos Bay, OR 97420

Gosney, George B.
RR 3 Box 840
Moundsville, WV 26041

Gunning, John C.
556 Mountain RD.
West Hartford, CT 06117

Hamilton, Howard
RT 1 Box 200
Godwin, NC 28344

Hennessey, John J.
3060 24th Ave.
Marion, IA 52302

Japs, Lawrence
7911 1/2 Seville #3
Huntington Park, CA
90255

Joglus, Emmanuel J.
7 S. Pittsford Hill Cir.
Pittsford, NY 14534

Keppel, John L.
P.O. Box 22
Heafford Junction, WI
54532

King, Theodore A.
30606 McKinney Dr.
Tomball, TX 77375

Lane, Jack S.
1568 Sturgis Rd.
Rock Hill, SC 29730

Mercado, David
712 E. Ave.
LaMerced, Montebello, CA
90640

Morrow, Hal P.
5803 Pinewood Springs Dr.
Houston, TX 77066

Murphy, Charles E.
211 Pear Tree Dr.
Camillus, NY 13031

Napolitano, Benjamin J.
190 Thronridge Dr.
Stamford, CT 06903

Ness, Rayfield E.
Rt 4 Box 296
Hot Springs, AR 71913

Notte, Dominic J.
11 Augusta Ave.
Edison, NJ 08820

Nybakken, Daniel P.
7020 N. Colton #203
Spokane, WA 99208

Powers, James C.
1607 W. Barker Dr.
Peoria, IL 61606

Redfern, David G.
9693 Delray Dr.
Cincinnati, OH 45242

Rohrer, Clason L.
7618 Woodside Dr.
Stockton, CA 95207

Safos, Vangelo S.
2207 Lamina Lane
Houston, TX 77017

Schleif, Richard A.
109 Tuscany
Irving, TX 75062

Smith, Ernest T., M.D.
1534B Crestview Way
Grand Junction, CO 81506

Smith, Guile V.
111 Bryant Dr.
Pittsburgh, PA 15235

Stiles, Robert L., Jr.
666 W. Germantown Pike
#418S
Plymouth Meeting, PA
19462

Taylor, Jack S.
880 Warren Way
Palo Alto, CA 94303

Tickner, Russell
2112 Tickner
Conroe, TX 77301

Trombly, Robert J.
10 Deerfield Dr.
Montelcier, VT 05602

Turner, Thomas D.
2555 Frontier Rd.
Auburn, CA 95603

Tweed, Guy E.
120 Grandview Dr.
Wintersville, OH 43952

Wallis, Tony
22 Blake Ct.
Swaffham, Norfolk
England

Wessale, Robert W.
2234 W. Vista Ridge Rd.
Prescott, AZ 86303

White, Brayton H.
50 Paula Dr.
N. Kingstown, RI 02852

Willson, Charles C., Jr.
505 E. Main St.
Palmyra, NY 14522

Wrath, Shelton J.
5109 Kirkwood Ave.
Spring Hill FL 34608

Wray, Russell J.
988 Old Cove Rd.
St. Clair, MO 63077

FOLDED WINGS

Colonel (Chaplain) Charles Barnes died April 29, 1990 in Chico, California. A bombardier-navigator in the 491st during World War II. Chaplain Barnes attended America Baptist Seminary graduating in 1949. Recalled as a navigator for the Korean War he transferred to the Air Force Chaplain Corps. Completed 30 years of active duty, retiring as a Colonel in 1979.

Dr. Sidney Grant, Palm Springs, California, a 491st flight surgeon, reportedly died in February 1990.

July 30, 1990

Fellow Members of the 491st Bomb Group,

During the annual Business Meeting at the Arlington Hotel at Norwich, England on July 26, 1990 we discussed the following financial information.

491st Memorial Fund

Total Expenditures: (Lot, tree, plaque and benches at Dayton, bench at North Pickenham, Group Flag; Mailing costs)	\$9850
---	---------------

Total Receipts (Contributions and interest)	\$5290
---	---------------

Additional contributions required to fulfill our obligations	\$4560
---	---------------

Please send your contribution to "491st Bomb Group Memorial Fund" at 491st Bomb Group, P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, Georgia 30356-8148

We are most happy to report that a precedent was set by the 491st at the Norwich reunion by being the first and only bomb group to have their colors displayed at all the functions.

The British press and TV were particularly interested in this beautiful bomb group flag.

We all owe a debt of gratitude to Nelson Leggette for his dedication in designing and producing the flag.

The flag will be on display at our Dayton, Ohio meeting in October.

We believe you will want to be part of the Memorials being place in your honor as well as those that have made the Supreme Sacrifice.

Respectfully,

BobBacher, Hugh Bennett, Pete Bove, Michael Brienza, Vince Cahill, Hap Chandler, Harry Dean, Tom Edwards, Joe Flagler, Lou Gallo, Lou Higgins, Jerry Ivice, Norman Johns, Bill Koon, Nelson Leggette, John Leppert, Charles Mussett, Ken Neitxke, Harold Patterson.

RINGMASTERS' LOG

491st BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)

P.O. BOX 88148

DUNWOODY, GEORGIA 30356-88148

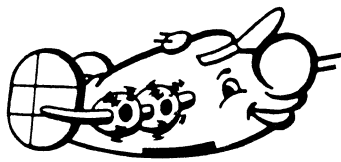
BULK RATE
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ROSWELL, GA.
30076

Address Correction Requested

Dated Material — Please do not delay

Mailed on:

LETTERS



Back in January I sent a picture of a B-24 we crashed at North Pickenham on 1-1-45 and a photo of our crew, along with a plea for help in locating three "lost" crew members.

This is to advise that our plea for help can be cancelled. We have learned that our pilot, Robert E. Cassidy died November 9, 1981. Our Engineer, Harry M. Calcut died July 11, 1987. Our Bombardier, Wendell R. Crayton lives in Climax Springs, Mo. We are planning a crew reunion in Washington, D.C. late August or early September, 1990 at the Hilton Hotel.

Sincerely,

FRANK JOHNSON, 7004 Bent Creek Dr., Germantown, Tenn. 38138

I just received the "Memorial Edition" of THE RINGMASTER'S LOG and am sending my donation at once. I was Squadron Bombardier with Captain Schwenson and never did know the particulars of his going down with Captain Strain, as I left for the States in February, 1945. It brought up a bit of a lump to read the particulars.

Best regards as always

HANK GIBBS

Enclosed is a check for \$100 for the 491st Memorial at the Air Force Museum, Dayton, Ohio. Hope to visit there some day. I am afraid I am a real dud when it comes to war stories or experiences, however, I will write in more detail after I get my Tax off to the IRS.

MARTIN B. DAVIS, 2010 Kingsbridge Way, Oxnard, Ca. 93035

Thanks for the card of 2-24-90 regarding Ken Plummer, Navigator on our crew. (Bill Getz) As a crew member we lost Ken shortly after we began missions, a broken arm in a bicycle mishap. The last time I saw Ken was in early August 1944 just after we had finished our tour, and prior to the moving of the Group to North Pickenham. Some thirty years later Bill Getz initiated inquiries regarding the 'Renegade' crew, with a view towards a belated reunion. Thus, we were advised that Ken had passed away. Circumstances were not provided as to when or how, but apparently not service connected. Consequently, his passing is one of many unanswered questions that we have. I am happy that you had the good fortune to know Ken, as you say, he was a super person. We miss him. Your work in putting out the LOG is appreciated, a first class product in all respects. Continue the good work.

Best regards

JOHN W. CROWE, Citrus Heights, Ca.

Enclosed is \$10 for the log. It was quite a pleasant surprise to see in the last LOG the story about our crew and plane, by John F. Taylor. He is the only service man I have kept in contact with. I would like to hear from any other radiomen.

EVERETT M. ROBBINS, 405 So. Buker Tarsney Rd., Buker, Mi. 64016

Enclosed is \$20 for the LOG and other expenses. I am one of the lucky GI's as my parents were born in Norfolk, England, only a few miles from where I was stationed with the 491st. I was born in Surrey, just south of London. My parents came to the States when I was only three years old. I am now 82 and going strong. I did metal work on our B-24's when they came back from Germany full of holes.

It was a miracle so many come back safely.

HAROLD R. COX, 203 Staton Ave, Hendersonville, NC 28739

I was the copilot on Stanley V. Scotts crew. On 7-21-44 we were flying a mission to Kempton Rail Yards. We were flying a brand new B-12 H. The Group was completely dispersed over western France. We wound up in Switzerland. The crew was returned to England and the US after the war. I ended up flying gunners in B-29s at Ft. Myers, FL. Later flew with the Air Transport Command. Scott was killed flying a fighter plane in Korea in 1953.

RUSSELL K. SHERBURNE, 784 D Orienta Ave., Allamonte Springs, FL 32701

Enclosed is a check for the Memorial. Was it Dean Strain who had the nose turret shot off his plane and the crew had to bail out, then with pure strength got the plane over the channel and on the beach? As the story goes the Navigator was still in the nose pinned down by the navigators table. When we woke up a British rescuer was in the process of sawing off his leg. The Navigator said, "What are you doing?" The reply was, "You're pinned down by the table leg and the tide is coming in." The Navigator said, "Cut the damn table leg off." The Navigator

has a scar where the saw started on his leg. If the pilot knew the Navigator was in the nose he should get a medal. The G-2 reports are available and it is a true story. I was the only Staff Officer of the 491st to finish a tour.

JIM GREENWOOD

Just a note to send you my \$10 dues and \$50 for the Memorial. After seeing the picture of you and Fritzler I remember him although I didn't know you at the time. I remember that Fritzler was on a plane that crashed in January 1945. He was very upset because someone had stolen his shoes out of the crashed plane. I remember that day that Captain Strains' ship was hit by flak. Captain Schwenson was flying his second combat tour as Command Pilot. Just another reason I will never buy a Volkswagon or a Toyota. I took Colonel Parmele's father and his wife out to dinner on his 96th birthday May 22nd. Thanks for the writeup in the Fall issue of the LOG. Hope your wife is doing better.

MIKE POTEET, RFD 1 Box 120, Waverly, Neb. 68462

Enclosed is my check for \$25 for the Memorial and membership in the "Lucky Bastards Club." I was nose and waist gunner on Lt Ralph Coss' crew of the 855th Squadron. We were the first replacement crew of the 491st at Metfield. After many years of searching we finally had a reunion at Wright Patterson in October 1988. Those attending were Ralph Cox (P), Bill Dohoney (E), Bill Kirk (RO), Nelson Leggette (TG), and Bill Martin. Pueblo was the training base for the 491st. Today, it is the home of the B-24 museum. Its worth a trip to see it. Hope to see everyone at the next Group reunion.

BILL MARTIN, Pueblo, CO

Does a Ringmaster Original refer to date of the magazine or to the 491st. I was a replacement crew right after the Misburg disaster. In fact, we arrived the night of the 100th mission party. Finding an almost empty barrack, except for Lt. Howard Hunter, we thought the footlockers, clothes, etc. indicated a full house and that they had made a mistake assigning us there. Hunter, feet propped upon a bed, hat and a heavy jacket on, said "no mistake - take any bed you want because they were all shot down." You can imagine that after that news we decided to join the 100 mission party and forget our future. Reality came back only too soon! Enclosed is a copy of our crew orders assigning us to North Pickenham.

JACK VAN ACKER, 430 Spring Crest Rd., E. Dundee, IL 60118

The photo on the back cover of the January 1990 LOG was taken by our waist gunner, "Skip" (John F.) Fulmer. I was the tail gunner on Bob Meacher's crew and we were flying as Deputy Lead on this mission. This was our first trip to Hamburg and we lost an engine over the target. Coming back over the channel we were running out of altitude so we began to throw out everything we could get our hands on; ammo, guns, flak vest, and whatever else was loose. In the middle of all this, another B-24 came by with one vertical stabilizer missing and the crew happily waving good-bye. We skimmed over the cliffs and landed safely, and when the poor crew chief saw the inside of his airplane he damn near died. At debriefing we told of seeing the one-tailed B-24 and that we brought an empty plane home. Our Squadron Commander overheard this and commented that the next time we would walk home. In December 1944, when replacements were needed at the 491st, we were the first on the list (transferred from 44th BG).

Regards

JOE JOHNSTON, 202 Rivington St., Iselin, NJ 08830

LOG BACK ISSUES

Our supply of back issues of the Ringmaster's Log is almost exhausted. In order to continue to supply them we must duplicate them at the following cost:

LOG #1	\$1.00	plus postage	.65 = \$1.65
#2	1.75		.65 = \$2.40
#3 thru			
#6	2.00		.65 = \$2.65
1990 Directory	2.65		1.05 = \$3.70

8-29-90

Dear Hap,

To my pleasure and chagrin, glancing through the 1990 491st directory revealed that I had resided but a short drive from former 491st members and didn't have an inkling they existed. I have noted names of friends long ignored and in turn have been contacted by some of the same! Needless to say, "re-joining the Group", has hastened my re-collection of memories, some indeed unforgettable! One very, very unforgettable experience has always been of extreme importance to me. With the injection of more recent re-collection of experiences, the priority is more like "maximum effort" these days! My most unforgettable experience, while with the 491st B.G. reads as follows!:

I had just returned from the armament shack after having cleaned my waist gun, having fired it during that day's mission, but only in test! As usual, I checked the bulletin board, saw Art's name as deputy lead for tomorrow, and after securing the "sky hooks", relayed this information to the rest of the crew! The tail gunner was his usual prolific letter writing self, a couple of guys were reading and in general playing "matter of fact", after all we were "veterans" of 6-7 missions! Our concerned minds finally allowed our tired bodies to get to sleep, but it seemed only for minutes. It was the sound of an aircraft taking off that aroused the crew. What happened to the "wake up" call we all expected? What happened to the other crew, they were not in their sacks? Did we oversleep? Did we fail to hear the C.Q.'s wake up call?

With many questions racing through our minds, we straggled to the officers' area, only to find our officer group to be as puzzled as we! A trip to squadron operations resolved the question for us. For some reason, yet unknown to me. We were scrubbed and we were not in trouble. We were told it was yet too early to reveal the name, and purpose of the target. The usual late afternoon E.T.A. would answer all our questions.

My thoughts then ran to the substitute crew and their "care" of our plane. Near return time, I went to our hardstand to await the return of the aircraft and to monitor the clean up - no loose brass was allowed. Besides, the Ringmaster's formation was great. Seldom had I seen it from a ground view! The expected tight formation, that the 491st usually displayed was more like a "to each his own" formation! Had to be "new crews" what else? Then I noticed engines trailing smoke, feathered props and, "oh hell," red flares.

Good God, what had happened?

A passing jeep stopped for me, told me that "the group had been clobbered by Kraut fighters near an oil refinery!" He asked where I wanted off. "At Ft. Norketts' chapel, I have got a powerful amount of praying to do!"

As I prepared to leave, Father Norkett made a very profound remark, "this is one day the 491st will never forget, 26 November 1944!!" Nor will I! I have never learned of the reasons, or circumstances that led to the substitution at the last moment, but the conclusion is that this was the most unforgettable experience I had with the 491st B.G. - or in my life as a whole! HE does work in mysterious ways!

Alfred Simonini Jr.
421 Matadero One
Palo Alto, CA. 94306



491ST BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)

This is your invitation to take an active part in continuing the publication of the 491st Bombardment Group (H) "Ringmasters' Log" and supporting the operation of the to be established non-profit organization's memorial program.

Please return the form below complete with all information as shown - so that an accurate record may be maintained of our annual subscribers and for use as a locator file.

The "Ringmaster's Log" will be sent only to those members of the 491st BG (H) who subscribe on an "annual basis." Reunion and related promotional information will be sent to everyone on our roster.

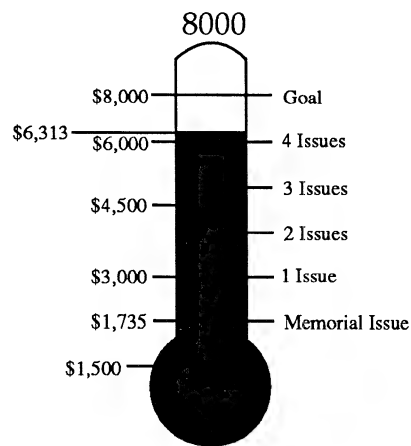
IF, subscribing to the "Ringmaster's Log" operational fund will create a \$\$\$ hardship, please check the () waiver block on the form and return with all other requested information. (You will receive the Log.)

Detach, complete the form and return with your check to the address shown *no later than 1 DECEMBER 1990* for your 1990 subscription.

Make Check payable to: Ringmaster's Log

for your files

Acct Chk# _____ Amt: \$ _____



DETACH HERE & MAIL TO:

RINGMASTER'S LOG
491ST BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)
P.O. Box 88148 • Dunwoody, GA 30338-8149

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Total \$ _____ Check # _____

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Phone number () _____ Spouse's Name _____

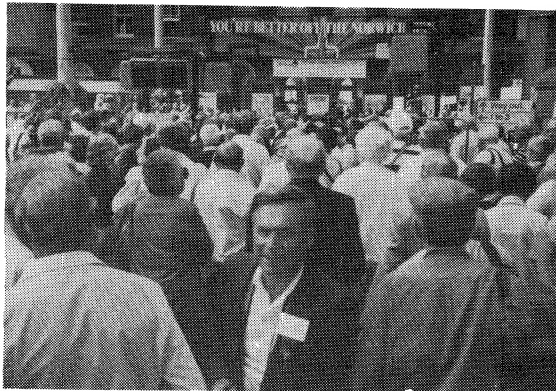
NORWICH REUNION



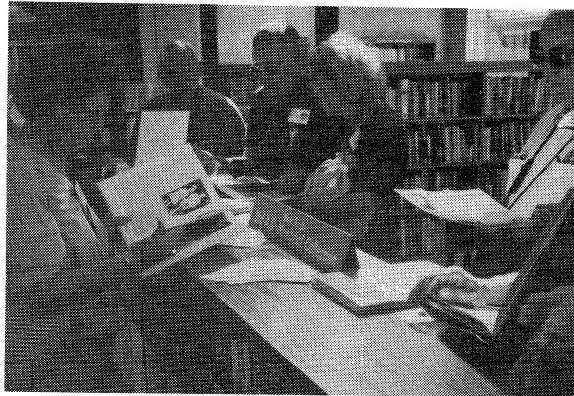
Left: The 491st Flag is displayed for the first time at Norwich Reunion.



Right: (L to R) Tom Edwards, Mike Brienza, Ann Gallo, Charles Mussett, Cathy Mayberry, Harry & Ann Dean, Hap Chandler, Irene & Nelson Leggette, Harold & Jean Patterson, and Lou Higgins.



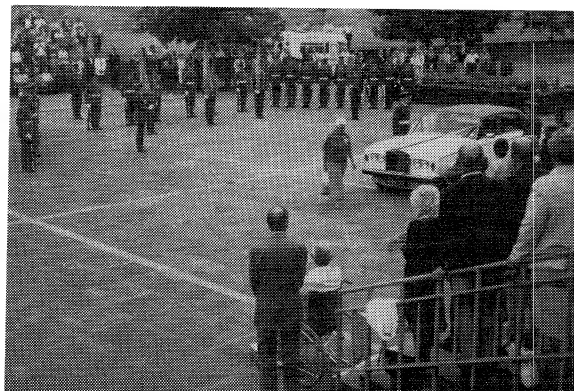
Left: Second Air Division at the Norwich Train Station - 1990.



Right: (L to R) Lynne Ivce, Norm Johns, Hugh & Thelma Bennett, and Lou Higgins examine East Dereham library.



Left: B-24 in the Norwich Sports Palace.



Right: RAF struts "its stuff."

The Ringmaster's Log is the official publication of the 491st Bombardment Group (H), which was based at Metfield and North Pickenham United Kingdom during World War II. This group was one of fourteen B-24 groups of the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force based in England during World War II.

OFFICERS

F.C. "Hap" Chandler
Group Vice President

Harold W. Fritzler
Vice President (Operations)

Mary Gill Rice
Treasurer

ADVISORY BOARD

Maj. Gen. Frederic H. Miller
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Frank Allison	Russ Journigan
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Raymond Hershey	Ray Trapp
Lloyd Hubbard	Dwight Turner
Dan Hurlburd	Henry Van Cleave
Jerome Ivce	James Wakley

PAST PRESIDENT SECOND ADA

Carl Alexandersen

Please note new address:

491st Bomb Group (H)
P.O. Box 88148
Dunwoody, Georgia 30356-8148

GOOD BYE NORTH PICKENHAM HELLO DAYTON!

Twenty Ringmasters returned to North Pick July 29, 1990. Pictures of this happy event are in the centerfold. Alan Trattle, chairman of the Parish Council had organized a rousing reception at the Blue Lion. We presented the village with a bench honoring the "few" of the RAF who turned backed the Luftwaffe 50 years ago. "Tractor Annie" (Diane Wells) and her sister Midge were the first occupants of our bench.

A complete account of our day has been written by Nelson Leggette and will appear in the next issue of Second Air Division Journal.

DAYTON REUNION

Reservations for our Dayton Reunion have already exceeded the 100 rooms reserved. However, we have obtained 50 more and will accomodate Ringmasters up to 350 attendees, the limit of our accommodations. A complete schedule of the events of October 18-19-20 is shown on Page 3.

1990 DIRECTORY

We now have 713 current addresses on our 491st roster. We are receiving new names and addresses daily. Your help in providing current addresses and phone numbers is greatly appreciated.

NON-PROFIT VETERANS ORGANIZATION (IRS CODE SEC. 501(C)-(19)8)

In accordance with a motion at the Norwich business meeting a non-profit 491st Bombardment Group (H), Inc. Association is being formed. This will allow us to receive tax deductible donations to our Memorial and Newsletter funds.

CHIEF BIRD-DOG

Dr. Mike Dougan, Group Flight Surgeon, has spent hours locating comrades from war days. Latest finds: Reverend Lee Spencer, Protestant Chaplain and Dr. S.J. Russo, 855th Flight Surgeon.

NON-PROFIT CORPORATION

A non-profit veterans organization is being established under the provisions of IRS Code Section 501 (C) - (19) 8 to be called "491st Bombardment Group (H), Inc." This will make contributions for newsletter, Memorial Fund, histories, and reunions tax deductible. It is expected that the Corporation will be activated by reunion date.

FLASH REPORT

Current status of your subscription is shown on the first line of your mailing label. The single digits, 2, 3, 4, and 5, represent your Squadron, if known. The digit is followed by a 90 or a L if your 1990 dues are paid.

Paid 1990 subscriptions to the Ringmasters' Log total 382 as of August 31, 1990. This represents 54% of our roster strength of 713.

III-10

FOR ALL THOSE BORN BEFORE 1945

WE ARE SURVIVORS!!!! Consider the changes we have witnessed:

We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, frisbees, and the PILL.

We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ballpoint pens; before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes, and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be?

In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of." Bunnies were small rabbits and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeanne, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along well with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent, and Outer Space was the back of the Riviera Theatre.

We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers, and commuter marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness - not computers or condominiums: a "chip" was a piece of wood; hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word!

In 1940, "made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exam. Pizzas, "McDonalds" and instant coffee were unheard of.

We hit the scene when there were 5 and 10 cents stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. Sanders or Wilson's sold ice cream cones for a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600.00, but who could afford one?; a pity too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon!

In our day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, GRASS was mowed, COKE was a cold drink, and POT was something you cooked in. ROCK MUSIC was a Grandma's lullaby and AIDS were helpers in the Principal's office.

We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change: we made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today!

BUT WE SURVIVED!!! What better reason to celebrate?

Hi Bill:

Hope you'll enjoy reading this
article. Best regards, Jane

P.S. Hello to
Nikki

The In-Flight Bulletin

The Wilmington Warrior Association

The Unspoken Sacrament

Those who sorrow most line the soaked and sacred
runway:

An honor guard of wives and children soothing their
emptiness

on the knoll's glistening green grass
under low moaning heavens.

But it's the wives -- bunched, clinging, touching --
who labor the emotion;

Life blood mother-wives reaching-feeling for her chil-
dren,

securing what is left.
And it rains.

The solemn procession slowly rolls by:

Heavy laden armed Eagles groaning on gray wet ground
positioning for ascension.

Languid lover-wives wave their farewell,
a quiet communion,

While her resolute warrior responds love from his Eagle's
eye

with uplifted hand,
a somber salute,
an unspoken sacrament.

And their hearts embrace
And know.

And the lady draped in black lifts her nation's heavy
drenched flag

honoring the purpose.
And their spirits caress,
And it rains.

Then --

Shattering shaking volcanic thunder of the Eagle's
uplift-

piercing quaking fire thrust!
And the low clouds swallow,
And they're gone,
And it's quiet,
And the silence rains loneliness.

The mother clutches her child more closely

wiping wet hair from moist eye,

While the lady in black, over the ground's glistening
grass,

caresses her sacred symbol.
And together all offer faith's prayer.

-- Joseph Fyans III

*Dr. Fyans, a civilian dentist who works on base, wrote this
poem after witnessing the departure of the deploying F-15E's
from Seymour Johnson AFB on August 9, 1990.*

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

OUR "FAMILY" REUNION

This year will mark the 49th Anniversary of the opening of New Castle Army Air Base. Simple math tells us that each of us is now 49 years older than we were when NCAAB opened. Further, at this time next year, those of us still left will have aged still another year! How much of that bumpy runway is still left for us?

But let's talk about our "family". A few months ago, my bride and I were enjoying a Carolina League baseball game at Grainger Stadium in Kinston. President Bush had just ordered U.S. troops into the Persian Gulf, and the yellow ribbons were beginning to appear all over town. As we sat there watching the game, Ruth's hands were busy making bows from a big spool of yellow ribbon we had managed to locate. Soon, a long time friend stopped by and said, "Ruth, do you have a son or daughter in service over in the Gulf?" My wife smiled, looked at the friend and said quietly, "Yes, we have about two hundred thousand of them over there. They are all our kids." That's what I mean about family! We are the military family - - we are the NCAAB family, so we're having a "family reunion" in California in May.

Elsewhere in this issue of your Bulletin, there is a poem entitled "THE UNSPOKEN SACRAMENT", which I strongly urge everyone to read. It was written by a civilian dentist at Seymour Johnson AFB, on August 9, 1990, after he had witnessed the F-15E Strike Eagles of the 4th TAC Fighter Wing depart for the Persian Gulf. The weather was terrible that day

- - - foggy and raining with just enough wind to make things really miserable. The dentist, Dr. Joe Fyans, was struck by the impact this deployment was having on the wives and children as they stood silently and watched their husbands and fathers leave for some far away place, to be gone for an unknown period of time, to perform whatever duty their country asked. **THAT'S FAMILY!**

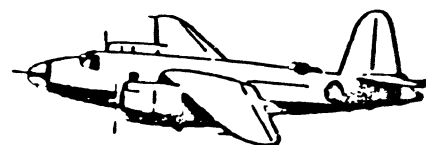
I hoped I could make two points with the foregoing words. First, the runway available to the NCAAB "family" is getting bumpier and shorter all the time, which means every one of you should make the supreme effort to attend THIS reunion. Remember what I said - - - **WE ARE FAMILY!** The second point is that the wives and kids left behind by all this mess "over there" are among those hardest hit by it all. Every community has something going on in support of these people, and YOU should be a part of that effort. If you happen to be a military retiree, I am sure the nearest military base would welcome your offer to help in the Family support Center. And besides, it will make you feel awfully good for having contributed something to the big effort. Remember - -

WE ARE FAMILY!

SEE YOU IN CALIFORNIA

J. R. Kuhlman.

* * * * *



COCOA BEACH BANQUET



COCOA BEACH BANQUET

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

THE BAHAMAN ADVENTURE:

December 1st saw us heading east on Eastern Air Lines, flight 70 to Atlanta. On arrival we had some good news and some bad news:--The good news: it was a fast smooth flight, not crowded and we arrived on schedule. I was transported from SFO curbside to the gate and at Atlanta picked up at the gate and taken to the baggage claim area in a wheel chair because of a bad leg. Cheryl and Mary were waiting at B.C. The bad news:-- Shorty suitcase was a no-show. final good news, bag arrived next day--home delivered, intact. During the week Tom, Rachel, and Nick visited. Mid-week, Clyde and Faye visited from Denver. It was Great.

Dec. 8th headed for our temporary (6 - 12 wks.) abode, Eastern Flt. 311 to MIA then MIA 3805 to FPO. on a turbo-prop, Beach 1900. There was good news and bad. The good news:--flight was fast, smooth over the 112 miles to destination. The bad news:--both of our suitcases containing all of our clothes were missing. We filled out the missing baggage forms, left the keys with the EAL rep. for customs inspection when and if they ever arrived. We then headed for the Bahama Princess Hotel. The bags finally arrived on Monday PM the day of my first appointment at the clinic.

Immuno-Augmentative Therapy Clinic (IAT LTD) was Monday 7:30 AM for a blood sample. Met some super patients for their daily "Blood-letting". The Paynes arrived a week earlier, asked if we had a place to stay. we told them we hadn't looked around as yet so they suggested we checked out their apartment, which we did. We liked the apartment complex so well, we signed up on the spot. The complex is only 2½ blocks away from the Clinic so it is in easy walking distance. We took the adjoining apartment to the Paynes at the Lafayette Gardens.

So far blood sampling (1½ml) are taken between 7:00 - 7:30AM Mon. thru Fri. for analysis to determine the immune protein level. At this time you also submit a daily report of well being. Analysis of each individual patient's blood. This information is fed into a computer for each individual. Dr. Lawrence Burton or an associate analyzes the findings and prepares blood serum for the day--on Friday you receive Fri., Sat., and Sun. serum. The present days supply is refrigerated and Sat. & Sun. is put in the freezer. Inject the daily refrigerated ones on schedule. Sat. one hour before the first injection, that days supply is relocated in the refrigerator section and proceed on schedule. In my case this first week starting on Tues. I received 4 syringes; Wed. 4; Thurs 3 (they didn't want to over-load my system. Over the weekend, I received 7,7,7 respectively. Medical history is taken at the beginning and all medical reports are studied. You are taught how to self administer your shots. Each syringe is marked with the time to be taken and the schedule and the order of progression is very important. Shots are usually scheduled 1 hr. apart. My emphysema has been causing problems so I was given a cortisone shot and prednisone. I have a Dr's appointment today the 18th so hopefully they will start tapering off on the prednisone. Also Oxygen for a back-up when needed. The situation is not as bad as it sounds. Used very little Oxy. and feel 1000% better. this morning.

Got a call from our Son Jeff on Wed. Dec. 12th and advised us that someone had broken into our house a day or two before and stole a TV, A combination portable TV-Tape player-AM/FM unite, and VCR. Still trying to find out what else is missing. So we don't think things can get much worse--the only way to go is up!

For those of you who might like to write, Address as follows:

Jack Brissey
IAT Ltd.
P.O. Box ~~59-561~~ 59-5161
Miami, Fl. 33159

Please no Packages--the Clinic is kind enough to permit us to use this courier address so we do not want to abuse the privilege. Thanks

Cheryl and Mary will be joining us for Christmas--arriving tomorrow on Cheryl's B.D.

Our Love to all,

Jack & Shorty

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

The following poem was written by Confederate Air Force Colonel Lael Neill, and dedicated to the 67th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, Bergstrom AFB, Texas. While the words may seem at first to be those of a World War II pilot spoken to his counterpart of today, the poem actually speaks of what a vintage World War II aircraft might say to one of today's F-15s or F-16s. The occasion was the Worldwide Reconnaissance Air Meet, held at Bergstrom AFB in August of 1990, in which a P-40 Warhawk and a P-63 Kingcobra of the Confederate Air Force participated.

PASSING THE TORCH

by Lael Neill

The task is not mine now. It's fallen to you.
Mine was the old way. Yours is the new.
'Twas my seed that sired you. My strength's in your soul.
My task is yours now, for I'm growing old.

Yours is the thunder that shudders the ground.
Yours are the long legs that span the world 'round,
Yours are the missiles with jaw-breaking names,
Yours are the instruments like electronic games.

All your young pilots are astounded to see
What won THE BIG ONE when they look at me.
Inside my cockpit it's bare as a bone.
My pilot and I - well, we were alone.

The stick in his hand and a gleam in his eye,
He and his plane took the unyielding sky.
Confronted by enemies as valiant as he,
We conquered the land and ruled the sea.

I met the challenge of man's darkest days.
Remember you follow my tracks through the sky.
Pilots are pilots and air is still air.
Wherever you go, my shadow's still there.

So, I leave you a legacy as all parents would:
If you're tested as I was, I hope you're as good!

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

LETTERS FROM TROOPS (CON'T)

ONAS MATZ ...I am at work on the History and progressing with zeal toward the completion...I hope.

* * * * *

ROSTER CHANGES

Frank Umhofer
24 Old Mill Road
West Redding CT
06896

Donald Farquhar
Telephone Office
302-656-3774

Mason L. Ashford
900 13th St. N.
Naples FL
33940-5484

Malcomb Rowe
55 East 59th St.
Suite 1300
New York NY
10022

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS

Frank Guarino
26371 Rim Road
Hemet CA 92344
714-927-4005

Alban R. Clautice (PLT)
330 Stanmore Road
Baltimore MD 21212
301-296-3909

Edmund F. Sipowicz (RO)
22 Sherman Avenue
Glens Falls NY 12801
518-793-2068

Allen J. Livingston (RO)
45 Shore Avenue
Swansea MA 02777
508-672-8841

FLOWN WEST

Since our last publication I have not been advised of anyone passing on.

Paul Patterson did advise me that Rod Elliott passed away several years ago and should be added to our memorial list.

* * * * *

ENTERTAINMENT

Yes we do have entertainment at our get togethers. To prove it the picture shows Larry Wilson at the piano at Cocoa Beach. The torch singer behind him is Ruth Kuhlman.



SEE YOU IN CALIFORNIA

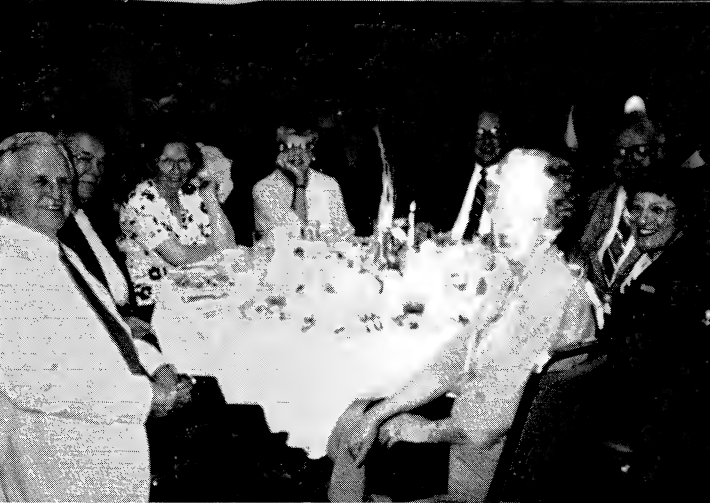
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PHOTO CREDITS

BANQUET - ED GOODMAN

ENTERTAINMENT - BOB JUDD

COCOA BEACH BANQUET



COCOA BEACH BANQUET

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

WILMINGTON WARRIORS ASSOCIATION

IN-FLIGHT BULLETIN

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J.Raymond Kuhlman, Pres.

T.S."Robbie" Robinson, Edit.

* * * * *

YOUR EDITOR SOUNDS OFF

A lot has happened since our last communication. Jack Brissey had to resign due health problems. We reactivated that tired old aviator from Kinston, NC. He moaned and groaned a little but has moved into the office with hardly a ripple.

Our publication of the reunion in the various magazines has dredged more new and potential members out of the woodwork. The new ones are listed elsewhere in this publication.

Jack Brissey is presently in the Bahamas taking a series of treatments. Jack's letter is reproduced on a following page. He sounds good and plans to be on hand in May.

Jack Brissey and Bob Judd have put together a super package for us to enjoy in May. Plan to come and see all your old friends and make some new ones.

T.S. "Robbie" Robinson

LETTERS FROM THE TROOPS

FRANK SCHWEIKART...Here is the tape of the trip to Oran while I was with the 4th Ferry Group. Listen to it and see if it's okay and if so you can use it.
(Ed.Note: Onas has the tape.)

DANIEL D. PETERS...You have done a wonderful job on the WWA booklet. I have read it thru and thru and will do so from time to time to find out if any of my friends from Logan Field are still hanging in there with the WWA.

In checking over the Ass'n list of names and addresses I take note you left off my PLT designator. I thought I would remind you of this for your next publication job.

Keep up the good work and keep the news coming. Always good to hear from you all.

P.S. I see where JB got Ray Kuhlman back in the cockpit for another run.

AL LIVINGSTON (NEW MEMBER)... I have taken the liberty of having copies made of the application forms and sent them to two former members of our crew on the "Crescent Run."

Robert Johnson - Pilot

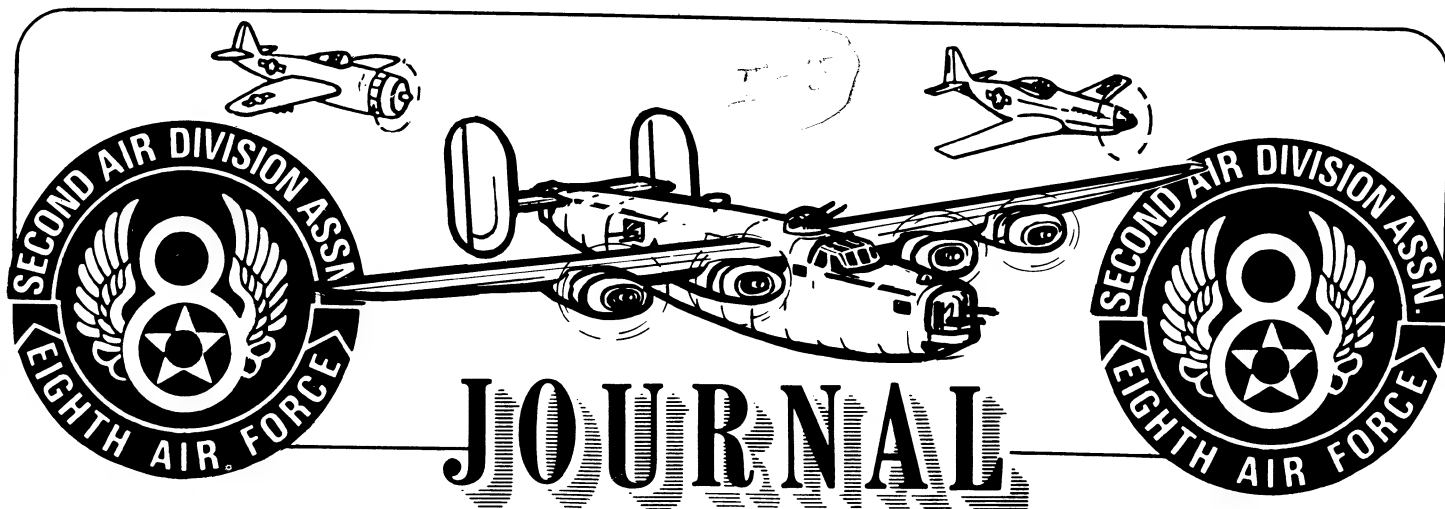
Jack Sevanger - AE

JACK SCHWAB...Am enclosing my check of 1991 + a "little extra" for whatever.

Have yet to make a reunion - but am still hoping!

Best personal regards - and please say hello to Onas when you see him or are talking with him again.

(Continued on Page 6)



Vol. 30, No. 1

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Spring 1991

Remember Me?

Submitted by Robert R. Starr



Some people call me Old Glory, others call me the Star Spangled Banner, but whatever they call me, I am still your Flag, the Flag of the United States of America . . . Something has been bothering me, so I thought I might talk it over with you . . . because it is about you and me.

I remember some time ago people lined up on both sides of the street to watch the parade and naturally I was leading the parade, proudly waving in the breeze. When your daddy saw me coming, he immediately removed his hat and placed it against his heart . . . remember?

And you, I remember you. Standing there straight as a soldier. You didn't have a hat, but you were giving the right salute. Remember your little sister? Not to be outdone, she was saluting the same as you with her right hand over her heart . . . remember?

What happened? I'm still the same old Flag. Oh, I have a few more Stars since you were a boy. A lot more blood has been shed since those parades of long ago.

But now I don't feel as proud as I used to. When I come down your street you just stand there with your hands in your pockets and I may get a small glance and then you look away. Then I see the children running around and shouting . . . they don't seem to know who I am . . . I saw one man take off his hat and then look around. He didn't see anybody else with theirs off so he quickly put his back on.

Is it a sin to be patriotic anymore? Have you forgotten what I stand for and where I've been . . . Anzio, Guadalcanal, Korea, and Vietnam.

Take a look at the Memorial Honor Rolls some time of those who never came back to keep this Republic free . . . One Nation under God . . . when you salute me, you are actually saluting them again. So, when you see me, stand straight, place your right hand over your heart . . .

And I'll salute you, by waving back . . . and I'll know that . . . Lest you forget, I was with you in the Battles of World War II.

YOU REMEMBER?

Report on the Memorial Trust

by E. (Bud) Koorndyk

The essence of this report will be of a nature of sharing with you, the supporters of our trust, the enthusiasm shown by our wonderful friends in Norwich who so carefully nurture the fond memories of our associations with them during the trying days of World War II and have carried that through in helping us to maintain our wonderful Memorial Library and the trust that administers it.

As I reported at our convention in Norwich last summer, the University of East Anglia had anticipated spending a day at our Memorial Library and at a City Hall reception, with over 100 American students attending the University. Professor Howard Temperly of the University and also a member of our Board of Governors, arranged this day's activities. The upshot of the matter was our learning that the American students had no idea of the role we played in World War II. The library and its educational data astounded them. Isn't it amazing that our students are using a legacy we've established in Norwich to enhance their educational background.

In these times of uncertainty in the financial markets, we can be assured that Tom Eaton, chairman of our trust, and Paul King, vice chairman, have been and are continuing to be abreast of continuing market changes. Our trust fund over in Norwich is in a very sound and stable condition.

The next meeting of the Board of Governors will be held on February the 8th. I will be unable to attend and have so notified my colleagues. However, it is my intention to meet with the body on the 2nd of May.

As you know, our Memorial Library is directly under the County Library System, which is headed by Hillary Hammond, also a member of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. I want to share with you some excerpts from a paper prepared by

(continued on page 3)

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Vice President's Message

by E.W. (Bill) Clarey

Friends, it seems as though this is the time of year to reflect upon our accomplishments, or adversities, whichever is uppermost in our minds.

As for accomplishments, I think that there are several important occurrences that should be mentioned.

First, the "Honor The Villages" program in England was, and always will be, one of the most memorable times experienced by many of us. I hereby wish to give a vote of thanks to all persons, at home and abroad, for all the hard work they did to make this program a success. May there always be an England.

Secondly, kudos to Bob Collings and company, who undertook the task of building a B-24 for us all to cherish and admire. I told Bob that the last one I flew had one hour shown on the log book before I was ordered to take it to the scrap yard in Mississippi to be cut up and scrapped.

Thirdly, there is now something new to look forward to. An Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum is being planned, and will be built near the Savannah, Georgia municipal airport. Since Savannah was the birthplace of the 8th Air Force, this area would be the appropriate place for the museum. Fifteen acres of land have been donated for this purpose. The museum will officially be called "The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center." It will contain archives of all the Bomb Groups as well as memorabilia. Completion of the Center is planned for 1992 or 1993.

Last, but not least, I am sure that you all feel as I do about extending our gratitude to all persons involved in the Middle East crisis.

Report on the Memorial Trust *(continued from page 1)*

Hillary representing his views of the way forward for 1991 to 1996. Bear in mind that these are strictly his views and are not an official statement of the Board at this time. To me it shows the tremendous support given to our Memorial Library by the County Librarian himself.

"The objectives of the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Library should be:

(1) To maintain and develop library and archive collections in the geographical area of the 2nd Air Division relating to the role of the 2nd Air Division in the 1939-1945 war.

(2) To maintain and develop library and archive collections in the 2nd Air Division area relating to the study of 'any aspect of, or related to, the United States of America.'

(3) To exploit the stock of these collections through publicity and promotional activities.

(4) To develop links with the University of East Anglia to facilitate the study of the United States of America.

(5) To develop links with schools in the 2nd Air Division area to facilitate the study of the United States of America."

Hillary then goes on to spell out the means of meeting these objectives. My reason for sharing just a portion of this paper is purely to have you experience the feeling of dedication that I have in how our Memorial Library is being administered.

I would like to conclude this report by also saying that the process of obtaining a Fulbright Archivist is in the works and the proper notification of the position has been sent out through the Fulbright Commission. It is imperative that this position be filled as soon as possible. The amount of memorabilia being sent to our library grows each day and will continue to do so as we all grow older.

A further report on the status of the \$500,000 drive for our American Librarian Fund will be submitted by our drive chairman, Jordan Uttal, on another page in this Journal. Jordan is to be commended for offering to serve until this job is completed. My thanks to him as a member of the Board of Governors.

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-91

The following tapes are available for rent from your 2ADA film library:

Video tapes — VHS — (Order by Roman #)

I	Remember Them	} Order together	\$3.00
II	A Village Remembers		
III	Target for Today The Men Who Flew the Liberators 2ADA Reunion 1973 — Colorado Springs 2AD Memorial Dedication — Norwich 1963		\$3.00
IV	The Mission Night Bombers — RAF Schweinfurt & Regensburg Memphis Belle		\$3.00
V	Ploesti 93rd B.G. in North Africa The Fight for the Sky 2ADA Reunion Film Clip — Norwich 1983		\$3.00
VI	The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 1-8	} Order together	\$9.00
VII	The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 9-16		
VIII	The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 17-24		
IX	The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 25-26 The Air Force Story — Vol. II — Chapters 1-6		
X	Smashing of the Reich Medal of Honor — The Burning of Ploesti Oil		\$3.00
XI	Some of Our Airmen Are No Longer Missing 2ADA March AFB Memorial Service, 1984 The Superplane That Hitler Wasted — ME-262		\$3.00
XII	The Story of Willow Run Preflight Inspection of the B-24 Flying the B-24 (This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 BG in memory of Adam Soccio)		\$3.00
XIII	Battleline Series — Bombing of Japan The Last Bomb — B-29s and P-51 Documentary Target Tokyo — B-24s Narrated by Ronald Reagan		\$3.00
XIV	Aviation Cadet Wings of the Army		\$3.00
XV	Air War Over Europe Target Ploesti Raid on Schweinfurt Counterblast: Hamburg Guided Missiles		\$3.00
XVI	The Last Mission — 5 days of Norwich 1987 2ADA convention plus additional camcorder scenes by several members		\$3.00

The following tapes are single copies and are available for rent for \$5.00 each. They will be mailed to you via first class mail and we ask that you return them the same way.

"Winged Victory"	"Twelve O'Clock High"	donated by Hugh McLaren
"24's Get Back"	"Going Hollywood — The War Yrs"	
"Aerial Gunner"	"Show Biz Goes to War"	
"Pin-Up Girl"	"Battle of Britain"	
"B-24 Liberators in the ETO"		
"Tora, Tora, Tora"	"Battle of the Bulge"	donated by widow of Art Raisig (492nd)
"The Right Stuff"	"Midway"	
"World War II" with Walter Cronkite 10 Volumes		donated by Roy Jonasson
"Faces of the 2nd Air Division"		Produced by Joe Dzenowagis
"Eight Candles for Remembrance"		

Order from: **Pete Henry**
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

Folded Wings

44th

Samuel Bryan, Jr. (also 492nd)
Elmo C. Trudeau
Vernon G. Waguespack

93rd

Col. Howard F. Bolton, Ret.
Stanley J. Guernsey
Edward F. Reibold

389th

Allen P. Gray
Dallas E. Hatch
Russell D. Hayes
James H. Middleton
Harry E. Neff, Jr. (also 491st)
Jack T. Zeller

392nd

James M. Housteau

445th

Samuel S. Anzalone
Richard J. Gaffaney
Walter E. Humphreys
George Kesely

446th

Lloyd A. Hart
Vince Kozlowski
William C. Stottlemeyer

448th

Gerald W. Gensinger
Gaspar W. Interrante
Ferris W. Kennedy
Richard G. Pokorny
James W. Robb

453rd

Howard A. Eckler
Adrienne C. Leggett — AM
Joseph Miele
Wilbur Y. Pickett (also 93rd)
Ltc. Elden F. Rhode, Ret.
Orris F. Warrington

458th

SMS Lloyd C. Chapman
M.H. Griffith
Harry E. Parker

466th

William E. Foreman, Jr.
John C. Jennison
John H. Woolnough

467th

James D. Pickering
Earl G. Sawyer
Wayne L. Strand

489th

Carlton G. Ellis
Irving Gottlieb
Glenn W. Walker

491st

Col. Charles J. Barnes, Ret.
William G. Magrath
Dwight L. Turner

HDQ

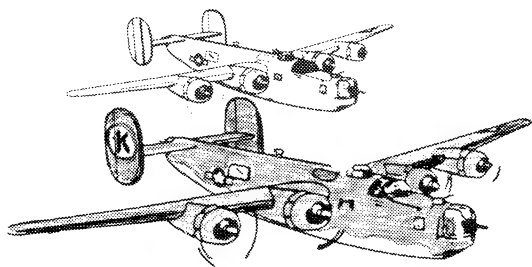
Yetta S. Gottlieb

Assoc. Member

Mrs. Alma L. Carlson

SM

William P. Chattaway — 56th



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

I do not know the results of what I'm told was the "final campaign" to complete the fundraising objectives of "The Last Mission." You will find that elsewhere in the Journal. I do know, however, how the 458th did up until January 28th. It shows that our Group members sent in an additional 49 checks, making the total now 420 checks, that we had a total of 340 donors and we went over the \$32,000 we hoped to do. More than 53% of us contributed and while we continued to lead all others in the number of donors, we're second in total cash. My most sincere thanks to all who have taken the time and effort to support this truly great cause.

SQUADRON INSIGNIA

These were due in mid-February. Twenty-five (25) of each of the 4 squadrons were contracted for: 752nd, 753rd, 754th and 755th. I already have a "waiting list" and will be sending them out as soon as I receive the shipment. If you recall, I originally ordered 50 each to a squadron, and said if you wanted one, or more, not to hesitate. As you know, they were all gone in fairly short order. Since then, we've added about 200 more 458th members and this supply should cover the new members and the old ones who waited too long to order. I have my "old" waiting list and if you are not on it and want your squadron "patch," don't wait any longer and order it. I must tell you that the cost has increased another dollar and the new price is \$9.50, postpaid. Again, once these regulation sized squadron patches are gone... they're GONE! No further ordering is planned.

NEW 458th GROUP IDENTITY

I now have an improved version of the original 1-3/8" (one and three-eighths inch) die cast vertical stabilizer (tailfin) that I had made for our Norwich Reunion last July. When I received the balance of the original shipment, I took what I had to our Dayton Reunion last September. That was all that was left. Since then, I went to a contractor to have more made and he suggested an "improved" model. I must tell you that after seeing the new vinyl covered tailfin, I ordered a good number for all members who would like to have one of the "red-white-red" units. **ALSO**, I had 50 each made in the original olive drab with the white circle and black "K," and known in the past as "circle K." These were primarily designed for the early members who had this insignia on the vertical stabilizer before the switch to all aluminum aircraft which carried only the red & white tails. In any case, it's your choice. The cost is \$5.50 each, and both for \$10.00. You save with the postage this way. I can't say enough how pleased I am with these and here's your chance to get the latest and finest 458th Group Identity. Remember that as with the original order of the squadron "patches," the "second time around" always costs more. One more thing: everything I offer to our Group members is absolutely 100% guaranteed to please or your money is cheerfully refunded, without question.

LADIES TURN

If you recall, at our original 458th Reunion in Dayton (October '87) I had about a dozen women's 8th Air Force pendant necklaces. They certainly went quickly and I've since had requests if I ever intended to get any more. I recently wrote to the supplier and asked if they were still available, and if so, I would like to order 50 units. A few days ago, the box containing 42 of these 8th AF pendants arrived. Invoice said that's all he had. In any case, the price did NOT go up and if you're interested, I can send you one for \$8.50 postpaid (even with the latest postal increase!)

A-2 FLIGHT JACKETS

Now here's one item that I don't have to sell, but can help you with if you desire a genuine jacket value. I now have two jacket suppliers and having bought one from each, feel qualified to speak "first hand." I have order forms for both of the suppliers. Addresses as follows: **Bradley Associates**, 1704 Gatsby Drive, Montgomery, AL 36106. Tel: 205-265-5323. You can call or write, him or me, I can send you an order form. The second supplier is **George Hoidra**, 4206 Weldon Drive, Temple Hills, MD 20748-4917. Tel: 301-423-0036. Since there is a difference in prices, I will send both order blanks upon request. Please don't forget to include a stamp for return. As mentioned many previous times, I have envelopes for replies, but would appreciate return postage stamp. If you choose to go direct to the manufacturer, I feel there is one bit of advice I should offer, and there's no charge for this. I have found that in both cases (mine and my 35-year-old son), the A-2 jacket fits most comfortably if ordered one size larger than your suit size. This means if you wear a size 42 suit, you would do well to order a 44, etc. I found that age has a tendency to change one's "shape, size & fit." However, if you have read this through so far, I may as well mention that I now have the 8th AF shoulder patch as worn on the A-2, in stock. Cost is \$4.00, and again the postage is included. Your local tailor shop, seat cover or boat tarp shop can sew both the squadron patch and the 8th AF patch for about ten dollars. That's what it cost me here at the local auto trim shop.

TAILWINDS

The following have joined the 2ADA/458th since my last column in the Winter Journal. If you recognize a familiar name and wish the address, drop me a note and I'll be happy to oblige (again, don't forget a return stamp). **Franklin Foutch, Charles Deegan, Walt Freisen, Bob Shea, Bob Thomas, Dee J. Butler, Wm. Morrison, Ray Hemrich, Ralph Mosher, Bob Feist, Jim Charlton, Verlon Freeman, Harold Hall, Harry Stubbs, Cal Hebenstreit, Ed McLean, Joe Kania, Gabe Losada, Eugene Plankey.** Many thanks to the many that helped, especially **Gene Young, Duke Trivette, B.P. Hebert, Gus Gagel and Elmer Larson**, who gave me names to follow up on. Our continued growth depends upon our present members' help to give me a source to work from, and I deeply appreciate your help. A new and up-to-date 458th roster will be available for those who desire one. Cost is still \$4.50 pp.

As I write this, I have only one remaining copy of Martin Bowman's "**Fields of Little America**" left. I had Ingrahm Distributors of New York round up all copies still in the USA. They came up with 13, not another copy remains (for sale) anywhere. If you have any knowledge in this field and can help me get any copies, I would appreciate all the help I can get. There is a possibility that Martin may yet come up with a few copies; if so, he promised he would send them to me. Originally published in 1977, then again reprinted in 1983. The 1988 reprinting was only in a stiff paperback and the last publication features a 752nd aircraft (7V) Serial #129303, olive drab with our red & white vertical tail colors. If you have any intention of purchasing a future copy of F.O.L.A. please let me hear from you. Do not send any money. If available, I will ship with a billing invoice, about twenty dollars.

Appreciate all those who have sent postage stamps when writing for information, etc. Every little bit helps, especially **Harold McNeely** who sent me a check for a 458th roster and more than doubled the roster cost. In response to those who inquired as to whether Service plaques, Altimeter clocks and B-24 solid pewter desk models were still available, the answer is yes. I have a new supply of materials and a new engraving shop that offered to meet the same engraving costs as I used to get, so there's no reason not to continue. UPS costs have risen from 46 cents in the East to over \$1.00 in the West. The last time I advertised this service in the Journal was the Winter 1989 issue, Vol. 28, No. 4. If you are a new member and don't know or have not seen PX page #15, drop me a note and I will send you a Xerox copy of the page. One change on that page is that I have now sent a total of \$3400.00 to the Association Treasurer, Dean Moyer and/or Jordan Uttal who administers the American Librarian Fund.

Have recently sent 458th Sympathy cards to families of the following: John Kleineck, Lloyd Chapman and M.M. Griffith who have made their "last flight" in 1990.

America, Our Homeland

Words & Music by George E. Cocker

Dear Bill,

I now live within a five mile range of four of your former 8th bases from which more than two thousand of your airmen flew on their last missions. We remember them with lasting gratitude.

Just before Christmas I received a copy of your Fall 1990 Journal. I thought the article "The All American Liberator", a moving testament of what a young American girl felt as she tried to understand what it was that her grandfather did in WWII, why he did it, and the significance of this restored bomber to him and his surviving comrades. It will be for her and her like to carry on the ideals and spirit that inspired many generations of Americans.

I have composed some verses which I hope reflect something of that spirit. Maybe someone with pianistic ability would like to try them out.

George E. Cocker
"Guilt Cross Villa,"
Market Place,
Kenninghall
Norfolk, U.K.
NR16 2AH

America, our homeland...
We pledge ourselves to you...
Great land of wide horizons...
To you we will be true...
Beneath our flag, the Stars and Stripes...
In unity we stand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Bold guardian of the free...
Though tyranny should threaten...
We will cherish liberty...
With hope and firm endeavour...
Hold high bright freedom's brand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
We sing in praise of you...
The courage of our forebears...
Their trust affirm anew...
Defenders of our heritage...
Their vision to expand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Entrusted to our care...
Endowed by generations...
Whose legacy we share...
Preserve of Nature's bounty...
Our duty you command...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
Our faith, our hope, our pride...
On battlefields far distant...
For you our brethren died...
Their sacred trust we honor...
Nor flinch from stern demand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land...

America, our homeland...
For you we will endure...
In triumph, or in peril...
Our strength for evermore...
All trials and tribulations...
Our nation will withstand...
America, our country...
God bless our native land.

"America, Our Homeland."

Andante marziale G.E. Cocker.

mf A... mer... i... ca, our home-land, We pledge our selves to
cresc... you; Great land of wide horizons... To you we will be
mp true; Be... neath our flag the Stars and Stripes In 4 Un-ity we
cresc... stand; A... mer... i... ca. our coun... try: God bless our na-tive land.
f rall.

Stories of War Fill the Air

by James E. Needham

Recognition registered through their eyes. Heads had turned grey, white or bald, and bodies had grown pudgy or limp and disguised the friend of long ago. But his eyes gave him away.

After 45 years, airmen of the 458th Heavy Bombardment Group reunited at the Holiday Inn in Moraine, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 20-23. Some had been to reunions over the years. Others came together for the first time since they walked away from each other on returning from the war in Europe in 1945.

"Hey, Jim," I heard. I turned around and walked into the strong and prolonged embrace of my crew's armorer gunner. We squeezed each other for a minute or so. Released, I turned and fell into the hug of the pilot.

Standing off to my left, I saw a white-haired man, and his brown eyes peered into mine. "Shupp," I said, and a broad grin creased his face and we shook hands, renewing a relationship that crossed almost a half century. Gordon Shupp was the crew's co-pilot. Both he and the pilot, Lt. William Everett, hailed from northeastern Pennsylvania.

As young men in our late teens or early 20s we formed a crew in Savannah, Ga., in August 1944. It was called replacement training where gunners, pilots, navigators and bombardiers worked together to become a crew that could take a plane through flak-infested skies over Germany and hope to survive the daring attacks of Luftwaffe fighter pilots.

Then we remembered.

Some remembered stories others had forgotten so completely that they swore the stories were imagined. Some of the details of half-remembered stories struck responsive chords and triggered more details.

New friends developed quickly. A question about a foggy notion of some development brought about determination in a stranger to piece together what he remembered to help you settle your mind.

A navigator I had never laid eyes on before was talking to me in the hotel lobby about the scarcity of navigators toward the end of the war. I remembered that our pilot had selected one of the gunners to train as a gee-box navigator to fill in for ours when he was sent off to the lead squadron. Our pilot had wandered over to listen, and the mention of gee box prompted him to ask, "What's a gee box?" He insisted he had never heard of one. The navigator explained in detail the function of the box, where it worked and where it didn't. Although the pilot could not remember the gee box or the selecting of a gunner for training with it, he bowed to the details of the story.

When Lt. Thomas Walsh, the navigator, transferred to the lead squadron, our crew had to have someone who could plot our way to the assembly areas where planes of the squadrons formed and joined others to



Staff Sgt. James Needham takes a day off for a bicycle tour of the English countryside in a respite from missions over Germany.

build the group. Groups formed wings and wings formed divisions and divisions formed the 8th Air Force for the day's assault on Germany.

Sgt. Klare Kunkle won the honors. He trotted off to a couple of classroom sessions and then had one or two flights with a navigator to get the process down pat.

Then the big day came, and wouldn't you know it — a problem, a big foggy problem developed. Ceiling was zero as fog reached from the ground to cloud formations and prevented assembly offshore from Norfolk, England. Assembly areas were designated over France, and it was the job of the navigators to get their planes to the distant points of rendezvous.

The pilot called for a gee box fix from the novice navigator. Kunkle took his readings and reported it to the pilot. Great, we were right on.

A short while later the pilot called for another fix just to keep on top of it. The reading this time was out of bounds. Try again, came the order. And again the reading was off. We never did get another accurate reading.

The pilot called for the radio operator to get a fix on radio broadcasts from the continent. That too proved fruitless.

As luck would have it, the pilot was able to get a fix with his radio on Cherbourg, and from there we flew south and soon into a bright sunny sky. Bombers were all over the place. All kinds of group insignia flashed from the tail assemblies of B-24s and B-17s.

B-24s formed squadrons and groups and B-17s did the same, and off we flew to bomb what scheduled targets we could find or targets of opportunity.

Our crew in the B-24 Briney Marlin settled down, flew to a target, dropped bombs and returned to Horsham St. Faith, our base on the northern city limits of Norwich, the seat of Norfolk County, without incident. At debriefing we learned that we had been the only crew from the base that bombed a target that fog-bound day.

As far as Kunkle was concerned that was the end of his career as a navigator. He refused to have anything more to do with a gee box.

That's the way I remember it. It could be different, for over the 45 years memories lapse and do strange things with facts. But nobody on the crew argues with that version.

After gunnery school at Fort Myers, Fla., and time spent at home on a delay on route, I reported to Westover Field outside Chicopee Falls, Mass., for crew assignment. I don't remember joining the crew there. I do remember joining Everett's crew in Savannah.

How it happened I never knew or had forgotten. At the reunion Frank Birmingham told me that his brother Bob had been assigned to the crew. But the crew thought it unwise to have brothers fly into the teeth of the Third Reich on the same plane.

(continued on page 12)

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

Wayne Allen writes that he and wife Betty thoroughly enjoyed the reunion day at Tibenham. I quote: "... The lady that did the laundry for seven of us... was at the dinner at the base. Her name was 'Slot Cooper.' Her daughter, who was under five years old in 1944, was with her. Slot is 81 years old and rode the gliders that afternoon. She did my laundry, and Captains Howard Ekhart, Ralph Crandell, Marr (could have meant Arnie Mars) and I believe Jacobi and Max Jones. Yes, Chuck, if there is not another 2nd ADA reunion, we sure would be ready for a 445th Group reunion in England in 5 years." Amen, Wayne!

John and Dede Knox sent a copy of the letter they received from Alison Frost, Youth Librarian, Norwich Central Library, thanking them for the beautiful Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls the Knoxes donated to the children's library during the 2nd ADA reunion this past summer. Dede says pictures were enclosed of children playing with the dolls. John and Dede went on to the Kassel dedication — appropriate since John was shot down on that awful mission.

We received a clever and most welcome note from Alan Seyler, "Thank U 4 UR very welcome letter on behalf of R Memorial in Norwich. The keeper of R budget, after reading UR memo, advised that we can offer 2 send a small token, so that my name can appear on the list. 14 years N2 retirement it's sort of touch and go with inflation rocking the boat, but I put in a little time loading cars at R local supermarket so I can do things like this. Very pleasant hearing from U, trust U had a good Thanksgiving and R looking forward 2 Christmas and New Year's." I appreciate the note, but it seems to me you have been reading too many personalized license plates, Alan!

Gene and Marge Buszta write that Gene has been on the phone with Frank Olive from Farmington Hills, MI. That makes six 445th members in the Detroit area that he has been in touch with. He is also attempting to contact Frank Hofmeister in Sebawaing, MI. Good work, Gene, we can expect a great turnout in Dearborn this summer.

We were saddened to learn that Samuel Anzalone folded his wings 16 Nov. 90. We are very pleased that his wife Taimi will continue as an associate member of the Association. Our condolences to the Anzalone family.

I have had two lengthy phone conversations with John LaMar, son of John A. LaMar who was KIA over Brunswick on 20 Feb. 44. Although assigned to the Gordon Brown crew, his dad was flying with the Stanley Neal crew the day he went down. If you knew John or know anything about that raid, please write to me.

Tom Newton says he often wonders who the 2nd Louie was who had a small Hillybilly music group and was from Texas. He says he played some guitar with the group and that was probably why he was picked to serve on the post-war party that shut Tibenham down. As it was, Tom got to enjoy a "Trolley Mission" up the Rhine River at 300 ft. altitude.

Ralph Crandell reports that the "All American" B-24 was in Toledo for several days this past summer and that he and his wife Jan took their grandsons to see and

climb all over it. He says, "I went back the next day to see it take off and then buzz the field. I wasn't the only man there crying. What memories." Ralph also included two pictures I'll share with you:



M/Sgt. Albert G. Ellwein (left), crew chief and M/Sgt. Howard "Bulldog" Leverton, crew chief.

Ralph says Ellwein and Leverton were two of the best crew chiefs but recalled having to bust Ellwein to private for a while but later got him back to M/Sgt.



January 10, 1945. Crew and ground crew of "Bunnie" being congratulated by Lt. Col. Carl Fleming, Deputy Group CO, upon successful completion of 100 missions for Bunnie.

Ralph correctly recalls that the "Bunnie" was the first B-24 to complete 100 missions (I was told it was the first in the E.T.O.) I recall having a heck of a time getting another crew to put the 99th mission on the bird so my crew could finish our tour on the Bunnie's 100th.

Howard Reichley reminded me that some of you may have questions about the Croix De Guerre award. So here is the citation in English:

FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALM, awarded by Decision No. 332, 17 September 1946, by the President of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, with the following citation.

"A splendid unit, animated by the finest spirit of courage and tenacity. It distinguished itself brilliantly in air operations over occupied territories and Germany from 1 December 1943 to 1 February 1945. It made 225 combat missions and dropped over 13,000 tons of bombs on vital German centers, in spite of sharp enemy resistance, which cost it 97 planes as against 142 enemy planes shot down or damaged. By its sacrifices, its tireless devotion, and its excellent crew work, it made a great contribution to

the liberation of the French territory."

This 13 x 18 inch "Diploma" with your name imprinted is available only to members of the American Order of the French Croix De Guerre for \$25. It is in four colors ready to display in a minimum 16 x 20 inch frame with blue border. The "Diploma" is issued only to verified members, by the Association in Paris. It takes about 3 months to deliver.

Membership requirements: All 445th veterans who served with the Group at any time between 1 Dec. 43 and 1 Feb. 45 are eligible for association membership. Send registration fee of \$5 plus \$5 annual dues to: American Order of the French Croix De Guerre, 1133 Broadway, Room 504, New York, NY 10010. Individuals are not entitled to wear the medal or ribbon as it is a Group award. If you would like this beautiful certificate with your name on it, follow the above instructions.

As of 1 Jan. 91, 445th membership in the 2nd ADA had climbed to 575, counting 10 associate members. 42 are listed as having served in at least one other group or headquarters at some time during their stay in the E.T.O. Don Whitefield, Edward Appel, Edgar Clark and Robert Touby are recorded as having served with three other outfits — seems like these fellows had trouble holding steady employment!

As of 10 Jan. 91, I had received 7 needlepoint covers for kneeling pads for the All Saints Church in Tibenham. I have also received phone calls from 4 ladies assuring me theirs are almost finished and will soon be in the mail. No doubt the other 11 or 12 promised will be following soon. Those received to date are gorgeous and represent many hours of dedicated effort. As you recall, 23 ladies attending the reunion volunteered to make these kneeling pad covers as a token of appreciation for all the work the Tibenham ladies did to make our reunion so memorable. By the way, many of these volunteers are needlepointing for the first time. Theodore Kaye set a fine example: knowing nothing (or less) about needlepoint, he checked three or four books out of the local library, studied them carefully, developed his design and then proceeded to make an outstanding cover. What dedication and determination — the Tibenham ladies will love it!

Don Pryor writes that a memorial service for his former classmate, Stewart J. Ross, was held in Boston on 1 Dec. 1991. Mrs. Gaffaney advised that her husband Richard J. Gaffaney folded his wings 26 Nov. 1989. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to each of these families.

William Boyanowski says that he was a tail gunner on John Adams crew from 4 Mar. 45 to 25 May 45. He goes on to say that he was most likely the youngest member of the 445th — he was 18 years, 9 months when assigned to the Group and 19 years, 6 days old when he flew back to the States with the Group. Anyone challenge him?

Our good and loyal friend John Lynes has had a long hospital stay and I'm certain he and Meg would appreciate a card from any or all of you.

I'll look forward to seeing many of you in Dearborn, MI, 3-6 July 1991 at our 44th Annual Reunion. Until then, stay well and happy.

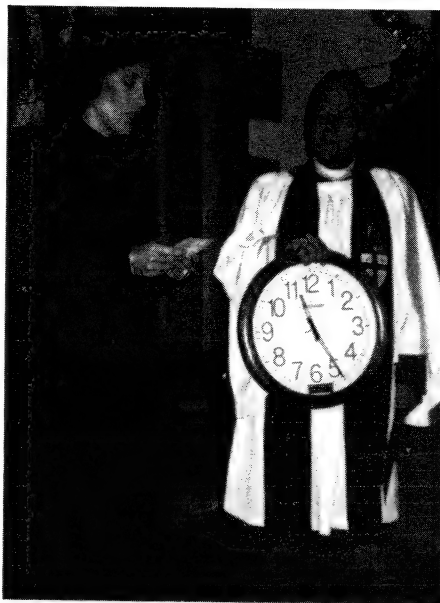
Missives from the 492nd

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

Two issues of the 492nd Bomb Group "HAPPY WARRIOR" have now been published and distributed. The positive comments and contributions I have received from both the 492nd Bomb Group members and other members of the 2nd ADA has been overwhelming. I have noted an increase in the membership of the 492nd Bomb Group which is very gratifying, and hopefully this increase in membership will continue to increase by leaps and bounds. Help in recruiting new members to this Bomb Group is greatly appreciated, so if you know a former member of the 492nd please send me his name and I will get in touch with him.

On November 11, 1990, "Remembrance Day" in England, "Veterans Day" in America, a quartz clock, made by Sunbeam with a 1 3/4" gold oak frame surrounding the face, was dedicated by Canon Green to the townspeople of North Pickenham/Swaffham, England. The brass plaque at the base of the face reads as follows: "To the North Pickenham/Swaffham Parish from the 492nd Bomb Group - July 29, 1990." Canon Green was assisted by Lorraine Williford, daughter of Don Prytulak, now deceased. The clock is hung on the back wall of the sanctuary. It is hoped that every time a church-goer looks at the clock, he will be reminded of the 492nd Bomb Group. Lorraine's father, Don Prytulak, a pilot of the 859th Bomb Squadron, died one year ago on November 10, 1989. Lorraine's presentation speech is as follows:

"As the daughter of a 492nd Bomb Group pilot, and the wife of an American Air Force Pilot now stationed in England, I am honored to be able to represent the 492nd Bomb Group on this 'Remembrance Sunday.' This is also the American Veterans Day, during which we honor all of our veterans, living and dead. In spite of the horrors of war, and the terrible losses experienced by the 492nd Bomb Group between May and August of 1944, my father always looked back on his time here in East Anglia as some of the most vital and enjoyable parts of his 22-year Air Force career. The people of North Pickenham and Swaffham were spoken of with great fondness... and often. I'm sure this is true of every member of the 492nd Bomb Group. My father cannot be with us today in person to thank you for making him and all the members of the 492nd feel very welcome on foreign soil during very trying times, as he lost his battle with cancer one year ago yesterday. However, he is with us in spirit, as are all of the other members of the 492nd Bomb Group... both living and dead. Bill Clarey, the former Vice President of the 492nd Bomb Group and now Executive Vice President of the 2nd Air Division Association, wanted me to thank all of you again for welcoming us into your village



Lorraine Williford presents the clock to Canon Green. The clock shows the exact time of the presentation.

and your homes this past summer...as you also did so long ago. It was a truly wonderful experience that will not be forgotten. Before I officially present this gift to the North Pickenham Church, and the people of this village, please allow me to read a few words by Emerson:

*To laugh often and much,
To win the respect of intelligent people
and the affection of children...
To leave the world a bit better...
To know even one life had breathed easier
Because you had lived
That is to have succeeded.*

Today we remember many fine people of whom we can definitely say, they have succeeded.

On behalf of the 492nd Bomb Group, I would like to present this clock to Reverend Green and the North Pickenham Church... with gratitude for all that this village and its wonderful people have meant, and will continue to mean to us. Thank you."

On Sunday, July 29, 1990 when the idea of the clock was thought of and approved by the visiting members of the group, there were approximately 70 youth from Germany attending the service. They were staying at the North Pickenham Camp which is located on a portion of the old Air Base. Forty-five years have made many changes, that's for sure.

We are most appreciative of the efforts of both Bill Clarey, who made the arrangements for purchasing and shipping the clock; and to Lorraine Williford for the presentation. Lorraine's husband, Major Cliff Williford, has been sent to the Gulf and our thoughts and prayers for his safety are extended to them.

"Off We Go"

by Jack Tredway (458th)

We used to fly the heavy bombers, B-24, Over Europe in the Second World War. There were ten men and boys in a crew, Each one of us knew what we had to do. We never went out that we didn't get flak, From which some good guys never got back. Some mornings they would call before it got light, We knew it was going to be a long flight, Into Germany for hours our group would go, Those big old 24's were awfully slow. Our eyes were always looking for friendly fighters, They made our hearts beat a little quieter. We would drone on for hours on end, Hoping in a short time to hit the initial point bend. Straight ahead level as a group we flew, Knowing that flak was going to hit quite a few. Bomb bays would open, the 24 would slow, We were ready to deliver a knockout blow. The words we were waiting for came over the intercom, "Bombs away," and we were heading for home. The fighters are waiting as we make our turn, They want to see the old B-24's burn. Gunners are ready with their 50 caliber guns, We'd shoot down a few and the rest would run. As we head out toward the Channel and North Sea, We were lucky the whole crew would agree. Open water the Zuider Zee, What a beautiful sight to see. Coming on to the English coast, We know things could have been a lot worse. As we circle the field, landing wheels down, We're anxious to hear the thud as they hit the ground. Ground crews waiting as we come to a stop, They are the ones who made this a successful hop. Ground crews happy as the flyers come out, They know what this flying is all about. This mission over, one less to fly, Get to interrogation and tell why we didn't die. Get our shot of whiskey and head for the sack, Say a little prayer for the ones who didn't get back.

492nd Fortunes of War

FORTUNES OF WAR: A History of the 492nd Bomb Group on Daylight Operations, May 11, 1944 to August 5, 1944

Author Allan G. Blue has generously offered to send copies of his book to a library of your choice. He needs to have the following: the name of the library; the contact person; the address; and the number of copies to be donated. This must be accompanied by your check for postage in the amount of \$1 for one copy; \$2 for 2-6 copies; \$3 for 7-12 copies. NOTE: These are copies to a *single address*. If you want to send one copy to each of 3 different libraries, it will be \$1 for each copy. Please contact him as follows:

Allan G. Blue
Box 201 • Bendersville, PA 17306

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

It is time for me to prepare an article for the Journal. And this is a good time for me to remind each of you that I am running out of material. So, if you don't respond with some articles about your experiences at 2AD Headquarters, or something related to it, my columns will get shorter and shorter.

Response to the last HQ newsletter covering our day at Ketteringham last July 29th was favorable, and I hope to put out another letter soon, maybe even before you receive the Spring Journal. But for this issue of the Journal, I am reaching into my unanswered mail. Some months ago, I received a letter from Clem Kowalczyk. Clem and I go back a long way together. We were both from Indiana — he was from LaPorte and I was from South Bend. We were drafted on the same day, I think, and inducted at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in August 1941, thinking that we would be back home in August 1942! We were sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training. After Pearl Harbor, Clem was sent to Field Artillery OCS and I was sent to Air Corps Administration OCS. We didn't see or hear from each other until June 1944 when Clem arrived at Ketteringham Hall. He had completed 30 missions with the 446th (he had transferred from Artillery to the Air Corps) and had been selected to come to Division Headquarters as Assistant Division Navigator. Following are some excerpts from his letter:

Before Ketteringham, "While at the 446th at Bungay, a review of my Form 5 and 66-1 shows: (1) My crew flew the required 30 combat missions during the period 31 December 1943 to May 30, 1944 and included: 21 sorties (13 targets) in Germany, namely; Berlin (5 sorties), Braunschweig (4),

Frankfurt (2), and 1 each to Friedrichshafen, Bernburg, Oberphattenhofen, Gutersloh, Hamm, Mannheim, Munster, Konz-karathous, Tutow, and Rotenburg. (2) Combat hours for the 30 sorties totaled 255:00, or an average of 8.50 per sortie. Had 210.65 combat hours during the period 1 Mar. to 30 May 1944 . . . Enough said!"

At Ketteringham, "At Second Air Division HQ I considered myself fortunate to meet many, many wonderful human beings. Also, truly 'lucked out' in my two assignments while serving there. First, with old buddy Carl Barthel (Div. Navigator), serving as Ass't Div. Navigator. Second, served as Division Control Navigator — my boss Robert 'Bob' Terrill."

"Vivid Memories: reporting to the Operations Center in the Hall (past armed security guards) to my station. My responsibility was to draw up the Navigation portion of the Field Order to our 2AD units scheduled for next morning missions. Was surprised at the great interest in my cited tasks shown by such pilots as Jimmy Doolittle and General Kepner (they would peer over my shoulder as I performed my tasks) and 2AD Group Commanders, occasional RAF brass, and others. Typically I would report in the evening and work through the night, as long as necessary, to give the 'troops' the most current 'poop' available. Enjoyed unstinted cooperation from the other members of the Operations team."

More from Clem: "Scanning the official photographs of 2AD reunions #1 and #2, both held at Chicago's Hotel Sherman on October 2, 1948 (48 in attendance) and October 15, 1949 (ca 40 in attendance) including at both reunions, Ray Strong, Howie

and Gladys Moore, Jordan and Joyce Uttal, Percy Young, Henry and Shirley Dietch, Mr. & Mrs. Mike Vydarney, General Kepner, Fritzle, Henry & Gert Brandt and Irene and yours truly. Also at reunion #1 were Doris Lundgren, W. Giff Newlon, Rudy Sherman, Bert Bertagnoli, Mr. & Mrs. John Cunningham, and Harry Cody. Also at reunion #2 'Brothers' Jim Reeves and Charles Salisbury, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Cody, and 'Chappie' Seward, inter alia."

"Anecdote — Irene tells me that the following dialogue took place at the 2nd reunion (probably after some considerable libation). Clem: 'When I pass on to that great corral in the sky, I would like (1) to be cremated, and (2) my ashes be borne aloft in a plane which should circle above the short-stop position at Comiskey Park — and all the while the celebrant, 'Chappie,' should be intoning the Hindu mantra — 'Luke,' 'Luke,' 'Luke' (for Luke Appling — one of my all time favorites). Chappie, after due consideration, responded, 'Why Wait!!'"

The "anecdote" above will be enjoyed especially by those who knew Clem and Chappie 40+ years ago. If I remember correctly, it was at the 1949 reunion that the WACs first became affiliated with the 2AD Association — but it was after the picture referred to by Clem was taken. Also, Clem did not name everyone present at the reunions. These kinds of reminiscences need to be documented for posterity. Especially you who served at Headquarters need to write up your own experiences. Surely you have some memories that you have been planning to put down on paper. Now is the time!

That's all for now. Hope to see all of you in Dearborn.

Where Is The Mop on the B-24

by Pfc. Julius E. Ingram

TUNE — "Who Broke the Lock on the Henhouse Door"

(1)

In this school, we must know
All about planes
And what makes them go,
But there's one thing we don't know
Where they keep the mop on the B-24.

(2)

We mop the barracks.
We mop through a phase.
We mop latrines 'till we're in a daze
Still there's one thing we don't know
Where they keep the mop on the B-24.

(3)

They have supercharger buckets
And prop wash too,
Generator brushes for the whole darn crew
Automatic pilots and bomb bay doors
But we can't find the mop on the B-24s.

(4)

Roll down your sleeves
Pull down your cap
We won't ever fight the Jap.
For when the battle begins to roar
We'll be looking for the mop on the B-24.

(5)

The pilot bailed out,
The co-pilot too.
The gunners took a powder
And so would you.
But there sat the engineer on the floor
Still looking for the mop on the B-24.

(6)

I've asked the instructors
They don't know.
I've even looked it up in the big T.O.
I've looked everywhere, but I'll look
some more,
'Cause there has to be a mop on the B-24.

(CHORUS)

Where is the mop?
I don't know.
I've looked high, and I've looked low,
Still there's one thing we don't know
Where the hell's the mop on the B-24.

Change of Address

When you move, please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen

06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the Journal will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip Code _____

Group _____

**IF THIS IS A PERMANENT CHANGE,
PLEASE MARK HERE** _____

**IF THIS IS A TEMPORARY CHANGE
(Snow Birds) MARK HERE** _____

This mail will be sent to you 1st class and there will be no need for further notification. Snowbirds will receive Journals at both addresses.



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

Our Group is very fortunate in learning about some 900 pictures taken of the base and planes during WWII by PFC Joe Mason of the 392nd Photo Section. It is our understanding that the pictures were obtained from Mrs. Mason by Rodney Tate of Estill Springs, TN, who sent them to the 390th BG Memorial Air Museum at Framingham, Suffolk. One of the museum's founding members, Ian L. Hawkins, author of *Courage, Honor, Victory, The 95th BG Anthology* and *Munster: The Way It Was*, advised various members of the 392nd BG that prints would be made available if desired. Last July while attending the 2nd ADA reunion at Norwich, a committee composed of James V. Goar, J. Fred Thomas and the writer selected 350 pictures to be duplicated, including 77 pictures made available by the 2nd AD Library.

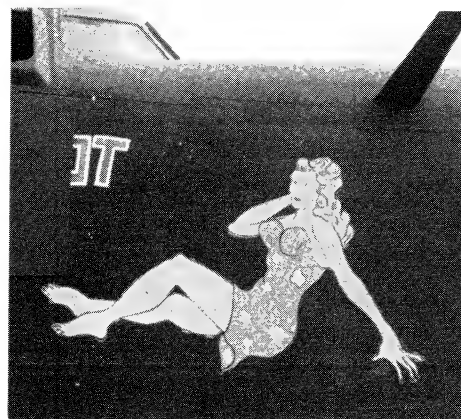
Of those received to date nearly all aircraft have been identified through the aircraft records developed and maintained by Quintin R. Wedgeworth. Two that haven't been identified are close-ups of nose art, one of a girl facing toward the rear and the other of a girl facing forward. If anyone can identify these planes, the serial number and the squadron is needed.



If you maintained or flew missions in either of these planes, please write to Quintin Wedgeworth, Route 1, Box 300A, Weiser, ID 83672. If possible, please give the Serial Number and Squadron.

There appears to be some confusion as to the number and types of libraries being sponsored in England. The first was the 2nd AD Memorial Library in Norwich. This library has established branch libraries in the vicinity of each combat bomb wing, the one at East Dereham being in commemoration of the 14th Combat Wing which was made up of the 44th, 392nd and 492nd Bomb Groups. The 2nd AD Memorial Library is funded by income from contributions made over the years. Recently, the 2nd ADA established a separate fund, known as the "American Librarian Fund," the income from which will be used to employ an American librarian in the 2nd AD Memorial Library in Norwich.

During the past year, the 392nd BGMA elected to establish school libraries at the Beeston School (age 6-11) and at the Litcham School (age 12-16). These schools serve



the Wendling area. Initial appropriations by the 392nd BGMA provide for shelves, display cabinets and certain books.

LEST WE FORGET: by Myron Keilman

The 392nd Bombardment Group fielded a football team in the Fall of 1944. The crusaders played seven games. They won two, tied three and lost two. The team was coached by Special Services Officer 1/Lt. Joe Siegfried, a former assistant to the famous Alonzo Stagg of the College of the Pacific. Joe also played as a running back. Captain Dick Couch, center and team captain, played every minute of every game. There were 31 392nd men on the squad, rankings from PFC to Captain. A football banquet for the squad was held on 6 Dec. 44. Motion pictures "Football Highlights" were shown. Joe Siegfried died in June 1989, a retired Colonel in the Air Force Reserve.

2nd ADA Amateur Radio Net

Submitted by Bob Jordan

The 2nd Air Division Association Ham Net is actively moving along with on-the-air meetings each Tuesday morning on 40 meters and then on 15 meters. This gives most of us a chance to talk directly to each other on at least one of the frequencies regardless of our distances and skip distances apart.

We have about 12-15 on the air each week. The format is informal "barnyard," that is, each participant talks in sequence with Ed Schwarm, Bill Holmes, or anyone else who is available acting as net control. Separate one-on-one QSOs are often held after the scheduled net. We welcome all 2nd ADAers as well as friends of the 2nd ADA. The conversations cover everything from the schedule of the All American, to antennas for 40 meters, to plans for the next reunion.

The high spot of this season was the 2nd ADA reunion in Norwich, and especially the great ham net dinner arranged by Bill Holmes and his wife Shelagh. Ten of the net regulars were there, many with XYLS, making a total of 17. It was great having eyeball QSOs with the gang and their XYLS. Thanks, Bill and Shelagh, for that super party.



2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Operators at Norwich Hotel, July 25, 1990. Front row (l-r): Dan Boyle, 389th; Ed Schwarm, 44th; Earl Zimmerman, 389th; Bob Jordan, 453rd; Pat Burns, 392nd. Back row (l-r): John O'Grady, 93rd; Charlie Weiss, 93rd; Bill Holmes, UK Net Control; Cal Davidson, 93rd; Art Hand, 44th.

For more information on joining the 2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Net, please contact: Edward G. Schwarm, 251 Regency Drive, Marstons Mills, MA 02648. Tel. (508) 428-0556.

Tour Diary (continued from page 20)
had two stragglers behind us; one of them was blown up and the other chased down on the deck. Two engines started cutting out on us and we started falling back for the 88s. They caught us again though and we pulled back into formation, P-38s picked us up then and we had escort from there on in. We had a flak hole in the left wing de-icer and one through the co-pilot's window. 23 to go. 7 hours, 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, MAY 19

Mission No. 8. We raided Brunswick and baby, it was really rough this time. We carried eight 1000 lb. bombs. Flak was moderate at four different places on the way in and there were 160 guns at the target that really raised hell. Our M.P.I. was an airport just outside of Brunswick and the cloud covering prevented our seeing the target on the first run. We did two 360° circles over Brunswick with flak popping around us all the time and the third time across we dropped on Brunswick itself. The other half of the group dropped on the airfield and both targets were very well plastered. We had fighter attacks all the way in and out from the target 30-45 minutes. They were en masse head-on attacks of 60-70 109s and the only time they attacked us directly was just before the target. Mostly their attacks on us were just spray and then hit someone else. When they attacked us my left gun jammed but I got in bursts at three with my right gun. Sam and Reed were looking out the bomb bay and said the last one was smoking as he went by. We got flak holes in tail and wing. A P-47 blew up just behind us and Blier saw two B-24s go down and only saw one chute open. Baker and I saw one go down in flames but couldn't tell what it was. 22 to go. 6 hours, 30 minutes.

TUESDAY, MAY 23

Mission No. 9. We raided the airdrome at Orlean, France carrying twelve 500 lb. bombs and hit dispersal areas, hangars and ammunition dumps. The group just ahead of us hit the ammunition dump on the far side of the field and things were really popping when we got there. Our bombs hit on M.P.I. which was hangars and workshops at the edge of the field. Flak was encountered going into target but was light to moderate. No enemy fighters were seen. One B-24 went down to our right. The tail just broke off and he went straight down and exploded. We saw no one get out. Ho Hum! Very dull. Dawson rode nose turret for Reily - leader. 21 to go. 6 hours.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24

Mission No. 10. We raided Creil Airdrome, carrying eight 1000 lb. bombs. Flak was encountered almost all the way in and out and over the primary target, which was just on the edge of Paris, it was intense. Two of the planes in the front of our formation screwed up the works when they dropped far short of the primary and six others including us dropped on them. The rest of the planes didn't drop but turned off and hit

the secondary, which was Creil. The primary and secondary were both well hit, buildings destroyed and large fires started. On the way back just off the French coast a P-47 was hit by flak and exploded but the pilot got out OK. Fighter support was very poor until just before we left the coast coming back. Conditions were ideal for fighter attacks but none were seen. 20 to go. 5 hrs.

SUNDAY, MAY 28

Mission No. 11. We raided a chemical plant about four miles out of Meresburg, Germany, near the Polish border, carrying 12 x 500 lb. The plant produced a great deal of synthetic oil and one-third of Germany's ammonia and was hit at the request of the Russian government. Flak was pretty heavy all the way in and out. One B-24 went down over Dummor Lake in slow wide circles and burned. We only saw three chutes come out. Another one ditched about two miles off the French coast and all the men got out. The target was hit hard and was obscured up to 10,000 ft. by black smoke and fire. Fighter cover was excellent and no fighters hit us. 19 to go. 7 hours, 15 min.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31

Mission No. 12. What a deal! We were briefed to hit an aero-engine plant at Metz, France. We got into France about 50 miles and weather didn't permit our bombing so we turned around and came back. One section got hit by fighters and one section by flak, but we didn't see either one of them. We received credit for the mission which makes twelve, our first Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal. We can stand a lot of these. Led No. 2 element, 1st Section. 18 to go. 3 hours, 30 minutes.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3

Mission No. 12 B (13). We raided infantry and artillery placements just outside of Le Treport, France. We carried 12 x 500 lb. and bombed without seeing any fighters and practically no flak. We were flying lead in the second element and hit the smoke bombs from the bomb bay of the lead ship. They contain an acid mixture and filled the inside of the ship with smoke and covered my turret, Dean's and the pilot's windows so that they had to leave formation and fly back with their heads out the windows. Boerner got scared, thought the ship was on fire and was almost ready to jump. Coming in for the landing he was sitting on a box at the waist window asleep and when Kit dumped full flaps for the landing, it threw Boerner forward and he hit his head on the ball turret platform, knocked him colder than a frozen turkey. Blier and I picked him up and shook him, he came out of it but didn't know what had happened. These are OK but I'm afraid if we keep going on short ones, they'll raise the number again. 17 to go. 4 hours.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6 (D-DAY)

Mission No. 14 and the day that everyone has been waiting for. They ran four missions today but we didn't have to go on but one of them. We carried 12 x 500 lb. and hit bridges near Caen, France where the boys

were making their landing. The channel was full of Allied boats of all kinds and we could see them just off the French coast making their landings. They had good fighter cover and we had none, but I imagine they needed it. We saw no flak and no fighters. Made two runs on the target and still didn't get our bombs away, but everyone else did. For some reason we didn't get our bomb bay open in time. I hope those boys on the ground had it as easy as we did. Dawson flew night mission with Devon before Baker's morning mission. 16 to go. 6 hours, 35 minutes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8

Mission No. 15. Our primary target was Lavelle airfield and we carried 123 x 20 lb. fragmentation bombs. Our target was covered by clouds and we spent about two hours circling around over France just as if it were a bombing range, looking for a target. We hit the dock installations at Granville and the bombs were right on the nose. As we started back across the Channel, fighters hit a group of B-24s behind us but never did get up to us. All ships except ours and one other ran short of gas and landed in Southern England. We caught flak going into the French coast and very light flak over the target. All we got was one small hole in the left wing. 15 to go. 8 hrs.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20

Mission No. 16. We raided Autheas, France which is one of the spots where the Germans have been launching their pilotless planes. It was our first P.F.F. mission with the 389th and we flew deputy lead. We carried 10 x 100 lb. and two smoke bombs. The target was pretty well hit as well as we could tell and no ships were lost. There wasn't a great deal of flak but it was damned accurate and we picked up a couple of holes, one through Lawler's window. Capt. Pritchard pulled a good one flying No. 3 position just as "Bake" took over the lead. 14 to go. 4 hours. 389th D.L. (wing)

THURSDAY, JULY 6

Mission No. 17. We raided Kiel, Germany, where the Germans are putting together subs in assembly line method. We carried 2 x 500 lb. bombs and 2 smoke bombs. We flew deputy lead and were routed out over the North Sea and across part of Denmark. Flak was pretty heavy and fairly accurate but we didn't see any fighter opposition. We couldn't see the results as there was a slight cloud cover. Nothing of any importance happened. Fighter cover was P-51s. 13 to go. 6 hrs, 55 min. 491st D.L. (wing)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

Mission No. 18, second Oak Leaf Cluster. We carried 2 x 500 lb. and 2 smoke bombs. Our target was the city of Munich, Germany, and the entire 8th Air Force was assigned to it. This was the second day for the same target. Yesterday Cox's crew in our barracks went down on a mission to Munich. Very little flak was seen going in or coming out but over the target itself, flak was intense. No fighters were encountered

(continued on page 22)

Tour Diary (continued from page 22)

We drew flak over both places and received credit for the mission without dropping bombs. "Smitty" finished up on this one. 3 to go. 5 hours, 35 minutes. 93rd W.L.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Mission No. 28. We were awakened at 2:45 a.m., ate breakfast here and then went by truck to the 489th where we picked up a P.F.F. ship. Our target was the oil refinery at Heide, Germany, and there was no flak over the target. Bombing was visual with just enough clouds to interfere with picking up the target and we didn't drop the first time over. The two groups behind us dropped and missed and we made a second run. Lawler hit the target right on the nose. We landed at Halesworth, came back by truck. 2 to go. 5 hours, 50 minutes. 93rd W.L.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Mission No. 29. We hit the city of Kassel, Germany, and our target was factories in the city. We bombed P.F.F. and the results are not yet known. The whole 8th Air Force had this same target and we led the 2nd Division. Flak was pretty heavy over the target, but it was barrage type and not too accurate. We also drew flak at the Rhine and at the I.P. The bomb run was slightly messed up when the 446th forged in ahead of us over the target and forced us off to the left. We didn't lose any planes or men in our group. 1 to go. 7 hours. 93rd Div. L.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Mission No. 30. We went back to Kassel, Germany again and were leading the 93rd. Flak was light going in but pretty rough over the target. However, it wasn't too accurate and we weren't hit. Fighter cover was very good and no enemy planes hit us, but there were plenty in the area. The 445th which was following us was hit by about 150 fighters and lost 28 of the 34 planes they had. The 6 planes which came back had 20 dead men aboard, so today an order came out to use 10 man crews again and a full ammunition load instead of the 150 x 200 rds per gun that we have been carrying. We lost no planes and had no casualties — lucky kids. **That's all bub, there ain't no more.** 6 hours, 30 minutes. 93rd Grp. Ld.

8th Annual Midwest Region Reunion

The 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association will be held at Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri, **September 3, 4, 5, 1991** (Sept. 3 early arrival for golfers). More information and registration material can be had by calling:

Marty Borrok
Toll Free 1-800-253-5028

The 8th Air Force Heritage Center

by Barkev A. Hovsepian

Now, with most of us in our twilight years, it is time for our energies to be directed towards promoting The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center. We are approaching the day when ground will be broken for the memorial to the courage, valor, and dedication of those 8th AFers who have since carried on a great legacy. The Eighth Air Force became the greatest air armada of any country in any war, and will not likely ever be duplicated. This proud organization continues to function in active service today with its units having served in every conflict the United States has faced since World War II. Without a doubt it remains the most powerful air striking force in the world.

The need exists to recognize for all time the remarkable achievements of this organization and its people. It is now time for a permanent place in the United States for the 8th Air Force people. (There are many memorials and museums dedicated to the 8th Air Force in the U.S., as well as Duxford American Museum and the Second Air Division Memorial Library in England. These are all fine but, recognize a partial form of the traditions and deeds of The Mighty 8th.)

Here are some of the features planned for the Heritage Center:

- Display historical items and memorabilia and establish its own memorials
- Consolidate the historical records and documents of all 8th AF units by use of laser and computer imaging technology
- Provide a research center for historians and their families to learn about the activities of their loved ones
- Describe in an exciting fashion the story of the 8th Air Force through a state-of-the-art audio visual presentation.
- Most importantly, provide an educational experience for all people...not the story of war, but of men and women dedicated to their nation and opportunities that exist for the younger people today.
- Provide a national treasure attraction and a visitor tourist destination.

Savannah is the birthplace of the Eighth Air Force and that is why the Heritage Foundation was established to locate the Heritage Center entrance just off the heavily traveled I-95 that extends from New England to the vacation lands of Florida. It has been estimated that over half of the 8th Air Force veterans and their families live within proximity of I-95 corridor between the Northeast and Southeast United States. One million vacationing vehicles will pass this point each month. The people of Savannah are committed to this project and are providing the twenty acres for the home of the 8th AF by a long term, minimum cost lease.

Education is the cornerstone of the living Heritage Center. Young Americans in their formative years need to be convinced that they do have control of their future. The

planners hope to motivate the youngsters by example and hands-on experience; and additionally, to become productive and positive in pursuing a lifestyle that is interesting and rewarding. They will also endeavor to instill a sense of pride and interest in America by teaching the theory of flight, history of flight, air pioneer recognition, modeling and vintage aircraft. This educational program is not designed in any way to glorify war or to dramatize the 8th Air Force.

Starting with the 500 book collection donated by John H. Woolnough (466th BG) in early 1990, the 8AFMMF (8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation) has begun to collect as many WWII books as possible, especially those books published during and after 1990. The original collection includes about 180 books on the 8th Air Force. This collection is destined to be placed in The Mighty Eighth Heritage Center in Savannah when it is equipped and staffed to maintain a library. In the interim, book donations may be made to 8AF Book Collection, c/o Sherman Small, 347 Wildwood Drive, Orange, CT 06477.

The Heritage Center facility will include a Great Room for audio visual presentation of the dramatic air operations of the 8th Air Force in World War II. There will be displays of various units from the 8th US Army Air Forces. Recognition of individuals and units with plaques and citations will be shown. The library and historical archives will be available for serious researchers and for family use. A real WWII (English design) replica of a control tower will be equipped to be an operational facility. Aircraft that are historic will be donated by the Air Force for display. A gift shop and theater will show WWII and up-to-date films and videos.

Most of the funds will come from those individuals who served in the 8th Air Force. They are a nationwide group of veterans who are looking forward to this project. Many of them are part of organized groups that meet each year in reunion, although there are thousands who have had no contact with the 8th Air Force Historical Society, Second Air Division Association or Groups since leaving the service. Other sources of funds are expected to come from industrial leaders, companies, other veterans organizations and the general public. Certain foundations have an interest in worthy educational projects and patriotic ventures. After construction, continued maintenance funding will be required. Income will be from the Foundation, the Gift Shop, Endowments, Members and Friends.

Plans are being formulated to provide extensive recognition for donors from as little as \$25.00 in a Donor Recognition Book that can be viewed by all, to a Recognition Wall with appropriately sized plaques based on the size of the contribution. There will be a provision for the naming of rooms or a special gallery or exhibit based on those who make extraordinary contributions.



POOP from GROUP 467

by Bob Salzarulo

THE WAR IS OVER! We should congratulate ALL of our Allied Military Forces, but especially, our very own U.S. Military: the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, Reserves and National Guard. The personnel assigned these Forces performed with courage, honor and professionalism. To single out any one individual for praise would do an injustice to all who participated in the "mother of wars." However, I would be remiss if I didn't give accolades to the brilliant leadership of President Bush who brought the Congress together, formed the coalition of nations, forged the objectives, and kept the unity despite pressures from within as well as outside sources. Also, it is impossible to find enough superlatives to describe the strategy devised and the execution thereof by the Allied Command. Unfortunately, the toughest part of this conflict is yet to be addressed. Hopefully, the United Nations will reassert itself for the purpose for which it was intended, the prevention of aggression and the establishment of international law.

I would hope that the people and the Congress place the Persian Gulf episode in the proper context in future budget considerations. It's the best insurance one can buy.

B-24 Holds the Record

A couple of teenagers were talking recently about an "old fashioned" fighter plane they had seen. A veteran flier, eavesdropping on the conversation, assumed they were discussing an early biplane until they identified the ship — as an F-4.

The old timer figured the kids must have gotten hold of the information that several hundred Lockheed P-38s, converted to reconnaissance use, carried that designation in WWII. But no, they really meant the relatively modern Phantom.

The incident underscores the compressed lifespan of some aircraft. The F-4 did, indeed, have its origins in the 1950s, the A model entering Navy service before either of the lads in question were born.

But consider some of the other "old timers" which pre-dated it and still manage to get airborne from time to time.

The classic, of course, is the Gooney Bird. Born in 1935 as the commercial DC-3, some pilots claim it remains the most airworthy ship ever to fly. Nobody seems to know how many copies still are in use, but there's a good chance some still will be flying when aviation is 100 years old.

The durable P-51 of WWII is another exception to the rule of planned obsolescence. North America began designing it in 1940, it continued to fly during the Korean War and aerobatic pilots still prize it for show work.

For length of military service, of course, the B-52 probably holds some sort of record. Conceived in the latter days of WWII, the Stratofortress entered SAC service in 1955 and remains AF's basic workhorse bomber. The trick is to find a B-52 which hasn't been rebuilt several times since it entered the inventory.

In terms of numbers produced, however, the B-52 hardly makes a dent in the record of the B-24 of WWII. Although the Liberator was in production less than five years, it was produced in more copies than any other American aircraft. A total of 18,188 were built vs a mere 12,677 for the rival B-17. The B-17 lasted a bit longer, but when SAC was born in 1946, only a few hundred remained and these were phased out quickly.

If you're shook by hearing kids refer to the "ancient" F-4, wait until some youngster wonders what ever became of the old F-15. It's all relative.

Veteran Recalls German Air Battle at Monument Dedication

Reprinted in part from an article by Herb Moering
of Wisconsin's *Walworth County Week*, November 11, 1990

Veteran's Day may be a bit more special for Ray Pytel, a former WWII airman who took part this summer in a memorial dedication to one of the fiercest air battles in history over Bad Hersfeld, Germany. The former co-pilot in the 445th Bomb Group of the U.S. 8th Air Force called it, "Just One More Mission - Germany!"

Date: July 31, 1990. Target: Bad Hersfeld, Germany. Purpose: To consolidate friendship in the dedication of a memorial for the airmen who gave their lives Sept. 27, 1944 on the Kassel Mission.

The dedication commemorated the 10-minute dogfight of 46 years ago, in what was the costliest engagement in American air history. Sixty planes were destroyed, resulting in death for 118 Americans and 25 Germans, seven of them civilians in a hospital destroyed by the debris of a German fighter. Pytel was among 21 Americans from the ill-fated Kassel Mission attending the ceremony, where they met four of the seven living German fighter pilots who attacked the 35 Liberator bombers that had strayed away from the Kassel rail yards target and crucial fighter cover.

In recollecting the air battle of long ago, Pytel said, "We were five miles up and no place to hide." Deep in Germany they found themselves attacked by wave after wave of specially equipped Focke-Wolfe 190s and Messerschmidt 109s, led by one of the Luftwaffe's most illustrious generals, Adolph "Dolfo" Galland.

"Within three minutes, 25 B-24s went down and five more were crippled so badly that they crashed on the way home to England," Pytel recounted. "Of the estimated 150 German fighters, 29 were shot down, including the one flown by Gen. Galland."

Pytel was one of nine men on his B-24 which dropped their bombs on an alternative target and headed home. In the attack, he said, "You could see planes all over the sky, limping, dropping out of formation with parachutes all over." [Another crew member] said it all seemed to be in slow motion. "I saw one plane with its wing shot off and the wing fell on another B-24, knocking it out of the sky." The flier related he could see planes crashing into the ground, or limping on two or three engines, or on fire.

Of the remaining 10 Liberators, only four returned to home base. Two crashed in France, one in Belgium, and one in England. Two of the Libs made emergency landings at a field near Dover. For Pytel, his plane was given an immediate OK to land, which meant no one else had arrived ahead of them. There was no one except the four planes. Pytel reports that their ship suffered no casualties, but the other three carried 13 dead. Besides those killed, Pytel said another 121 American airmen were captured, many by civilians who took out some of their suffering on their prisoners.

But among the flyers a certain camaraderie developed during the air war, which seemed to carry over to when the former enemies met again on the borders of Germany. Deep in the Hesse State Forest, a beautiful monument comprised of three huge Norwegian granite stones stands. Each contains a bronze plaque listing all 136 American and German airmen who died and the circumstances of the battle. It was donations from surviving American flyers that covered half the cost of the monument and paid for the plaques.

About 500 people gathered to dedicate the memorial. Pytel calls this his personal "Mission beyond Armistice," a gesture of permanent peace, goodwill and friendship between the German and American people. The monuments were unveiled with great humility and reverence, following beautiful and moving music by the Men's Choir of Friedlos, Germany and the German Air Force Band from Muenster, plus speeches by the Burgermeister, local politicians and the German and American airmen. Four combat veterans from both sides who survived the Kassel Mission uncovered the monuments as a German Air Force trumpeter played "Taps." Wreaths were laid by the German Fighter Group West and by three American next-of-kin whose fathers and brothers were killed in the battle. Then at the deeply emotional moment, the former enemies and survivors of the battle shook hands, formed a circle of friendship and raised their joined hands to the sky.

In his debriefing report, Pytel said: "The mission was a total success. All targets hit as planned." A rededication of the memorial has been suggested for Sept. 27, 1992, the 50th anniversary of the air battle.

Letters



Dear Bill:

The recent visit of the "All American" Liberator to the state of South Carolina was received with great enthusiasm by many of those who spent much of their youth with the Liberator. A great time was had by all, especially during the extended wait for the plane to arrive in Columbia. As a result of bad weather, the plane was late: about 2 hours behind its ETA. However the time was not wasted, as an impromptu reunion happened. Most of us had never been to any of the 2ADA reunions or even knew anyone at the gathering. However, we were bonded by a common experience which was very evident. As a result, it has been suggested that we have a statewide meeting of all B-24 people each year. By limiting it to the state of SC (or any who choose to come) we hope it would bring out those of us who have not attended a national reunion because of time, distance or other circumstances.

I would like to ask that anyone interested in forming an organization of B-24 people in South Carolina for the purpose of having an annual reunion, contact me. I could also use suggestions or help in compiling a mailing list of B-24 people in SC.

Leo Pearson
1608 Chukker Creek Rd.
Aiken, SC 29803

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I've just read the Fall 1990 issue of the 2ADA Journal and found it fascinating.

I have been trying to locate anyone who knew Henry Schreier, 98th Bomb Group, tail gunner on Snow White. Henry thought he was the only survivor of his plane after it and another B-24 collided coming off the target over Munich on September 12, 1944. Henry became a German POW and took part in the the forced Death March in the winter of 1945. He was liberated by the British Third Army. Henry died in 1986.

I am a member of the Confederate Air Force and active in the Oral History Program of that group. I wonder if there are any members of the 2AD who would like to become interviewers both at home and at the group reunions for the CAF. There are no costs involved, except a bit of postage. If anyone is interested, please write me.

I'll be glad to send further information to people interested in helping interview, or who want to grant interviews, for the CAF Library. We are interested in as many interviews as possible with men involved with airpower between 1939 and 1945.

Margaret Cawood
1419 Quamasia
McAllen, TX 78504

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Even though this might be considered "old news," I think it is rather unique. At the 1988 Colorado Springs Reunion we were able to get our *entire living combat crew* together, even though they represented both coasts of the U.S.

At the Thursday Night Group Dinner, Frank DiMola asked who had 2 of their crew there, then 3, etc. We waited with great anticipation, then 8 of us stood up. It was a

great thrill and probably one of the top crew attendances. Enclosed is a photo of our crew in 1944, and one of us at the reunion in 1988. Lineup is the same; Ben Schlosser's picture is inserted as he was present at dinner but absent for photographing. The empty chair is for Willard Randolph (deceased).

Elmer M. Fischer
3510 Margo Lane
Willow Grove, PA 19090



Top row (l-r): Ben Schlosser, engineer and top turret gunner; Bernie Fishman, pilot; Bill Tierney, co-pilot; Roland Parrot, navigator; John Magee, bombardier (detached from our crew just before leaving for overseas);

Hobart Bowlby, nose gunner. Bottom row (l-r): Marvin Sawyer, radio operator; Elmer Fischer, tail gunner; Willard Randolph (deceased), left waist gunner; John Lynes, right waist gunner.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

In doing some late-in-life housecleaning, I ran across what I think is a most unusual photograph, showing what I believe were all of the Second Air Division, Group, Station and Unit Ordnance Officers serving in England in January of 1945. This was taken at the close of a special conference held at 2AD Headquarters.

Unfortunately, it does not include the hundreds of other Ordnance Officers and thousands of dedicated enlisted men who wrestled all kinds of bombs in all kinds of weather, usually while air crews were tucked

in the sack. They didn't fly the missions, but without them, none would have been possible.

On another tangent, I have just seen the "Memphis Belle" film and looked at a tape of the original film of that name made during the War. While I appreciate the recognition given to the ordnance crews in both films, I am sure you and others have noticed that the new version shows nice little modern aircraft tractors pulling bomb trailers. The original film has the real thing, the special purpose trucks with a hoist, that were familiar to all of us.

Aside from the obvious super sound insulation of the B-17s used in the new production, so that you never heard the engines (but did hear flak), and that there were no B-24s, and it was overdramatized, I thought it a fairly good recreation of the atmosphere we remember.

I certainly appreciate the great work you are doing with the Journal.

Philip E. Balcomb
104 Geneva Drive
Tell City, Indiana 47586



Ordnance Officers of 2nd Air Division, January 1945. Kneeling (l-r): Lt. Prince, Capt. Rove, Capt. Danahey, Capt. Llemkowitz. Standing (l-r): C.W.O. Jones, Capt. Nathanson, Capt. Stevens, Capt. Hoff, Capt. Martak, Lt. Yaxis, Capt. Ellison, Capt. Auger, Capt. Larson, Capt. Brown, Capt. Neiman, Capt. Dooley, Capt. Teufel, Capt. Sidner, Maj. Wilcox, Lt. Whittle, Capt. Geske, Maj. Cooke, Capt. Mulkey, Lt. Arnold, Capt. Barker, Capt. Stokes, Capt. Balcomb, Capt. Poriss, Capt. Ruddell.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Recently I saw a documentary on the Discovery Channel on TV (I think it was in Oct. or Nov.) They disclosed a lot of supposed to be facts about desertion of the air crews of both the R.A.F. and the 8th Air Force. This seemed to have caused great concern among our great all powerful leaders. In fact it caused enough worry that a verbal order, NOT A WRITTEN order was given to our fighter escort pilots to shoot down any bomber heading toward a neutral country without enough visible evidence to warrant such action. Now I had my doubts about such orders until I remembered Jimmy Dolittle was in charge shortly after we got our Fighter Escort; that made sense, it's very probable!!!

It's also possible that I'm one of the last ones to hear to these acts but I do know that had I been aware of such orders back in '43 and '44 they would have had to put me in chains to get me aboard one of those bombers, knowing I may be shot down by one of our own fighters. NO WAY JOSE!!!

In fact, on my 32nd and last mission, we were shot up pretty bad over Munich, one engine out, shortly after lost another, lost the formation, no navigator, ten tenths weather, totally lost and still we voted to a man to try to get back to England rather than Switz. We ended up crashing on Lands End, out of gas.

This TV documentary obtained part of their information from an Allied double agent who had interviewed most of the men returning from Switz. According to him, most of these men bragged about ducking the war. I find it hard to believe that crap, no doubt there were a few bad apples but they made no effort to identify or separate the good and the bad. I got the impression they were faulting the 8th Air Force and the R.A.F. They gave the idea we were all trying to desert. It was quite a program; hope I wasn't the only one who saw it.

J.L. Mosier
403 Crane Street
Flat River, MO 63601

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Regarding the Fall 1990 Journal, I must comment on the Ed Chu story on the B-24 at Edinburg, NY. Being originally from Ballston Spa on the other side of Saratoga County, I knew of the plane. From the summer of 1954 I have a few color slides of the bird, which had been badly vandalized even then.

I remember walking from one wingtip to the other as well as getting inside. When I discovered the Confederate Air Force in 1968, my thoughts immediately went to the plane, and I wrote my old high school buddy to see if it was still there. Unhappily, a scrap dealer from Schenectady had cut it up for salvage in 1966. With the work being done today, there's no doubt it could have been saved. And a rare bird it would have been too, as its tail number of 44-51866 makes it a B-24M-30FO, the 63rd from the last production plane produced by Ford at Willow Run. How amazing it is we can claim today 3 flying B-24s when for so long there were none.

Richard Bagg
33 Creekside Drive
Rochester, NY 14622

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

My father, George Kesely, was a member of the 445th "Boys Howdy." He passed away on December 2, 1990.

The reason I'm writing is about my father and his crew. In my 40 years of life with my father, I can only remember seeing him crying three times.

First being when my grandfather passed away, second being when he walked my sister down the aisle. Third being last summer, when his crew came to see him. Stories that were told, the love and fellowship that these men had was still there. It shows that 40 plus years can't stop real friendship.

War is hell, but the friendship that these men had and still have will live on forever in my father's family's hearts. And we will cherish the crew of the 445th "Boys Howdy" forever!

George Kesely
8140 Jefferson
Munster, IN 46321

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I read an article in the Fall 1990 issue of the Journal by Sgt. Joe Ramirez of the 467th, who as crew chief of the Witchcraft was cited for a superb performance of duty in the maintenance of this bird, which apparently set a record for missions without an abort. He also mentioned the "Perils of Pauline" which he also crewed which flew some 32 missions without an abort prior to being shot down on her 32nd mission.

My interest in this article, and those of my 445th crew who may have seen the article most certainly revives some memories of where "Pauline" got her start. As a replacement crew, who had received their training at Casper, we were one of five crews that received the distinction of flying a brand new, shiny B-24 just off the assembly line at Topeka... at least we picked it up at Topeka. We flew this beautiful machine to Morrison Field, Fla. and had the nose art drawn by a young airman from Winifred, Mont. for something like 24 bucks - not a bad deal! The name was derived from a current movie or play that was prominent at that time and for no better reason we felt the name was more than appropriate for the occasion, such as a combat tour in Europe. We flew the southern route and for a variety of reasons it took us nearly three weeks to arrive in England. Little did we know that upon our arrival, Pauline would be taken away from us and replaced with a ship modified to meet the needs of the combat missions during that period.

At this point, I'm glad to know she had a good life, performed well, and holds a prestigious position in the history of the 8th AF. I would rather that she got shot down in glory than succumb to the graveyard of combat aircraft at Davis Monthan.

Robert H. Ottman

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

It was a real surprise to open the Fall issue of the Journal and see the picture of Klang's crew (466th BG) sent in by Patrick O'Carrol. Their aircraft, "What's Cookin' Doc?" was originally assigned to us, A.B. Dolliver's crew, in Pueblo, CO in 1944 as part of the 855th BS, 491st BG and we're the ones that named it. We flew it to Metfield in May '44 and did our first six missions in it before being transferred to the 329th BS, 93rd BG for G-H training as a lead crew. I talked with

O'Carrol (who flew ball turret as did I) and was pleased to learn that they did thirteen missions in it before the war ended and they flew it back to the U.S. in June '45. We finished our tour on January 13, 1945.

If anyone has information on my crew members, I'd appreciate it. Hughes and Waldron are the only ones I know about.

George E. McLean
6605 Gillen Street
Metairie, LA 70003



Front row (r-l): J.R. Holdren, M.D. West, G.E. McLean, R. Koustrup, W.D. Waldron. Rear (r-l): A.B. Dolliver, R.L. Forney, R.L. Hughes, E.E. Williams. Not Shown: R.J. Pompa.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Jones Receives Distinguished Flying Cross (from page 18)

"The necessary paperwork was not completed by his squadron leader and his wing commander," he added.

Jones' war records had been stored in St. Louis until early last year, when Pat Williams, an aide to Bumpers, began the effort to trace down Jones' military superiors for their signatures. Jones said he is "lucky" they are all still living and could be located.

Mrs. Jones remembers her feelings during the war. "I was so afraid he wouldn't come home. Our first baby was born while he was over there."

After the war, Jones taught U.S. history and coached in Michigan for 31 years. Having coached football, baseball, basketball and golf with never a losing season, Jones is in the Michigan High School Coaches' Hall of Fame.

Commenting on the Mideast war, Jones said, "War at any time is bad when you can avoid it. But I don't know what Bush could have done other than what he did. The faster we can get it over with, the better."

Jones is now fighting a different battle. A cancer patient, he was moved to Shady Oaks because "he needs skilled nursing care," his wife said. Holding back tears, she stated how proud she was of her husband. And she is not alone.

In a letter delivered by Floyd, Senator Bumpers wrote, "I know you will wear [the medal] proudly, and it symbolizes how proud this nation is of you."

The ceremony was organized by Bob Patterson, adjutant of American Legion Post 346 in Cherokee Village.

Editors Note: We regret to report that Mr. Jones has recently passed on.

Dateline - 4 August 1944

453rd HDQ Near Attleborough, England

by James H. (Ham) Jackson

The early morning silence was broken by the intrusion of the bearer of the wake-up call. "Briefing in 1 hour," he whispered in my ear with sadistic glee. After powdered eggs and cold greasy sausage, I staggered over to the pre-briefing shack. A quick glance at the route map brought me up short. It appeared that we were headed for Big B. A closer look proved me wrong by 100 miles. The target was an airplane engine works in Schwerin. Next stop was full briefing where the same idea hit the other crews. My crew (Tepfer) was leading the Lo-left. After the time hack, we left for the hardstand where "Miss Lace" sat silently in all her splendor ready to carry us into harm's way. The green light blinked and we headed for buncher 6. The dawn broke bright and clear and CAVU forever. Formation went beautifully and we lined out in bomber stream over the North Sea. We gave Helgoland a wide berth and made landfall over Denmark, passed close by Flensburg and out into the Baltic. Jerry was going bananas — what are these crazy Yanks up to now? When we turned south, Jerry thought we were headed for Berlin — wrong! About 50 miles into Germany we turned west (total Kraut confusion) and now we are on our bomb run with picture perfect bomb strike. We did a 90° right off the target and headed for the Baltic. Group lead did not give us a 90° left and right to allow stragglers to catch up. This did give me cause to be uneasy, but we did lose 10 minutes on the bomb run and fighters were reported in the area. This was just too easy and it was about time for the other shoe to drop. Then, FU-BAR, Big Time! Just as I pressed my throat mike to give Tepfer the two minute warning for 90° left, the sky rained airplanes. Every man for himself. Group lead turned early and without warning. I lost complete confidence in his leadership at this point. It took all of 20 minutes to get calmed down and back into decent formation. By this time we were closing in on Flensburg and the Kraut gunners let us know they had our track. This wasn't my big worry. We kept drifting left and 15 miles south of the bomber stream. Now I knew what lead was up to. He was going to cut the next corner and to hell with the safety of the troops. Lead made no move to correct course and Helgoland was dead ahead (any dummy could see this, I even saw it). Tepfer warned lead three times and when we got no response, we broke formation and took up position wide right of lead. The sky turned black with flak exactly where we would have been. Lead now had one plane with him, his deputy lead. We were now leading the group and heading for old Buck. We started our decent early and hit our ETA right on the button. Guess who was waiting for us at the hardstand? The old man was somewhat pissed, wanting answers and somebody's blood.

The big brass that had led the mission who were his I & I buddies just had a screw up and some poor bastard was going to pay.

Our debriefing was not the usual variety of debriefing. After the expected ranting and raving, the C.O. demanded, just who is the SOB responsible for this GD screw up? Since I ordered the break, I said, I'm the SOB that ordered the screw up. The old man's mouth flew open at my response and the crew promptly fainted knowing that I took no flak from anybody, especially when I am tired, hot and thirsty. They had visions of Leavenworth. Okay son, let's have your story while you are still alive and it had better be good. He listened to my story without interrupting. Mister, I need some verification. I asked him to call engineering for battle damage report on lead squadron and compare with the other squadrons. The C.O. left the room and friend, you could slice the silence with a knife. It seemed like an eternity before the old man reappeared at the door. He waved and dismissed us. Well, that's the way it was — and you were there. Just another day in the ETO.

P.S. Oh yes, I nearly forgot — ten days later, Tepfer was a Captain and me, I was a brand new First Louie.

Rooms Still Available for 2nd ADA Reunion at Dearborn, Michigan

Rooms are still available for the upcoming 2nd ADA Reunion at Dearborn, Michigan, July 4-6, 1991. Call or write for details:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114
Tel. (215) 632-3992

Fourth Annual Reunion of Americans Interned In Sweden

The Association of Americans Interned In Sweden (1943-1945) will hold their Fourth Annual Reunion with the Second Air Division Association at Dearborn, Michigan, July 4-7, 1991. Early reservations are suggested. Contact:

Jim McMahon
P.O. Box 4954
Santa Rosa, CA 95404
Tel. (707) 525-9707

Thank A Veteran

Submitted by Gene Tinnin

For two years I had displayed on the rear of my R.V. a bumper sticker which reads, "If you love your freedom thank a Veteran." It went apparently unnoticed until one day at a rest stop last winter a young lady custodial employee, who was obviously mentally retarded, came up to me, did a curtsy and said, "Sir, I saw your sign and I want to thank you." This kind of gesture made more than a day for this Veteran.

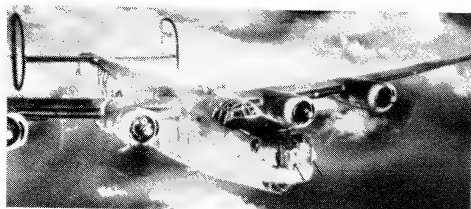
In the future, should we do less than the thoughtful young lady at the roadside? I think not!

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

P.O. BOX 627

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Dear Bill:

This picture of the Warren G. Cook crew was taken while we were in training at Charleston Army Air Force Base, SC. We left for overseas about one month later aboard the Queen Elizabeth, eventually ending up at Horsham St. Faith assigned to the 458th BG, 754th BS. We flew as a nine man crew, James Bradley being reassigned.

We flew our first mission 6 July 1944 to Kiel, Germany, losing #3 engine to flak over the target. After being initiated, our luck held and we went on to finish our 35 missions 10 Dec. 1944. We flew most of our missions in "Hells Angels" 41-29596-R,

therefore displaying that name on our A-2 jackets. I later learned that it was destroyed in a mid-air over Felmingham, England with "Open Post" 23 Feb. 45.

The only crew members that I have had contact with since the war are Raymond Metz and Warren Cook, and that was many years ago. Therefore if you could print this picture maybe it would open up some avenues toward getting in contact with some of the crew.

Charles R. Ferrell
425 N. Antler St.
Gladwin, MI 48624



Standing (l-r): Lt. George A. Grodt, co-pilot; Lt. Warren G. Cook, pilot; Lt. Donald E. Finlayson, navigator; Lt. James T. Bradley, bombardier. Kneeling (l-r): S/Sgt. Charles R. Ferrell, nose gunner; T/Sgt. Raymond Metz, radio operator; S/Sgt. Walter M. Austin, waist gunner; T/Sgt. Maurice M. Summerall, engineer; S/Sgt. Jesse E. Boston, tail gunner; S/Sgt. Henry Arias, ball gunner.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Evelyn:

I enclose a check for one year's dues, plus information form for membership application in the Second Air Division Association.

As indicated on the form, my connections are a little complex. Our crew flew its first ten missions with the 458th Group, I can't remember whether 754th or 758th Squadron; then we were transferred to the 44th Group, 68th Squadron at Shipdham for the rest of our tour. I don't know the addresses of any of our crew; I lost touch decades ago. However, what I recall is:

Elvin L. Barnhart, pilot, Oxnard, CA. / Myself, co-pilot. / John Foley, navigator, Kansas City / Gordon C. Woodland, bombardier, Philadelphia, PA / Kenneth Wait, engineer / Kenneth Dagley, radio, Lowell, MA / Don Ocker, asst. engineer, Carlisle, PA (deceased) / Bob Rosenberg, asst. radio / Bob Bostwick, gunner, Long Island, NY.

There was also a ball turret gunner whose name I can't recall; he was shifted from our

crew when we went to the 44th, which didn't have ball turrets.

I flew 35 missions, most of them with this crew. Barnhart was an excellent pilot, so several times I was replaced by a newly arrived crew commander, who was always taken on his first mission with an experienced crew (with the 44th; I flew our first one with the 458th). Consequently, while I did two or three missions as replacement on other crews, Barney finished his tour before I did, and I flew my last two missions as first pilot with our regular crew. I checked out a newcomer named Almoina on my 34th mission; I don't remember who I had for copilot on the 35th.

Harry C. Stubbs
12 Thompson Lane
Milton, MA 02186

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the men listed above, please send information to
Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Evelyn:

I recently saw the motion picture, "Memphis Belle." In that picture the claim was made that the crew of the Memphis Belle was the first 8th Air Force crew to finish their combat tour of twenty-five missions.

Let it be known by all that the crew of Jerks Natural of the 93rd Bomb Group finished their combat tour of 25 missions on 5 April, six weeks before the Memphis Belle achievement on 16 May 43. I know this to be a fact as I was the navigator on Jerks Natural. The crew was originally under the command of Lt. John L. Jerstad, who later was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. However, we finished our 25 with Lt. Darrell Simms in command. He was originally the co-pilot.

Rollin C. Reineck
1127 Lauloa Street
Kailua, HI 96734

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

I was taken aghast at the President's Message on the inside cover of the Winter 1990 Journal.

They always said Gerald Ford played too much football without a helmet, but this message might make one think Richard Kennedy spent too much time in a German prison camp. The words sound as though they might have come from Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

He has launched a tirade against Group vice presidents. He says, "Anything less than full Group adherence to basic Association policy is totally unacceptable." He even goes on to berate a couple of Group vice presidents who have "a deliberate tendency to persuade their Group members to place the overall interests of the Group ahead of the best interests of the Association."

In effect, Mr. Kennedy is espousing thought control. It's either adopt their line or else. Mr. Kennedy ought to pause and consider, for perhaps it is this very philosophy and stance that has resulted in the explosion of Group associations in the first place. If I were a Group vice president and were to read Mr. Kennedy's message, I'd be inclined to urge my Group's secession from 2AD.

My views were made public at the 1988 2AD reunion at Colorado Springs and were printed on page 4 of the Winter 1988 Journal. And from Mr. Kennedy's message, it looks as though nothing has changed. The 2AD are still ignoring the very thing the Groups like to rally around — the B-24. The Collings Foundation has a B-24. The 2nd Air Division, which by rights ought to have one, does not.

Mr. Kennedy's opinions seem to be taking us even more the other way.

Fred Breuninger
5021 Lake Harbor Rd.
Muskegon, MI 49441

(We print this opinion because we are aware of 2 or 3 other letters like it which misunderstood our president's sincere desire to promote unity of thinking among the members on matters decided upon by an overwhelming majority of the leadership and supported by the members at the annual meeting.)

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Having read the article "Reunion of the Mighty 8th Finds Few Who Recall Its Deeds" on page 23 of the Winter Journal, I feel I must comment on same.

Admittedly for a long time after WWII, most people just wanted to get back to a more normal way of life and rebuild their careers and families, the British as well as the USA personnel.

Slowly, as is the British way, your "friendly invasion" became part of our history and our heritage, and things began to happen. Control towers and buildings were reclaimed and where possible restored or preserved, and the movement is still going on; not only through us old or young who remember you, but our children and theirs are now participating. Some schools include your stay in their lessons, with field trips when possible.

We as ordinary working, quiet dwelling people have not forgotten by any means; and even new settlers to the area become involved and adopt the vets. Regular annual venues hold 40's nights where music, uniforms and 40's dress is the norm, and believe me, the USA is well represented in dress and spirit. More so too if the venue is an old hangar or building. We have quite a few well restored towers and museums devoted to your deeds and lives whilst "over here," as well as the official memorials.

One continual detriment to efforts to keep your spirit alive is the attitude met in some quarters by what we term "The Big Brass." It seems they want to keep it all to themselves; lower ranks are allowed to participate up to a point, but not beyond. This has led to nullifications, disillusionment, and many splinter groups doing their own thing, instead of concerted effort.

The last reunion was a classic. Though much more free time was allowed for all to meet (and believe me we did plenty of that), for the main events only the selected few were allowed admission. I personally, on hearing that the drop in expected numbers had left a huge gap, enquired if others willing to pay their way, which would help cover some of the costs, could attend the official banquets, etc. Yet despite being members of various groups, including The Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, permission was refused.

Many people have met with the same attitude, and openly state they have withdrawn membership of some groups because of this and now "go it alone" or in small groups; especially the younger set who are very keen and active, but are constantly being pushed aside and their suggestions dismissed.

Here follows an item taken from an article in our local paper of the "Military Vehicle Association" Bill Purchase. He is very active in preservation of both British and American memorabilia.

HOW WAR LIVES ON

It seems ironic that in this day and age two groups have to fall out over a building to be used to commemorate a former airfield and the allied servicemen who flew from East Anglia during World War II.

It's a pity no one has been able to resolve this situation.

The council, in accepting the larger financial offer, may deprive the genuine enthusiast from creating such a museum as

Seething and Thorpe Abbots have, to name but two.

Myself, having participated in various World War II commemorative events, I hoped the fighting was over!

The above stemmed from two differing offers for an old control tower being made to two separate groups with differing ideas as to how and what should be done. Again the "Brass" had its way, and in doing so have lost those who were willing to do the work in their free time for as little money as possible, dipping into their own pockets if need be, as others have done before them. As I see it, until those officials running the show are willing to accept that although not "name figures," the enthusiasts are a sturdy, willing crowd, with often the energy and vigor of youth to offer. Though not monied they pay in sheer hard labour, a labour of love.

Maybe to America the feudal system in Britain died with the War; don't believe it. It still exists, to our detriment and that of those who fought and when needed gave their lives for us. Let's hope that by the time of the 1992 Reunion a more enlightened approach is in operation. Anyone who can make it over will not lack a welcome.

Maureen Cope
67 Woodcock Close
Norwich
NR3 3TB

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Leroy Engdahl, former vice president of the 448th Bomb Group, suggested I write you and tell you of a gathering of 448th BG veterans last summer.

Leroy was to visit his daughter in this area and so we discussed the possibility of getting some of the 448th veterans together. He furnished me with a list of the known 448th veterans in the state of Washington. I sent a letter to them in which I invited them to a social hour and dinner to be held at the Elks Lodge in Puyallup, Washington on July 28th. The list had 23 members of the 2nd ADA and 5 others who were 448th veterans but not members of the 2nd ADA.

In the process we found one more 448th veteran, which resulted in a new member for 2nd ADA. Sorry to say we also found one veteran who was deceased.

We had our gathering with 13 veterans and with their wives and families had 30 people present for dinner. We had quite a session of swapping stories, old buddies meeting that hadn't met in years, and looked at pictures and scrap books. Also had a video on a B-24 operation.

We gave a good sales pitch about joining the 448th BG and the 2nd ADA at their annual reunions and hope it will result in more attendance. Everyone seemed to have a good time and felt we should try it again, and since they enjoyed it so much, I think we will try it again.

Just a final note to say that I enjoy the 2nd ADA Journal very much.

Richard B. Kimball, Sr.
5711 183rd Ave East, #1
Sumner, WA 98390

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of Carlton Kleeman's crew sometime in the summer of 1944. We arrived at the 445th in April or May of 1944 and I flew several missions as co-pilot on Kleeman's crew. Then his crew became a lead crew and I picked up my own crew of spare parts. The only crew members that flew with me long enough to remember were the co-pilot whose last name was Libby and the bombardier/nose gunner who dropped a load of bombs on the IP instead of the target. Maybe they will remember me by my airplane shown in the enclosed picture.

In addition to crew members, I would like to hear from some of my cadet classmates that ended up in the Second Air Division. I was in Class 43-I.

Arnold J. Nass
7014 Woodland Drive
Dallas, TX 75225



Top (l-r): Tabit, Breishaber, Nass, Kleeman, Neighbor. Bottom (l-r): Chostner, Collins, Payton, Knox, Wallace.

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I am writing to you for information on World War II 8th Army Air Force Reunions.

My father was in the 579th BS, 392nd BG, England, from July to October 1944. His name is Howard Davis and was a B-24 pilot. He passed away suddenly, leaving sparse information on his experiences in the war. I am hoping to make contact with someone who knew him so we are able to pass on information to his grandchildren. If you can help in some way, it would be greatly appreciated.

Cynthia Davis Sweitzer
40 Upper Hibernia Rd.
Marcella, NJ 07866

+ + + +

An "Easy" Mission?

by Frank Kyle

February 9, 1945... that was a day the men of Old Buckenham would just as soon forget. It was the 213th mission for the Group. The target was supposed to be the oil plant at Rothensee, but it was "socked in" by clouds, so the railroad marshalling yards at Magdeburg were bombed instead. No fighters were reported, and flak was described as "light."

As the 453rd headed back to "Old Buck" the usual groups of ground crew took their places along the flight line "to sweat the planes in."

"Here they come!" (Funny, you could always hear them, first.) All eyes turned upward to see the formation roar over the control tower and peel off to start the landing pattern.

"Yeah, those are our guys." (There's that familiar white diagonal on black.)

"Did somebody get a count?"

"Any red flares? No? Good! What's the count?"



"Thirty four! I counted thirty four over head just now. Thirty five went out this morning and I didn't hear of any aborts."

"So who's missing?"

"Dunno! But we'll find out soon. Cap'n Long said a 732nd crew went into the Channel on the way back... heard it from Operations."

"Yeah? Who?"

"Dunno, I said!"

The first 453rd Lib touched down, followed closely by a second, third and fourth. Oh boy! He came in a little too close, and the pilot had to fight his plane to keep her steady, due to propwash. The next three B-24s landed one behind the other and taxied to their squadron areas.

"Jeez! Lookit these two... Ohmygod that lower plane's gonna get rammed! Pleasegodno!!! Awww #@!!!"

In full view of horrified ground crews, the two B-24s collided with a sickening crunch. The lower plane, piloted by Lt. Rollins, nosed down sharply, its vertical stabilizer torn away. The other Lib, piloted by Lt. Glass, struggled to stay airborne.

Boom! Rollins' plane smashed hard into the turf, agonizingly short of the runway. It burst into flames immediately as ground crews sprinted from all directions to rescue the crew. Fire trucks and ambulances



rushed up from the control tower to assist in pulling the crew from the wreck, despite the flames and exploding ammunition. Captain Long, 732nd Engineering Officer, arrived on the scene and directed rescue efforts. But, they were too late!

All eleven men aboard Lt. Rollins' plane had been killed in the crash. The quick reaction by the ground crews was to no avail. To make things even harder to take, Rollins' crew was on their last mission! They had completed their 35th mission on this day! They would have been rotated home.

It took all of Lt. Glass' strength to stay aloft as he circled the field to land his damaged plane.

To make matters even worse on this jinxed day, it was learned that a 732nd crew had indeed ditched in the North Sea. Lt. Johnson was the pilot. Three of his men drowned when their B-24 sank like a rock when it had to be ditched.

So, the "men of Old Buckenham" lost 14 good men on a day when they encountered "no fighters and little flak." Captain Long summed things up when he stood looking at the broken bodies of Lt. Rollins' crew laid out in a field, barely 500 yards from the main runway:

"Dammit! What rotten luck!!!"

An "easy" mission? No! There were no "easy" missions.



Radio "Operator"

by Joe Kroboth

There probably have been many times when members of a bomber crew wondered how the plane would be landed if both the pilot and co-pilot were unable to function. This condition almost came about for us on our 27th mission over Germany.

Our objective was to bomb a jet airfield outside of Essen. Flak was to be intensive. This turned out to be the case. A shell burst near our plane and a piece grazed the goggles of Lt. Clyde Christian, our pilot, causing particles to lodge in his eyes which restricted his vision in addition to being very painful. At the same time a piece entered the back shoulder of the co-pilot, Lt. Robert Kinnard. I, the radio operator, was gazing into a newly made hole in the panel inches in front of my nose.

Since it was my job to patch up the co-pilot's wound I asked several quick questions, but the pilot was having his difficulties and told me to use my best judgment. Sometimes through ignorance of the subject it is hard to make the right decision during an emergency.

The first question was whether to remove the co-pilot's electric suit to get at the wound or to cut a hole in it. In the first case it seemed too cold to expose him in the frigid atmosphere, and in the second case I wasn't sure whether or not I would start some fireworks by cutting into the suit.

I decided to cut into the suit and soon had an opening without incident. Then being all thumbs in the cold I made a bandage and taped it over the wound, using plenty of tape. In trying to talk to the co-pilot over the intercom all I could hear was some mumbling as he apparently was in shock. It seemed to me he was asking for morphine to ease his pain.

The pilot's eyes by now were in a very bad condition and some doubt was expressed as to how long his vision would hold out. Since I had heard that morphine could impair a person's judgment, I held back on it for the co-pilot in case he might be called on to land the plane (if he could).

As it turned out the pilot made a good landing and an ambulance immediately transported the officers to the hospital. That evening I went to the hospital and was told Lt. Christian's eyes were doing nicely but Lt. Kinnard had been sent to another hospital off the base. A medical officer came up and in a gruff voice asked me if I had bandaged up the co-pilot. Expecting the worst, I managed a weak "yes, sir." To my relief he said I had done a "good bandaging job." He then turned around and left the room before I could ask any questions.

I have never heard any more concerning Lt. Kinnard and have often wondered whether he considered me a "good guy" for doing a "good bandaging job" on him or thought of me as a "sadist" who wouldn't give him morphine to ease his pain on that long trip back to Hethel.



491st BOMB GROUP

THE LAST AND THE BEST

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Hap Chandler

SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMBERSHIP

The 491st has recruited 126 new members in 1990. Although this was our best recruiting year recently, we are still 190 short of our goal of 600 members. Our latest Second ADA roster contains 454 names; 37 of this number are officially credited to other groups in which they served prior to joining the Ringmasters. Be sure you list first the group with which you prefer affiliation.

SECOND AIR DIVISION DUES

You will have received a dues notice for 1991 by the time you read this. Please remit promptly, as we lost seventeen of our members due to non-payment in 1989. If you have a financial hardship, a short note to Evelyn will continue you on the rolls.

DEARBORN REUNION

We look forward to being the guest of our "Michiganders" in Dearborn in coordination with the Second Air Division Reunion, July 3-7, 1991. George Risko, Louis Bur and Ralph Cox are planning a rousing day for us prior to the Second ADA reunion, right on!

FOLDED WINGS

Dwight Turner, who brought his grandson and six members of his crew to our Dayton reunion, died in his Columbus, Ga. home on November 6th. Dwight worked in squadron and group operations after completing his combat tour. Those attending the Hilton Head reunion will remember the memorabilia display of Dwight's grandson, Mark Turner. We will miss Dwight along with his family and crew.

PROFILE:

RALPH SAUNDERS, SUPER RINGMASTER

Major General Ralph S. Saunders has commanded the Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service since July 1, 1974.

General Saunders was born in Roanoke, Virginia on June 24, 1922. He enlisted in the Virginia National Guard in 1939, graduated from Aviation Cadet Training in 1943, and was commissioned in 1944.

During World War II General Saunders flew 35 combat missions as a flight officer in B-24s with the 491 Bombardment Group, England. During the Korean War, he flew 70 combat C-119 missions while TDY from Sewart AFB, Tennessee. He also commanded a squadron in the Sewart 314 Troop Carrier Wing until 1955.

General Saunders served in Europe from 1956 to 1959, participating in the Lebanon Crisis Airlift in 1958; then was assigned to



Front row (l-r): Nelson W. Pascoe, gunner; Lawrence Niebauer, engineer; James Christian, gunner; Dean M. Sorrell, gunner; Lawrence W. Japs, gunner. Back row (l-r): Capt. Irving F. Joseph, pilot; F/O Ralph S. Saunders, co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Arthur G. Opp, Jr., navigator; F/O Dominic J. Notte, bombardier.

HQ USAF in the Directorate of Operations until 1962.

From 1962 through 1966 he served as Director of Combat Operations, Det 1, 315 Air Division and then commander, 817 Troop Carrier Squadron. He later commanded the 6002 Standardization and Evaluation Group, Okinawa. He logged 278 Southeast Asia combat missions in the C-123 and the C-130.

Completing National War College in 1967, he became Deputy Commander for Operations, 436 Military Airlift Wing. He

commanded the Airlift Control Element for the 400 C-141 mission "Eagle Thrust," deploying the 101 Airborne Division to Bien Hoa. In 1968 he was reassigned to HQ Military Aircraft Command as Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations.

In 1970, as Commander, 9 Weather Reconnaissance Wing, he qualified in the B-57F, flying at more than 50,000 feet. From 1971 to July 1974, he was the Commander of the 60 MAW and then the Vice Commander of the 22 Air Force. Next he was assigned to Scott AFB as Commander, Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service. He was the first ARRS commander to participate in a "combat pickup." General Saunders was credited with saving an F-100 pilot's life following an actual aircraft crash during a Red Flag exercise.

He is a command pilot with more than 11,000 flying hours. His military awards and decorations include the Legion of Merit with 1 oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal with 12 oak leaf clusters, Air Force Commendation Medal with 2 oak leaf clusters, Army Commendation Medal with 1 oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Unit Citation, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with 2 oak leaf clusters, and the Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation.

General Saunders was promoted to the grade of major general on April 24, 1974, with date of rank July 1, 1971.

He is married to the former Dorris Jean Peeler of Levelland, Texas. They have two sons, Ralph Scott, Jr. and James Lawrence; and a daughter, Janice Gayle.



Major General Ralph S. Saunders

Tour Diary *(continued from page 21)*

and no ships were lost from our formation. 12 to go. 8 hrs, 45 min. 491st D.L. (wing)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

Mission No. 19. We carried 2 x 500 lb. G.P.'s and two smoke bombs. Our target was the railroad marshalling yard at Strasburg on the Southern French-German border. Nothing unusual happened except that we took over the lead at the I.P. and had a perfect bomb run until a group from the 445th crowded us off and it threw Lawler's bombs off to the left. Flak was moderate over the target and no ships were lost. Division lead on bomb run. 11 to go. 6 hours, 20 minutes. 446th W.L.

THURSDAY, JULY 20

Mission No. 20. We carried 2 x 500 lb. G.P.'s and two smoke bombs. We were leading the 93rd and our target was an aero-engine plant near Gotha, Germany. Flak was pretty light going into the target and over the target there was no flak. After we left the target area, we lost No. 1 engine, turned lead over to the deputy lead and straggled back by ourselves. This was the first time in 8 months we had to feather an engine. Lawler really hit the target on the nose today, the bombs completely covered the M.P.I. No ships were lost from our formation. 10 to go. 6 hrs, 50 min. 93rd W.L.

FRIDAY, JULY 21

Mission No. 21. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and our target was Munich. We led the 93rd. At Scarbrucken most of the groups turned back but ours and the 448th went on through solid soup. Flak was intense and a lot of our ships were shot up. The formation was split up after bombs away but got together again. Then we hit 80 miles of solid fog and when we came out of it, only our two wing men were still with us. We didn't pick up the rest of them until we were almost back into France. Our fighter support was good and no enemy fighters were seen. Two ships went into Switzerland and two crash-landed in Southern England. We had 25 holes in the plane. Blier bruised. 9 to go. 7 hours, 45 minutes. 93rd W.L.

SATURDAY, JULY 29

Mission No. 22. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and raided Bremen, Germany, second largest city in the Reich. The trip was almost entirely over water and was uneventful except that it was pretty cool. Flak at the target was very intense but not too accurate. Cloud cover was 10/10 and we bombed P.F.F. Mickey and Lawler said we had a good run so the results should have been pretty good. We led the 93rd; Bertelson was deputy lead and flew right on top of us. Escort was good (P-51s) and no fighters were encountered. 8 to go. 6 hours, 15 minutes. 93rd W.L.

MONDAY, JULY 31

Mission No. 23. The usual bomb load and our target was Ludwigshaven, Germany. A chemical plant which Lawler hit by taking



PFF Crew. Top (l-r): Larry Dawson, navigator; Lu Lawler, bombardier; C.D. "Kitt" Kitt-ridge, co-pilot; Ross Baker, pilot; Lewis Smith, Dead Rec. Navigator; John Conlin, Mickey Operator. Bottom (l-r): Sam Gotwalt, radio; Warren Boerner, right waist; Joe Blier, tail; C.D. Reed, engineer; Ed "Cotton" Appleman, nose; Joe Troisi, left waist.

over at the last minute from Mickey, (break in clouds). Flak was intense and accurate. It was really rough and Sam and Joe had narrow escapes. A large piece came right by Sam's head, in one side and out the other. Another large piece hit right under Joe and tore a big jagged hole in the bottom of the ship. We caught several pieces in the engines, wings, etc. but they didn't hurt much. We were leading the 93rd and the 2nd Div. Capt. Lamb's crew didn't come back, but all got out safely. Several ships and men were shot up, including Bertelson. 7 to go. 6 hrs, 45 min. 93rd Div. L.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

Mission No. 24. We carried 10 incendiary bombs and raided the airfield at Rastack, Germany. Our V.H.F. burned up after take-off and we had to come back in and replace it. We went in over the North Sea, passed just north of the target and turned right around and made our bomb run. Lawler scored another bullseye, he couldn't see our M.P.I. because it had already been hit, but he picked some shops and hit them on the nose. Flak over the target was mediocre and not very accurate. Fighter cover was good but we didn't see any Jerries. Some formation in front of us got hit by them. We had no losses from our formation. 6 to go. 7 hours. 93rd W.L.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

Mission No. 25. We carried 2 x 500 lb. bombs and hit Kiel, Germany again, this time it was a trifle rough. We had a Colonel riding with us who screwed up the works from start to finish. Flak was intense and accurate. We got hit pretty hard just before bombs away; Dawson got a chunk through his left hand. A piece hit me on the left foot, a piece went into the ammunition can and a piece came through the turret dome. We picked up holes in the wings, fuselage and tail. Today, out of 23 ships, we only had 4 ready to fly. A waist gunner was car-

ried out of his ship just ahead of Dawson and died on the way to the hospital. The whole group was pretty well shot up. Dawson won't be with us for about 6 weeks as his hand and arm will be in a cast that long. Fighter cover was good and we didn't see any fighters. We didn't see any planes go down, but lost part of the formation over the target and never did pick it all up again. Anguish landed in Southern England with his hydraulic system shot away. 5 to go. 6 hrs, 40 min. 446th W.L.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

Mission No. 26. We raided Wittenhauffen airfield, about 30 miles from Bremen, Germany. We carried the usual P.F.F. bomb load and led the 93rd. We were briefed for intense and accurate flak and went out over the North Sea and then back into the target. On the way across we had to release a smoke bomb which started going off in the bomb bay. Bombing was visual except for a cloud right over the target which interfered with Lawler's synchronization point, but he hit the side of the target anyway. We had a pleasant disappointment in that there was no flak. The formation directly ahead of us lost 4 planes from fighters but we weren't hit by them, although I thought I saw a couple playing around out in front of us. We didn't lose any from our formation. 4 to go. 4 hours, 45 minutes. 93rd W.L.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

Mission No. 27. We were assigned an aero-engine factory between Rostock and Hannover last night and this morning when we got to briefing, the target had been changed to Berlin. We took off at 10:30 and got as far as Helgoland when we met the B-17s coming back out because of bad weather over Germany. We did 360s over Helgoland and up as far as the Island of Silt waiting for a decision as to whether to go on to Berlin, and were finally recalled.

(continued on page 23)

8th Air Force Tour Diary

Submitted by Warren Boerner
Records & Comments by Ed Appleman

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

First mission over Pas de Calais. Target was the rocket site just outside of Calais. Encountered flak over target and on coast just before we started back. We caught about 15 or 20 bursts around us but the rest of the formation behind us caught the most of it. Flak pierced a fuel cell in our right wing, put a hole right under the navigator and one through the nose wheel door. 3 hours, 30 minutes. Fifty-two 100# bombs.

MONDAY, MAY 1

Mission No. 2. We were scheduled to go to a point called St. Pol, just a short distance past Calais which was the MPI of our first raid. However, the formation got screwed up because of a very costly experiment tried this morning, and our wave of six planes which was to have gone over the target second had to turn back just over the coast of France because of poor visibility. We did not drop our bombs and did not receive any flak. It has not been definitely determined whether or not we are to get credit for this mission. While we were waiting to take off, Lts. Rueckert and Schreiner buckled a landing gear, cracked up and burned. Five men got it, including Lt. Garner, the navigator, but the others were killed by the flames, gas and bomb explosions. I hope I don't see any more like that. 3 hours.

SATURDAY, MAY 6

Mission No. 2. The last one did not count. We raided Syrocuse, a small place just southeast of St. Pol, France. Bombing was by P.F.F. through an overcast and the results could not be seen. We carried eight 1000 lb. G.P.'s. This was the first mission for some time in which no fighters and no flak was seen. Construction works was the target. 4 hours, 30 minutes.

SUNDAY, MAY 7

Mission No. 3. We were on a wholesale raid today, practically all of Germany being hit by different groups. Our target was Munster, Germany and bombing again was by P.F.F. through 10/10 overcast. About 200 planes were in the formation. No fighters were seen, but flak was terrifically heavy although not too accurate. Navigational error took us across one end of "Happy Valley" where flak was heaviest. Very little damage resulted. Troisi recieved small frostbite blister on ear and Blier almost received the same on feet and legs when part of his suit went out. I wasn't any too warm myself and had to continually move my hands and feet to keep up the circulation. 27 to go. 4 hours, 40 minutes.

MONDAY, MAY 8

Mission No. 4. Lots of excitement today. It began when we took off and saw a B-24 explode and burn at a nearby field. We raided an airdrome just outside of Brunswick, Germany carrying fifty-two 100 lb. incen-



Crew of "Duration Baby." Top (l-r): Joe Troisi, left waist; Joe Blier, tail; Ed "Cotton" Appleman, nose; Warren Boerner, right waist; Sam Gotwalt, radio; C.D. Reed, engineer. Bottom (l-r): Lu Lawler, bombardier; Larry Dawson, navigator; C.D. "Kit" Kittridge, co-pilot; Ross Baker, pilot.

diary bombs, P.F.F. We saw plenty of flak and plenty of fighters, ME 109s and FW 190s, but were not hit by flak and did not have a fighter attack, although the formation behind us was attacked and Blier saw two fighters burn. Boerner and Troisi saw two fighters go down out of control and Kit and I saw a 190 go down just to our right. We had fighter cover of P-51s, P-47s and P-38s. We flew our own new ship today on its first mission. It's really a nice ship. When we were coming back we saw a B-17 ditch in the channel and over our own field a crew, with the exception of one gunner, bailed out of a B-24. The gunner was injured and couldn't get out so rode it down. It crashed and burned, but before it caught fire, the gunner walked away from it. Lucky boy! We're alerted again tomorrow, this will be 4 in 4 days. 26 to go. 5 hours, 30 minutes.

TUESDAY, MAY 9

Mission No. 5. We raided Liege, Belgium, an important rail yard for the Germany supply line, and blew it all to hell. We carried eight 1000 lb. G.P.'s and bombed visually with good visibility. Flak was encountered at Lille on the way in, over the target and at Antwerp on the way out. It was fairly heavy but we received no damage. No enemy fighters. Escort was P-47s and P-51s, about 30 of them. One B-24 ahead of us was set on fire by flak over the target and the crew of nine bailed out. It went down in flames, spinning at first and then falling end over end into an orchard. Another crew of eight was seen to bail out but we didn't see the ship go down. One

B-24 followed us as far as the French coast on engines 1 & 3, then we lost sight of it. Another was seen to ditch in the channel and its position was given to air-sea rescue. 25 to go. 4 hours, 30 minutes.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10

(Scrubbed over England.)

THURSDAY, MAY 11

Mission No. 6, air medal mission. We went to Mulhouse, France, just above the Swiss border, to bomb out a marshalling yard and roundhouse. We encountered flak going in to the target and pretty heavy over the target. We ran into fighters on the way in and a P-47 shot down an FW-190 just ahead of us. Fighter cover was good, over and back. The target was hit pretty hard. No damage to the ship. 24 to go. 8 hours, 30 minutes.

FRIDAY, MAY 12

Mission No. 7. We raided the oil refinery near Leipzig. This one was pretty rough. We had flak in two places on the way to the target and fighters also, which our escort took care of. The bomb run was really rough, about 100 guns which really threw up the flak. One shell burst right under my turret and I thought I was shot in the ass. We saw one B-24 go down in flames before we reached the I.P. and saw several "scarecrow" rockets. Several of the targets were refineries near ours and we really saw some lovely fires. On the way back our fighter escort left us for about 20 or 30 minutes and we got hit by two JU-88s. We

(continued on page 21)



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Paul Gregg wrote last August to advise that they have finally found the last living member of their crew. William D. Barnhizer was the other waist gunner along with Paul on their crew and William lives in Fountain Valley, CA. The crew held a reunion at the Excalibur Hotel in Las Vegas, October 8, 9, 10.

Forrest S. Clark is still trying to locate Earl J. Parrish. The last address we had for Earl is 425 2nd St. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33701, but mail to that address was returned. Forrest also sent an address for John W. Gibboney, 7512 Kings Drive, Colony Cove, Ellenton, FL 34222. If anyone has information about Parrish, please write to Forrest at 703 Duffer Lane, Kissimmee, FL 34759. (As a duffer - golfer - I gotta get down and visit Duffer Lane sometime.)

As of this writing, I have not seen the Winter 1990 Journal, so do not know if my note inquiring about Murray Wolfson appears in it. The inquiry did appear in the Winter 1990 44th (HMG) "Logbook" and Frank Castelli wrote 29 Dec. to say that he remembers Murray in the 506th Sqdn. while he was there. They flew the 24 Mar. 45 low level mission to Wesel, Germany and Anibal Diaz, left waist gunner was killed when his chest pack spilled open and went out the open ball turret well, dragging Diaz with it. (See Will Lundy's "44th B.G. - Roll of Honor" page 355.) Frank's letter has been forwarded to his son. If anyone has any more information about Murray Wolfson, please send it to Pete Henry.

A letter was received from John Wilds in Mundesley, Norfolk, describing a holiday visit to Gairloch, Scotland where they visited a B-24 crash site (R.D. Ketchum, pilot, crashed 13 June 45.) John sent along some photos which appear to be very good and reproducible but there is insufficient space to include them in this issue. More space should be available in the next Journal.

R.E. Bottomley reminds us that he still has 8-Ball hats and T-shirts for sale. Write to him at 4509 S. Morrice Road, Owosso, MI 48867-9758 for sizes and prices.

It has been some time since I reported that a copy of the 44th BG Roster of 2ADA members is available. Anticipating a postal increase on or about 1 Feb. 91, please send \$4.00 to Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831.

And finally, many thanks to all of you who sent Season's Greetings to Mary and me this year. They are appreciated and we hope that you won't wait until Dec. 1991 to write again.

One of these days, we're going to identify correctly the two men standing beside "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" shown in the photograph on page 21 of the Fall 1990 Journal. The photo first appeared in the Spring 1990 "Logbook" of the 44th HMG. Mike Curtin, Crew Chief, replied to my inquiry that they are Fred Marsh on the left and M.C. Strickland on the right. Tom Cardwell wrote in October advising that he knew both men quite well and that M/Sgt. Charles W. Whipple is on the left and M/Sgt. Charles Alba is on the right. Tom said that he started out with both men at Barksdale Field in 1942 and Ursel P. Harvel's "Liberators Over Europe" also identifies them as Whipple and Alba but in reverse. Speaking of Mike Curtin, Will Lundy sent along a picture of Sgts. Mike Curtin, Kun Gong, and (?) Strickland plus another photo of then Capt. Bill Aldridge. (Photos are from Col. Wm. Cameron's collection. Col. Cameron was 67 Sqdn. & Group Commander.)



Sgts. Curtin, Gong and Strickland, 67th Squadron



Capt. Bill Aldridge, 67th Squadron

WWII Bombardier Receives Distinguished Flying Cross

by David Cox, Managing Editor
The Cherokee Villager
Cherokee Village, Hardy, Arkansas

It came 46 years late, but the day seemed appropriate just the same.

January 17, 1991. It was the day U.S. forces led a massive air strike to gain control of the skies over Iraq in the first stage of Operation Desert Storm. And it was the day Albert E. Jones received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service in World War II.



Don Floyd from Senator Dale Bumpers' Arkansas office presented the medal at a ceremony at Shady Oaks Nursing Home in Thayer, where Jones has resided since mid-December. Jones and wife Peggy have been residents of Cherokee Village 14 years.

The citation reads: "First Lieutenant Albert E. Jones distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a Bombardier, 66th Bombardment Squadron, 44th Bombardment Group, from 11 June 1944 to 25 February 1945. Lieutenant Jones exhibited outstanding airmanship and courage on a number of aerial missions against the enemy in the European Theater of Operations. The professional competence, aerial skill, and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Jones reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force."

Jones flew 31 missions during his 3½ years in the war. He has a Certificate of Valor - receiving the Air Medal five times, and he received a Citation for Meritorious Achievement from General Leon Johnson.

Floyd said he could only guess why the Distinguished Flying Cross was so long in coming. "He was first recommended for this in 1945, because he has flown the necessary number of bombing missions," Floyd explained. "He was discharged as the war was winding down and he was anxious to get home."

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The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The past year, 1990, has been good to the 466th Bomb Group, and I hope 1991 will be even better. Our membership is getting close to 400, but our deletions by death are taking their toll. The most recent of these were William E. Foreman, Jr.; John C. Jennison, Jr.; and John Woolnough. All of these men will be missed and long remembered by those of us who knew them.

Lawrence J. Baker, 229 Allynd Blvd., Chardon, OH 44024 is trying to locate Richard Lester (pilot) or other members of his crew who served in the 466th in the early months of 1945. Also, John C. Jennison III, 2755 Burning Tree Drive, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33308, wants to get in touch with persons who served with his father. John C. Jennison, Jr. was group operations officer during part of his tour with the 466th.

For several years, the 466th Bomb Group Association has been conducting a dialogue with the Broadlands Council. The object is to place a permanent memorial (monument) to all who served in the 466th Bomb Group during World War II. Land for the monument has been donated by Mr. Bernard Matthews, with the provision that the monument can never be removed or dismantled. Plans have been drawn and submitted for cost estimate to an artisan in England. A letter and a pledge form will be included in a future issue of the *Attlebridge Notes*. Anyone wishing to contribute early may send funds to: Russell D. McNair, 26 Dorset Drive, Kenilworth, NJ 07033. Designate your contribution for the Memorial Fund.

The following account was taken from the diary of Stephen Fecho, T/Sgt., Engineer-Gunner, 785th Bomb Sqdn., 466th Bomb Group. It details the 13th mission of Lt. R.D. Johnson's crew on 21 June 1944, aboard #42-95268, later named "Penthouse for Ten."

"Briefing started at 01:30. The Lt. pulled back the curtain and showed us the target. There were a lot of "oohs," "ahs," and "wows," for our target was aircraft installations just outside of Berlin, Germany. Our secondary target was a large RR station inside of Berlin, in case we couldn't bomb the primary target visually. We all hoped we could get the primary target, as there was too much flak in Berlin. The Lt. briefed us on the route, flak batteries and target.

"We were told where to go in case we had to bail out. South of Berlin, try to get to Czechoslovakia. North of Berlin, head for the northern parts and get a Swedish boat to Sweden. After briefing was over, the Catholic Chaplain told the Catholic boys to stay a while, and when the others had left we all knelt and said a prayer. We then went to our lockers, got our A-3 bag and chute, and got a truck to take us to our plane. We got there at 02:30. The weather was pretty bad. There was light drizzle; the clouds were heavy and only 200 ft. above the ground. We were hoping they would scrub this mission. I checked my guns in the airplane. Everything was in good condition. We had fifty-two 100 lb. incendiary bombs aboard. 36 planes from our group were going on this mission. We

were flying right wing of the slot position in the high right section. We would be almost last to take off, so we didn't start our engines until takeoff time, 04:45 — we were given a bar of candy and some gum. The planes took off at 25 second intervals. We took off at 05:05 and headed into the overcast. We broke through at about 1300 feet. The sky above was clear. The clouds were visible above us except out in the distance. The morning sun was just breaking through. Below us as far as the eye could see, lay thick dark clouds. We headed for our forming area, on the coast, east of Norwich. We were to form at 11,000 ft. and were glad of that as we wouldn't have to put on our oxygen masks. After filling out my forms and seeing that everything on the ship was okay, I went into the top turret. I hooked up my mike and headset, also my heated suit as it was starting to get a little cold. The free air temperature gage showed — 10C. I got my flak suit and put on one piece on each side of me and sat on the other. After forming for 2 hours, we started to head out for our target at 06:45. The sun was pretty high now. We headed due east over the North Sea. When we were about 15 minutes out we loaded our guns and test fired. They were all working OK.

"All the way over the North Sea until we hit Germany, the clouds were thick and heavy, but snowy white. Nowhere was there an opening so we can see the water. The trip from England to Germany was made in a slow climb, so when we hit the German coast we were at 20,000 ft. I had put on my oxygen mask at 14,000 ft. We entered Germany at Cuxhaven and headed southeast. No sooner have we hit the coast, than we were greeted by flak. It was heavy and off to the right a little, so we went around it. All along the way they threw flak at us, but most of it was too far to the right or left, although a few came pretty close. Our route was plotted so as to not go over any flak batteries whenever possible and the lead navigator did a good job in following the route. From the coast to about Magdeburg, the weather was clear, except for a few scattered clouds. The towns of Hamburg, Bremen and Brunswick had smoke screens over them. We turned east of Magdeburg. There were clouds in that direction but they were broken in many places. When we were southeast of Berlin, we turned north and about 12 miles south of Berlin, we turned west. The clouds covered our primary target, so we headed north into Berlin. Flak was coming up on all sides of us while we were on our bomb run. We opened the bomb bay doors at 09:55; below us I could see the city. The bombardier yelled bombs away at 10:08. We then made a sharp turn to the left, as there was quite a bit of flak ahead of us. They started to track us and then we were among it. It was bursting below, at our level and above us just right off our wing tips. I'd watch them burst and then duck my head between my guns. I wasn't as scared as I used to be of flak. There were bombers as far as I could see. There were supposed to be 1500 targets in and around Berlin. Someone called over the

interphone and said 3 ME-109s at 8 o'clock, low. I swung my turret in that direction. They were pulling away, but they came in for another attack. They came within 600 yards of us; I shot a few bursts at them but they were too low for my turret. The waist and tail gunners also got a few bursts at them. I didn't hit them, but it made them pull away. They tried a third attack; then out of nowhere came five P-51s. The last I saw of the ME-109s was when they dove into a cloud bank with the P-51s hot on their tail. I had been so engrossed in watching the enemy fighters that I had completely forgotten about the flak, which was still bursting pretty heavily and accurately around us.

We finally got out of their range. In the distance, in all directions, they were shooting it up at other formations. On our way to Berlin we were escorted by P-47s. Over the target we had P-51s and now on our way back we were being escorted by P-38s. We headed northeast from our own target. The flak came up all the way to the German coast but we stayed pretty well clear of it. We didn't see any more fighters; we saw quite a few bombers heading for Sweden. They were probably pretty damaged from all the flak. Later on in the day I found out 23 bombers had gone to Sweden. We seemed to have gotten through it without any damage. We passed the east of Hamburg and headed straight into the peninsula beneath Denmark. We turned east and passed over the German coast at 11:25, near the town of Heide. We were at 23,000 ft. now, and when we were about 20 minutes out we started to let down slowly. The clouds below us were thick and heavy, but broken in some places. I took off my oxygen mask at 15,000 ft. The time was 12:30 and we were nearing the English coast. When we hit the English coast at 12:45, I got down from my turret. There was a break in the clouds so the formation circled around it, letting down and then going through it. We broke through at 500 ft. We were 9th to peel off and we made a perfect landing. We hit the ground at 13:10. Two planes were still on the runway ahead of us and another close behind us. We taxied to our revetment and breathed a sigh of relief when the props stopped. We looked the plane over and she was undamaged. We took a truck back to the lockers and changed our clothes, then we went to operations briefing room for interrogation. We had some coffee and sandwiches and also a double shot of scotch whiskey. We learned we had lost one plane from our group and he headed for Sweden. It was now about 14:45 so we grabbed a truck and headed for our hut and then we hit the good old sack."

The crew of the Penthouse for Ten were: pilot, R.D. Johnson; co-pilot H.O. Graf; navigator E.S. Stiteler; Bombardier W. Thompson, engineer/top turret S. Fecho; radioman W.R. Tasker; ball turret A.D. Malorni; nose turret J.W. Lewis; waist gunner R.B. Knight; tail turret J.W. Wooten.

Stephen Fecho would like to hear from or be put in touch with any of his crew. His address is 654 North 13th Street, Reading, PA 19604.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



Readers, this is the way it is: The day before Christmas, I received a nice note from the Journal editor Bill Robertie, pointing out to all his correspondents (Group Vice Presidents) that now was the time to get with it and furnish him with the stuff of which the Journal is made.

Of course all this came after putting to bed our group publication, "Beachbell Echo." It is such a nice feeling to get this stuff out of the way and transfer the responsibility to the printer, the mail service, the post office and then to you readers.

Well, as stated in the Winter issue, I am hanging up the eye-shade marked "Bungay Bull" with this issue. The next correspondent will be the new Group Vice President chosen at the Dearborn Reunion in July. As

you know, I selected a nominating committee who would examine those hundreds of resumes received from candidates for this illustrious job, and in their wisdom, nominate one or more candidates. So if you have someone who you think would like to be the 446th BG Second Air Division Group Vice President, get me the resume and I will see it gets to the nominating committee.

With this swan song, we look back on some of the outstanding events of our relationship with the Bungay Bull and the 2ADA Journal. Incidentally, the name "Bungay Bull" was passed along from my predecessor, Vere McCarty.

Probably one of the most thrilling events was our publication of the news events of 6 June 1944, which referred to the 446th BG as

being the lead group for the Eighth Air Force over the invasion beaches. Well, this really created a to-do with a bunch of other people who also claimed to have been number one. It is really too bad that they felt that this poor group, who had only this event as a claim to fame, did not deserve this one plum.

However, it was nice to know that others read the Bungay Bull. Of course the other great series that was covered in many issues was "what color was Fearless Feddy," our forming ship. And then of course the other 446th claim which no one else had denied was that we were the only group to shoot our CO down. This was well covered in our group history which was published by the 446th Bomb Group Association in 1989 and a series of excerpts from it appeared in the Bungay Bull. We are very thankful that Ted Smith, who was Colonel Crawford's pilot on that fateful mission, saw our article and contributed his own story.

And the 446th received a marvelous publicity boost from Marquis Childs' series of articles. Any one of them would certainly make one realize that the 446th BG was The Greatest. And our guys still are!!!

So with that, it's au revoir, merci, or maa ssalaama, shukran, good bye, thank you.

Keep tuned to Beachbell!!!

Instrument of Terror

by Robert H. Ottman

Following my tour I was assigned to the 2nd Combat Wing Hq. in Combat Ops., planning and implementing the missions prescribed by Hq. 2nd AD.

And then came Kassel, Sept. 27, 1944, a day I'll never forget. I had worked the mission the night before, actually in the early morning hours of the 27th, and had also taken the "Jug" (P-47) up to monitor the formation assembly. We did this to kick a little butt on the stragglers, but flying the Jug was always a bonus after having flown in the Lib. Returning to Hethel, I hit the sack and as was the norm, arose later that afternoon to view the results as they were posted. As the 389th and 453rd proceeded to land and their observations of bombing results came through intelligence, it was apparent that the 445th was in some real trouble. I took the Jug and flew down to Old Tib and watched the remnants of what was a proud group return. The shock of what had happened to the Group was incomprehensible to all of us from the Group Commander on down.

The next few days followed with a major critique of the mission, with every General and Colonel from both 8th AF and 2AD Hqs, listening to the testimony of the bomber survivors and the Fighter Jocks who participated in the "shootout." In spite of all the analysis by the experts, it still boiled down to the simple fact, and the unfortunate one, that the 445th was at the wrong place at the wrong time — sad but true!

It was then that a guy by the name of Capt. John Driscoll, 2CBW Armament Officer suggested that due to the fact that most fighter attacks seemed to come from the rear

and low and in formation, at least on the Kassel mission, that possibly a "gattling type cannon" might deter or scatter the fighters attacking from the rear. Naturally, it had to be tested, so after a period of several weeks, Capt. Driscoll, known as "Clue," devised this instrument of terror, and placed it in the tail turret position of one of the war weary B-24s parked at Hethel. These old birds were without armament, had seen better days and were expendable. In a weak moment at the bar one evening, I agreed with "Clue" that the weapon had some potential and that I would be more than willing to fly this accident waiting for a place to happen. Not surprisingly, we couldn't find any volunteers to fill the co-pilot's position, so Clue agreed to assume the responsibility although he had never been there before. The takeoff was uneventful, other than we couldn't get #4 started, so proceeded to get a windmill start going down the runway. It kicked in at about 60 mph and this instrument of destruction was airborne. The takeoff might sound a bit ridiculous to some, but for those of us who were graduates of the CIS at Smyrna it was standing operation procedure, as two and three engine operation was more the norm. The test was to be conducted over the North Sea as there was no assurance the rear end of the aircraft might not blow off and Gen. Timberlake had made it quite clear that he didn't want a bunch of crap falling all over East Anglia! The procedure for the test was simple: Clue was to crawl back to the tail gunner's position and with a countdown from 10 to Zero, he would fire the cannon. The countdown itself went without a hitch;

Clue had no trouble counting backwards, but at Zero, there was a loud explosion, the entire aircraft pitched and shook and I immediately tightened the Mae West and cinched the chute to the maximum. At the same time I started calling for Clue, realistically believing that he along with the cannon and tail end of the bird were gently floating down for a cold dip in the North Sea. I made a few more frantic calls and after what seemed like an eternity, I was relieved to hear a weak voice say, "Bob, let's go back to the base, I've had a problem, the cannon blew off the mount and hit me in the chest" — or at least it was something like that. Clue's perseverance didn't end with the first failure, as he later conned Willie Williams into conducting further airborne tests on the weapon, but I don't believe it was ever perfected in time to see action.

Let me wrap up this story by saying that "Clue" retired as a Colonel, changed his name to Sean O'Driscoll and owns a castle in Ireland. I didn't know this until a few years ago while in Las Vegas attending the 40th Anniversary of the Air Force Association. I was chatting with Gloria and Jim Stewart and Gloria asked me if I had ever visited Clue at his castle in Ireland. She informed me that she and Jimmy had been there and that Ramsey Potts had also been Clue's guest on a couple of occasions. Possible the illustrious Sean O'Driscoll (John Driscoll) has attended previous Norwich functions and the most recent Kassel ceremony in Germany; I hope so.

Stories of War Fill the Air *(continued from page 11)*

I had been assigned as nose gunner on Lt. Roger Hick's crew and was transferred to Everett's. That set up the formation of the two buddy crews.

Sgt. Robert Schauseil hailed from Providence, R.I., the same as I did. His mother and mine had been friends before we came along. Although we had not known each other, we became fast friends through gunnery school, replacement training and for a time at Horsham St. Faith.

Not only did the Birmingham brothers and my Providence buddy cement the two crews, but the engineer-gunners were close friends.

Both crews were assigned to the 458th Bomb Group but to different squadrons.

We began operations in late December 1944. Our crew flew its first mission the day before Christmas in the all-out air effort in what became known as the Battle of the Bulge in southern Belgium.

Usually we flew two days and had two days off before we flew again. Then one day in January, we heard our buddy crew didn't return from a mission to Harburg, the port of Hamburg, Germany.

Later we found out that their plane had been shot up so badly that it fell from formation and limped to Sweden where the crew members, we were told, crash landed and were interned.

At the reunion, the real story came out.

During the long haul from Hamburg to Sweden their plane gradually lost altitude. By the time it reached Sweden and its last drops of gasoline, it was down to 500 feet. The pilot ordered the crew to bail out.

On opening the bomb bays and rear escape hatch, the crew looked down and saw trees flashing by. Out they jumped while the pilot held the plane level to the last moment.

Thinking everyone had left, Hicks put the plane on automatic pilot and bailed out. He told us that as his chute snapped out, he looked to see how far down the ground was. Then he hit, wrenching his back.

Back in the plane two gunners, Sgts. Robert Betz and Milton Bennett, had been delayed and when they prepared to jump realized they were too low. They huddled down in the waist and waited.

They felt the plane level off, gain altitude and then settle down and glided onto a farmer's field. Betz suffered a bruise on one of his legs. Bennett and Betz got out of the scrape with the least injuries of all.

Schauseil somewhere over Germany had left his tail turret and was walking toward the waist when something pushed his flak helmet forward over his eyes. He put his gloved hand to the back of his head and looked at the glove's palm and saw it wet with blood. Flak had burst through the plane, slipped under his helmet and slit the back of his head. That earned him a Purple Heart.

The crew of the Briney Marlin kept plugging away, knocking off one mission at a time. Some were more frightening than

others. Twice we came limping back with No. 1 engine out and feathered. Twice our little friends, the pursuit pilots, dropped their planes' gear and flaps to keep down to our speed and escorted us to French airspace. Then we were on our own to limp back to Horsham St. Faith.

It was April and after 30 missions, we went on flak leave to a huge hotel in Southport, England, where we wine and dined and did other things at government expense. We had five missions to go. When we got back to base, we learned that our faithful warbird had had it. It was in a mid-air collision and crash landed in France. Later I learned it had been recovered, but we never saw it again.

We flew our last mission on a brand new model M, and then the war ended. We had flown 31 accredited missions. That left four to go but no one to fly against.

At the reunion both crews became close again as they had before the Harburg raid. At the formal dinner Saturday night, both crews voted to combine and admitted a new member, Tom Walsh. He was a maintenance crewman, but his name was the same as our navigator so we adopted him.

My son, John, attended with me. He's a private pilot and was a hit with Everett, our crew's pilot. They spent a lot of time together talking about flying. Everett nominated John as an honorary crew member, and he was proposed as a radioman, but he pointed out that he knew nothing about radio but a lot about flying. Why not make him an engineer since both crews' engineers died some years ago?

Who would have thought 45 years ago your yet-unborn son would be a part of your air crew?

When we landed at Bradley Field after flying from Scotland to the Azores to Gander, Newfoundland, we walked away from each other, not realizing we might not see each other again.

In the years after our dispersal, I thought little of the guys. I did tell my son about our exploits and adventures but didn't think much about them. But the older I got, the more I thought of them.

The reunion brought this all together.

Four of us got together at the reunion. We had located Kunkle in Florida, but for one reason or another, he didn't make the reunion, although he had promised he would try. Of the others, John F. O'Malley, the engineer, was killed, we heard, in a mine accident in West Virginia. Edward Quarford, Hick's engineer, was reported killed in a construction cave-in. Strange, I thought, such close friends having similar deaths.

Flight Officer Louis Rosenman, the bombardier, had been transferred from our crew on arrival in England. I never knew what happened to him. But at the reunion, Everett said Rosenman was killed in the war. For the rest of our crew, we haven't been able to trace Gilbert Bake, the radio operator; John Bradley, the nose gunner; or Tom Walsh, the navigator.

A Belated Tribute

by Walter "Bud" Lawrence

Reminiscence sometimes provokes action that should have been taken years ago. The facts regarding that memory, however, were not known to me until recently; therefore I now have no excuse but to try to rectify my negligence.

When I returned home in 1945 and asked my mother how she learned that I was a Prisoner of War, she immediately went to her letter box and pulled out a QSL card from an Amateur Radio Operator (Ham). The card indicated that on such and such a date I was listed as a Prisoner of War and he had received that information from a German broadcast which also gave her as next of kin. The card was signed "Dad Mac Mannis." For some reason, that name was indelibly imprinted in my memory.

In 1983, I attended the 8th Air Force Historical Society Convention in Houston, Texas, and was perusing the various displays of historical interest. There was one display in a room along the balcony that didn't look very impressive from the sign above the door, but to my surprise, as I entered the room and began to look around, my eyes fell upon the name, "Dad Mac Mannis." My memory was immediately triggered to that QSL card my mother received some 38 years previously. The room was full of mementos of "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis's collection of pictures, memorabilia and correspondence, received from those to whom they had sent QSL cards, informing them that their loved one who was listed as Missing in Action was alive but a Prisoner of War. This collection was being displayed and preserved by his daughter, as "Dad" at the age of 84, was called to his reward in 1974.

Between 1941 and 1945, "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis, with the permission of the U.S. Government, operated a short wave listening post at West Palm Beach, Florida. (Amateur Radio Operators could not transmit during the war.) They intercepted over 33,456 short wave messages concerning Prisoner of War Camps and Prisoners in Germany, Italy, Rumania, Japan and the Japanese occupied South Pacific Islands. They listened to Axis Sally, Tokyo Rose and other broadcasts. They in turn relayed that information to the next of kin in the U.S., Canada, England, etc. They sent over 25,000 QSL postcards during this time, without remuneration.

This was only one of their efforts to relieve suffering. After World War II, they moved to Los Angeles, where they collected tons of clothing, etc. which was renovated and sent to Holland, Belgium, the Navajo Indians, the Philippines and to the people of the Texas City Disaster.

He was a life member of the VFW. The "Dad" Mac Mannis Bataan VFW Post of Glendale, CA was named in his honor. General Lim, commander of the National Volunteers of the Philippines made him an honorary Brigadier General of the N.V.P.

I have just recently received the above information and trust that in some small way, this can be a belated tribute from those of us whose loved ones received a ray of hope, and encouragement, from the cards and other efforts of "Dad" and "Mom" Mac Mannis.

This incident was just another of many that whetted my interest in Amateur Radio and prompted me to study for my own (Ham) station license.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

FOLDED WINGS: 93rd men not members of the 2nd ADA. Warren Boerner, waist gunner on "Duration Baby," notified me that his pilot, Ross Baker, and radio operator, Sam Gotwalt, passed away within eight days of each other in 1988.

INFORMATION NEEDED: Can anyone please tell me the name of the 93rd, 330th plane 41-23678? Pilot Capt. Alexander Simpson, POW; Lt. Nicholas N. Cox, copilot, POW; 2/Lt. Carl N. Garrett, POW; and T/Sgt. Arthur B. Cox Jr. escaped and returned. This was the 93rd's first plane shot down Oct. 9, 1942 on mission to Lille, France. I also would like the address of any of these men that survived; they aren't members of the 2nd ADA.

INFORMATION NEEDED: 2/Lt. Ivan D. Canfield, 409th BS, would like a photograph of his crew and plane if possible. He was copilot on "Jose Carioca," pilot 1/Lt. Nicholas Stampolis, that went down over Ploesti, 1 Aug. 43. Please send to me as I would like a picture also; I will send copy to requestor.

INFORMATION NEEDED: I need pictures of 93rd planes and crews that flew Ploesti, 1 Aug. 43. I am trying to help Michael D. Hill, who has completed a soft cover book, "The Desert Rats" on the 98th BG on the 1 Aug. 43 Ploesti mission; and is now starting another book on the 93rd for that mission. I have received his book and found it very good, loaded with pictures. Hill requested the names and numbers of all 93rd planes involved, plus names of all the crews. I have a Summary and Historical Narrative that gives all names, plane numbers but not all the plane names. I have tried to complete this summary with plane names for some years. This is very unusual for an official report to show plane names; have never seen any other.

With the help of Alva J. (Jake) Geron in answering my last request for the five planes without names, he assured me that his plane was "Death Dealer" 42-40611; this Summary showed that 1/Lt. William E. Meehan flew that plane, so I still need the name of Meehan's plane #42-40804 804X.

I found another error in this Summary that showed plane #611B, that now turns out to be 41-23711 711B, "Jerks Natural," Pilot 1/Lt. Cleveland D. Hickman. Received letter from William Stein telling me that he and his crew flew with Hickman on "Jerks Natural." Then I knew they had the wrong number recorded. Received letter from Kent Jaquith that Howard W. Freese flew plane 41-24259, "Jack Frost" and Roy C. Harms flew plane 42-40781, "Hells Angels." Kent

also sent me a drawn formation of 93rd planes that Walt Stewart, who flew "Utah Man," had drawn about a month after the mission, to the best of his knowledge, while still down on the desert in his tent.

I'm sorry, but I can't find the name that sent me the name of 1/Lt. Claude A. Turner's plane that was interned in Turkey after the mission; it was "Vulgar Virgin," plane 42-40608 608M. When letter is found, I will give credit for information; these fellows were a great help.

That leaves two planes not named in this Summary, 1/Lt. Miles R. League, plane 42-40610 610Y; it was shown to be "Death Dealer." Also 1/Lt. William E. Meehan Jr. plane 42-40804 804X. Anyone that can help with the names of these planes, please contact me. I also have a copy of all Pilot Sortie Reports for Ploesti, and they verify all the plane numbers now. George Jr., son of my second pilot Capt. George Black (on "Shoot Luke") gave me these copies of Sortie Reports and many more. Thank you all, fellows, without your help I couldn't continue with some of the other projects I want to complete.

At many of our 2nd ADA reunions I notice some of you 93rd members showing piles of curled up old pictures; please share them with me. I want you to know that I have made provisions that all information and pictures I have will go to our 2nd ADA Memorial Library. I have already taken a good many copies to them. I'll have you also know that I don't throw anything away. I know that I have these things, sometimes it just takes me a while to find them.

EMBLEMS: I still can't give you a full report on the sales of emblems. In a welcome letter I send to all new members, I advise them of what we have available for them: the Roster, Squadron Leader names and addresses, emblems, and "The Story of the 93rd B.G." All I can tell you at this time is that we have emblems left, 1 of the Group of 200, 4 of the 328th of 115, 20 of the 329th of 100, 32 of the 330th of 100, and 2 of the 409th of 100. I will not order any more when these are gone; might have to sell the 329th and 330th to a dealer at a discount.

THE STORY OF THE 93rd B.G. (H): I have sold 48 copies of the last 100 copies ordered. I believe I told you that I have to sell 60 copies before we realize any profit on this last 100 ordered. They are still \$30, postage included. When the postage goes up, we will have to charge postage. When I get a chance, I will contact the USAF Museum at Wright Patterson, to see if they want some for their bookstore.

A-2 JACKETS: After our donation for the "All American" of \$1,000 and \$1,000 plus \$1,000 from our Memorial Fund to the American Librarian Fund, we still have \$2,619.35 in our account. \$70 of that is from seven \$10 checks I received from the sale of the A-2 jackets sold through me. I know that I had sent out a lot more applications than that for the jacket, most from other groups.

I didn't count on that. So anyone that now wants an application for the jacket, please send a stamp with your request; I'm a long way from being a rich man. Thank you to some of my 93rd men that did send a stamp; I just didn't count on all the requests from other Groups asking for applications.

THE BOTTOM LINE ON WHAT I HAVE DONE IN 1990: I have received and answered 165 plus letters this past year, not counting notes and letters that went with orders of books and emblems. I have sent 67 membership applications for 1990, plus 52 second applications. I signed up 72 members and sent a letter of welcome with information available to members. 35 members had been dropped for non-payment of 1990 dues — 21 were reinstated, 12 members deceased, 8 dropped at own request. At the end of 1990 we had 672 members.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: Since my first letter to all 93rd members I sent out Jan. 1990 asking for donations and pledges for the Last Mission, only 25% of the 2nd ADA members had donated or pledged. I might add the 93rd was 26%. It was decided by the 2nd ADA Executive Committee to make one more plea to members that hadn't donated or pledged. I sent out 526 letters to 93rd members before Thanksgiving for a final plea to meet the minimum of the \$50,000 still needed from members of the Association who have not contributed or pledged. I'm pleased to report that I have received several letters from members since, noting that they had sent checks.

ADDRESSES: I would like to remind all of you that I spend about six months at my New Jersey address, from May through October at 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07890, Tel. 201-366-5916; and six months at my Florida address, November through April at 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668, Tel. 813-862-2309. I failed to make note of the change in my last report, and that sure caused a problem. Also, I want to thank all of you that sent Dot and I Holiday Greetings; I'm sorry that it was impossible to answer all.

MEMORIAL UNVEILING: I have received a letter from G.K. Renolds, 2 Malborough, Broad, Lowestoft, Suffolk, NR 323 BT U.K. informing me that at the crash site at Henham Park, March 29, 1944, two 93rd planes collided in the air during a severe thunderstorm; crews were from the 328th and 330th BS. They are erecting a Memorial and expect the unveiling sometime in late 1991 or 92. I sent them a list of the crew names killed. Anyone that might be in England at that time and would like to attend the unveiling, let me know and I will send you a copy of the news release giving all details, so that you may contact Mr. Renolds. They would very much like a representative of the 93rd present for the unveiling. One of the planes was loaded with 2000 lb. bombs, and really played havoc when they exploded after the planes collided.

Jinx Ship

by John White
(Written in 1944)

In the summer of 1944 John White was a 448th BG airplane commander whose crew by June 22 had put thirteen missions of their mandatory number behind them. Now one of the dreads of any crew seasoned in combat was to be assigned an aircraft with a "jinx" reputation. B-24 (last three numbers 758) was one such machine and the following account by John displays how she lived up to that reputation:

We had an experience these last two days [June 22-24] that I shall never forget to my dying day. It was extremely interesting and terrifying at the same time. We were briefed for an afternoon raid on one of the airfields south of Paris, and the ship we were assigned to fly was #758, one of the "jinx" ships on the field [Seething]. Today a couple of the boys remarked how glad they were we got rid of it!

There was a good deal of flak at the target but we managed to drop the bombs OK after having a great deal of trouble with the #1 and #4 superchargers. I don't think we received many hits at all over Paris from the flak. About five minutes after we left the target we really hit it; we flew over some batteries and they opened up with perfect tracking fire. The fellows in the crew later said they counted 10-12 bursts that hit right under us. We could hear them very plainly and feel them rocking the ship.

I knew right away that we must have suffered some severe battle damage, so I called the boys to look her over. In the waist and tail they reported holes torn all over the thing, while Paladino said the engines were hit. Bush said the tail looked like a sieve and that a piece had hit him on the foot. Part of the interphone was shot out and we had what Vic said amounted to about 50 holes in the bomb bay. He also told me gas was leaking in there, so I had him open the doors and when I looked around, I just about fainted — gas was just pouring from the wing-tanks into the bomb bay and waist. About this time our control cables broke and I had to set up the A-5 to fly the aircraft. The servo-units in the tail had been hit as well so the A-5 wasn't working very well. Dick knew we were in deep trouble, so he gave me a heading to the beach head, our original intentions being to land there on an ALG. However, fire broke out in #1 and we had very poor control of the ship, so I decided it was time to leave it. It was just a question of whether we should bail out over enemy territory or wait and take a chance on making the beach-head. There was not any question in my mind that she was going to blow. Looms gave me a position so I called some P-47s who came over and gave us excellent cover all through the experience. I called all the boys in turrets out of their positions and told the entire crew to stand by to bail out. Bob was flying and working his head off to keep the plane on an even keel. Everybody was anxious to leave, but I was amazed at how calm they were — our training had obviously stood us in good stead.

All this time gas was pouring out, so Vic took a big piece of cloth, walked out onto the catwalk and tried to plug the hole. We were at 21,000 feet and despite this, he went out there without gloves or oxygen! He froze his hands, which did not do him any good whatsoever. It took a lot of guts to do that and I am going to recommend him for a decoration for that. We started losing height and were just about to bail out when more 'Ack Ack' opened up on us. We found out later that it was British but at the time thought it might be Jerries, so we went on a little further. Only when we were sure we were over our own lines did I tell the boys to leave. Dick said he would let me know when the last man left the ship and then he would go; he duly did so and jumped, and then I told Bob to go. We shook hands and I witnessed his safe departure. Just before I jumped I headed the ship out to sea and then I pulled the A-5 release, thinking that the ship would nose down and hit in the channel. However it blew up a few minutes after I jumped and struck the ground about 200 yards from where some 9th Air Force Engineers were cutting out a landing strip for their fighters. (The next day a medical Capt. took us round to the spot and the ship was really a mess, all we saw being very small pieces. We could not identify wings, engines, fuselage or anything.)

I delayed my jump for a few seconds — possibly as long as a minute — and found the sensation of falling was very pleasant. I tried to control my body but it was quite hard. When I finally pulled the rip-cord, the chute opened with a severe jolt and the first thing I remember is looking up and seeing the canopy. A few seconds later I noticed that I still had the rip-cord and I was very surprised at that. I remember thinking how I would razz the boys who dropped theirs.

Another thing that surprised me was how clearly my mind functioned through the ordeal. It seemed to work perfectly with absolutely no excitement or fear; it must be the training that does it. After the chute opened it seemed as if I would never reach the ground. The only way I knew I was falling was the fact that I had to keep clearing my ears. I also noticed that it was very quiet all the way down. In fact, it was the most intense lack of noise that I had ever experienced and was very pleasant and delightful.

As I neared the ground I heard rifle and machine-gun fire and later on I found out it was directed at me and the crew! I hit the ground with a severe jolt while facing the wrong direction: my head contacted the ground and I was knocked out cold. In fact, I hit so hard that I can still feel the effects two days later. I haven't any idea how long I was out, but when I woke up I was bleeding and was surrounded by American soldiers. I do remember my first words were, "Thank God you're Yanks." We hit within 4 miles of the front line and I was afraid the Jerries would get me. The fellows who picked me up were from an Artillery outfit and it so happened some of them were at Camp Shelby at the same time I was two years before. They

sent me up to a Clearing unit of the Medical Corps and there I met Bob and Bush. The former said he had counted 10 chutes, which was a tremendous load off my mind. I had heard a few minutes before that one of the officers had sprained his ankle, and I'm pretty sure now that it was Looms. We've tried to find out where he was taken, but so far without success. Everybody treated us wonderfully. When Bob and I met, there was a news-reel camera-man there to take our picture and I can assure everybody that the smiles on our faces were genuine.

The Medics were from the 104th Medic Bn attached to the 29th Division, and acted as a clearing unit while operating near the front line. The Division had seen fighting since D-Day and these boys had been through hell. The Bn is commanded by Lt. Col. Arthur N. Erickson and they treated us as if we were kings; they have the highest respect for the boys in the Air Forces.

Of course everybody wanted to hear our story and we had hundreds of questions to ask them in turn. They were in a good position to give us a clear picture of the fighting, and seemed awfully eager to tell it to us. They've treated a lot of Germans, Poles, Czechs, Russians, and even Japs! I was surprised by the fact that the Germans have so many other nationalities fighting for them. They told the Russian boys that Russia had surrendered, and the way they made them fight was to stand over them with a gun and make them. The Bn has had a great deal of trouble with snipers all through the campaign: I guess the Japs have been teaching them this.

The next day one of the Captains took us on a tour of the beach-head and it was a tremendously impressive sight. I could never hope to put into words what we saw. How the boys landed is to me a miracle. We saw the flooded fields, hills with tremendous pill-boxes and tunnels catcombed all through them. The Captain said they were a mile deep. We saw boats sunk on the beach, and graves of men killed on the landings. We saw landing strips literally hewn out of the woods, roads being cut where there had been nothing but trees and rocks. To see how completely organized the entire operation seemed to be gave one a feeling of absolute confidence in our Army, for a change.

In contrast we saw the beautiful French countryside with its large hedge-rows along every road and highway and large herds of dairy cattle grazing in the fields as if there was no war. The expression on the French people's faces as we drove by seemed that of a liberated population. Overall it was an impressive sight, one which I will never forget.

We took a C-47 back to England and there was an NBC broadcaster at the field. When he found out who we were he had us talk over the radio a bit. It seems everybody on the beach had seen us bail out, and in fact one person made a broadcast of it as we left the ship: this had been heard back at Seething. This, very crudely put, but expressing the facts of the story, is what will probably be my most unforgettable experience.

2ADA American Librarian Fund Progress Report

by Jordan Uttal

AND WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS!!

Due to the letters sent out by the Group Vice Presidents to those who had not contributed, we have added **447** new donors and another \$23,000.00 since the Winter Issue Report. We are now at 96% of target, as compared to 91% in the last report, and 33% of our members have contributed as compared to 25%.

NICE WORK, GUYS AND GALS!!

So, in order to be able to get our Librarian Trust started by our July convention in Dearborn, we need another \$20,000.00!

These 447 new donors sent in contributions ranging from \$5.00 to \$1,000.00. Most of them were under \$50.00.

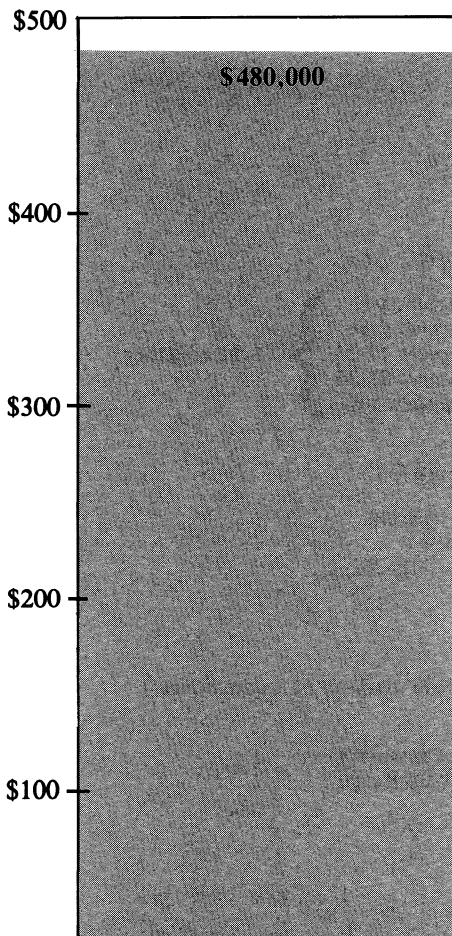
To those of you who can afford something (among the 5,000 of you who have not contributed) **we make this final request for your support.** Any amount will be acceptable.

Since June 1988 when we started this drive, I have received close to 3,000 checks. With many of them have come notes expressing strong approval of our Memorial in Norwich and the idea behind this American Librarian Fund Drive. To those of you who have written and to all the members of the Association, I repeat what I said at the Business Meeting at last year's Norwich Convention:

"In my opinion, the creation of the Memorial by the personnel of the 2nd Air Division, the financial support given to it by the 2nd Air Division Association through the years, the nurturing and development of it by the Board of Governors, the Library Staff, the Norfolk County Council and the Friends of the Memorial, and the added help of the Fulbright Commission have made our Memorial one of the most inspiring stories in American Military History and Anglo-American cooperation ever conceived."

BLESS YOU ALL!!!

HOW WE STAND AS OF 22 JANUARY 1991



HERE IS MY DONATION

I enclose \$_____ for our
LAST MISSION TARGET,
the 2nd Air Division Association
American Librarian Fund.

Please make all checks payable to:
2nd Air Division Association

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7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
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Name (Please Print)

Address

City

State - Zip

Signature

Date

Group

MAYDAY

MAYDAY

MAYDAY

I need help and I can only get it from you. Unfortunately the articles in the Journal cannot write themselves. They must be written by human hands with a story to tell.

Look at it this way. If you have an experience to relate and it appears in the Journal, future generations will read what you have written. Not only that, but serious scholars doing research will bless you for having taken the time to give them the information they need in their research.

I would like to have everybody here today sit down and immediately start relating an experience. Believe me, it's not that difficult. Trust me.

Once you have finished putting pen to paper, send your experience to me:

Bill Robertie
P.O. Box 627
Ipswich, MA 01938

If you have and can use a typewriter, that will be much better. Now let's get with it. One experience from everybody here today.

HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Group	Number of Donors	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges
458th	340	420	2
93rd	236	289	3
389th	204	285	4
44th	197	220	2
445th	174	220	2
467th	172	210	3
453rd	158	208	—
448th	156	176	1
446th	128	136	1
491st	124	181	3
466th	119	151	6
489th	116	145	—
392nd	110	138	—
HQs	78	103	2
492nd	45	52	—

In addition, we have had 21 checks from 19 donors from various sources.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

By the time this reaches print, the Persian Gulf affair will have progressed beyond the opening salvos. We hope and pray for a speedy resolution and that the loss of life is minimal. It is different from anything we experienced in a view of the armament. The human factor is probably much the same from the standpoint of those in the Gulf area as well as those families and friends who can only wait and wonder and pray. Perhaps from this will grow another 2nd ADA type of organization wherein those who have an active role can convene and honor all who suffer losses.

Our last Journal contained all the information we needed to proceed with making our reservations for Dearborn in July. It would be well if the entire membership of the 453rd BG could be present. We recognize that is not a realistic goal, but it is realistic to hope that we all review our circumstances and seriously consider making the effort to attend. Finances, health and family considerations will all have an effect on our decisions. These reunions are always outstanding and provide pleasant memories for our waning years — not that there aren't a lot of years left. Anyhow, we hope to see a massive turnout. Be there!!!

The 453rd BG Business Meeting will be the afternoon of Thursday, July 4 and will precede our Group Dinner. At the Business Meeting we will elect officers for the coming year — Group Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary-Treasurer, Historian, Public Relations and Special Projects Director. If you wish to be nominated and/or nominate another, please make it known to Bill Garrett. If you have an item(s) you wish to have on the agenda, please make that known to me (Wib Clingan). We can discuss what to do with our mass of historical items that Don Olds has amassed; what to do with whatever remains in our limited treasury when the "last man" is identified; in addition to our primary reunion with the 2nd ADA, what are our wishes concerning regional get-togethers, etc. Just let me know in advance of our meeting what your concerns are and we will discuss them.

Roll Call! We've been fortunate and have heard from several of our members. I'll mention a few at this time, and I'm sure I will unintentionally omit some that I should include. Forgive me; I mentioned our waning years above, and waning memory is an adjunct of those.

We've heard from Clair Miller (ex-732nd Costas' crew and ex-POW). Lloyd and Irene Prang wrote; they suggest some entertainment for our Group dinner. It strikes me as a great idea. Al Walls wrote. He was on Bill

Rutherford's crew and is our S/E Region Chairman. Art Cromarty and George Rundblad each dropped us a line, as did Thurman and Evelyn Yates. Hap Chandler (491st BG) sent a great Christmas card. George Cocker, who wrote "Fallen Eagles" sent a nice note. Bob & Mary Sears and Frank & Bonnie Pickett are well and have sent letters. Tom Birton, a source of much information and knowledge regarding the 453rd, wrote from England. Andy Low and Don Olds wrote. Each of these have done so much for each of us that we are greatly indebted to them. I am in awe of their contributions. Each has and continues to work in our behalf. Pat Ramm of Old Buck has been elected as a member of the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial, a plum for Pat and for us. Ralph McClure never stops. He has had cataract surgery and by this time a knee replacement as well. Despite this he has contacted John Randall, John Tangorra and John Cooper, all 735th crew chiefs. John Randall got in touch with and visited R.J. Smith. John lives in Michigan; we expect to see him at Dearborn. Harry Winslow (an accomplished vocalist on one song) wrote, as did Dan Lieblick (who was my personal escort in London town).

Notices do get responses: Dan Reading placed some notices in the ex-POW bulletin and in the Air Force Magazine. Leo Frank Walton, ex-POW and ex-732nd Sq. wrote, as did Joseph C. Deeley, also ex-732nd Sq.; and from Terrell, Texas, R.G. Peterson wrote. He is not a former 453rd fellow but is searching for two who were. He lost a relative who was a top turret gunner with a 735th crew. While flying the Gypsy Queen on a mission 8 May 44 the crew went down near Hanover. Peterson is seeking two surviving crew members. I cannot locate them in any rosters I have. If you have any information, please help. The two are: Harold Culnon and Marcus Donoho. If you have an address, put them in touch with: R.G. Peterson, Rt. 4, Box 564, Terrell, Texas 75160.

From Delta, Colorado, Carol Elliott wrote a nice note. She is Jim Munsey's daughter and joined with us at Colorado Springs. She and her husband, Bob, plan to participate in another reunion — Dearborn would be nice.

Folded Wings: Joseph Miele. New Members: Harold Prout, Col. Joe Sonnenreich, Helen Dondero, Mike Kostan, Ken Samuelson, Alex Wallace, Jim Halligan, Charles Ward, Jack McKenzie and John Walker are among our newer members. We extend a warm welcome and hope to meet with them at Dearborn.

389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West

It never ceases to amaze me, the history of WWII that crosses my desk as V.P. of the 389th. I recently received the following letter from a man living in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. It's an interesting, informative bit of history.

"I hope you can help me with an inquiry that I am doing. Via another inquiry I am doing, I was contacted by a man living in Hank, The Netherlands, who has in his possession a watch, issued by the USAAF to aircrews who flew missions over Europe during the Second World War. He told me this watch was given to him by an elderly neighbor who told him that in the summer of 1944, around 1400 hours, an American bomber crashed near the town of Dussen, which lies not far from Hank. The elderly neighbor recalled that the complete crew managed to bail out. The watch was found attached to the radio set, which fell to the ground when the bomber disintegrated in the air. This man took the watch from the radio set and kept it from the Germans. Years later he gave it to the man who contacted me. He asked me if I would be able to trace down the owner of this watch or somebody of his crew, as the man himself has little to do with the watch itself and he figures that the crew member who owned the watch will be much more pleased if he gets his watch returned.

"Well, with this information I started my search. Thanks to the Historical Section of the Dutch Air Force, I came across the possible date, namely the fifth of August. Further research pointed out that on the fifth of August 1944, 13 American bombers crashed in this part of Europe. Of these 13, 3 went down over the North Sea, so 10 are left over. One of these 10 is the plane I am looking for. According to my information there also crashed a bomber of the 389th BG on that same day. Therefore, I want to ask if you have any information on that 389th BG bomber that went down on August 5th, 1944. Maybe you know who the crew was and what happened to them. The objective of that day for the 389th BG bombers was either Brunswick or Goslar A/F. All in Mid-Germany."

If anyone can recall this mission or crash or by chance you yourself were involved in this mission, do let me know. 45 years is a long time to recall incidents. But just maybe...

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President's Message "The Wind Beneath Their Wings"

by Richard M. Kennedy



Terms like the Persian Gulf, Iraq, the B-52, surface to air missiles, Scuds and Patriots have become all too familiar to the present generation and, as well, to those of us so involved in another war, in another era. However, the intervening forty-eight years, or so, cannot dim the memories so vividly painted and securely framed by way of that lengthy wartime scenario. During those times, we of the 2nd Air Division dealt with designations like East Anglia, Germany, the B-24, anti-aircraft batteries, Buzz Bombs and V-2s. What scores of intervening years have provided are marvelous advances in technology, offensive and defensive, in concert with battle tested support and combat techniques and procedures. I'd like to think that the contributions made by the 8th AAF and, in particular, the 2nd AD, during WWII were an inspiration to our U.S. Air Force during the "War in the Gulf."

Perhaps we can hit the "slow-motion" button and reduce Mach I and II speeds down to where we can deal with the action on a more reasonable level — like WWII velocities. Those rates of motion were, as we knew them, quite a handful when related to the, then, state of the art machines. It's probably all relative. This is so even in terms of the educational avenues available to us as compared to those available to our young people today. The concentrated training afforded the WWII Army Air Forces was so highly accelerated, by necessity, as opposed to the more leisurely, but equally difficult, forms of instruction enjoyed by our modern Air Force trainees. Actually, the enormous amounts of technical data and procedural programs that must be absorbed by these young people is staggering when viewed through WWII eyes. Like many of you, I have had several opportunities in recent years to view and review with our young "warriors" not only the techniques employed by our Air Force, but the weapons and the aircraft as well. My reaction, I'm certain, has been no different than yours. I have an amazed, almost unbelieving at times, genuine admiration for what's being accomplished along with an extreme amount of pride in the U.S. Air Force. I cannot say enough about the effect these young people have had in providing me with a sense of security and, again, pride in today's defenders of liberty and justice.

When talking to these "youngsters," our modern Air Force professionals, one can easily become a "fan" in the strictest sense of the term. They are articulate, confident, fully trained and solidly motivated with respect to carrying out the "mission," whatever it may be. The confidence displayed reflects not only the training received but a sense of complete understanding of the equipment they are using as well as the use to which that equipment will be employed. All in all, it's a well established organization liberally studded with star performers. Further, a singular theme keeps surfacing during my contact with them. They all seem to be fully and sincerely aware of the significant contributions to the evolution of modern air power made by Army Air Force participants in WWII. This should be a source of great pride to all of us to know that what we did was remembered and respected by our modern defense force.

As I reflect on this theme, the Air War in the Gulf is, according to the Generals, proceeding on schedule. The schedule, as I perceive it, resembles the campaign designed by those who directed the activities of our own 2nd AD over occupied Europe but on a more protracted scale. Just as the efforts and goals of the Eighth were to weaken Hitler's military power in a most systematic fashion, we have been witnessing, by way of a real time news media, the unfolding of the USAF taking apart Saddam's war machine. (My personal feeling with respect to the "saturation" coverage approach by the media is that a distinct disservice has been done to our field commanders. Hour by hour or day by day, microscopic accounting of unreviewed battle reports should not be force fed to the public.) However, reasonable timing of combat activity reports can be absorbed by people, particularly after all events have been screened, confirmed and responsibly released.)

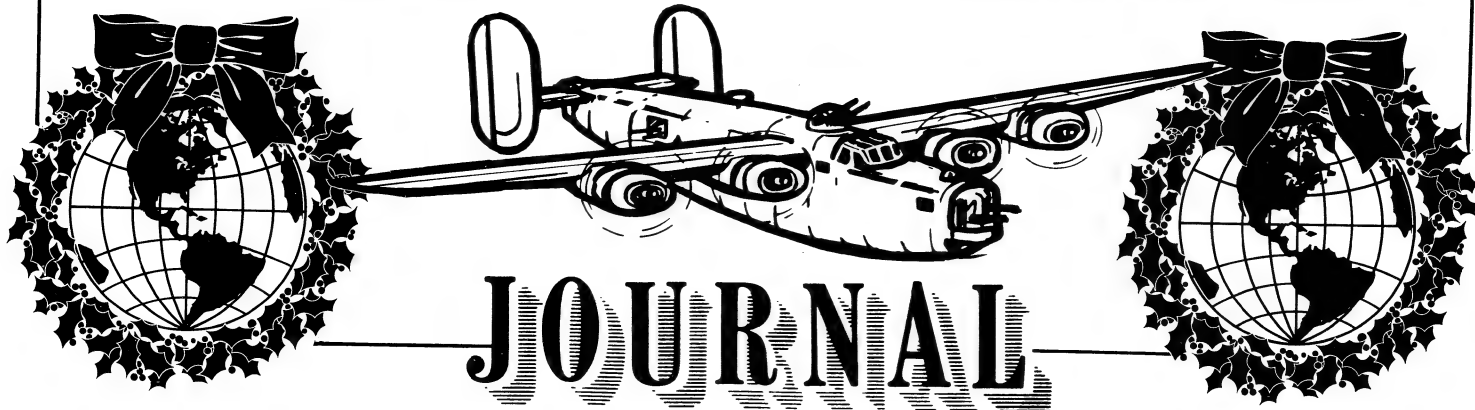
You know, a person could ramble on and on in what would be yet another recitation of facts well known by most of us. I guess what I wanted to say was that I am so very proud of those young Air Force people over there in the Gulf and the job they've done. I'm additionally pleased to know that our own 2nd AD has really played an important part in the molding of an Air Force that did gain air supremacy in a brief, but violent, period of time and they did it with careful precision.

Adding it all up, I think we can certainly say that we former members of the 2nd Air Division can look back at the past with as much satisfaction as our successors look forward to the future.

The wind beneath their wings? I take comfort in thinking we might well be. "Keep em flyin'".

III-19

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOC. — EIGHTH AIR FORCE



Vol. 28, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1989

B-24 First Flight Golden Jubilee San Diego, California • September 20-24, 1989

by Jack Stevens (467th), 2ADA Project Officer, San Diego

At 10:00 AM on Thursday, September 21, 1989, a Consolidated Aircraft B-24J Liberator bomber landed at San Diego's Lindbergh Field and taxied to the Convair flight line. The plane's prototype had made its maiden flight from the same location fifty years earlier. (Consolidated Aircraft was the predecessor to General Dynamics' Convair Division.) More than 18,000 B-24 aircraft, flown by every branch of the U.S. Armed Forces and many Allied nations, carried WWII to Axis targets worldwide. The plane that landed in San Diego on September 21, 1989 was the world's only fully restored and flying B-24 bomber. Its owners, through the Collings Foundation of Stow, Massachusetts, are Bob and Caroline Collings. They named the aircraft "All American" to represent all B-24 aircraft and to honor the workers who built them, the flight crews who flew them, and the ground crews who maintained them and patched up their battle damage night after night.

"All American's" arrival was the high point of the four-day San Diego B-24 50th Anniversary Celebration. It was sponsored by General Dynamics and the International B-24 Liberator Club to commemorate the B-24 prototype's first flight. General Dynamics' chief executive officer Stanley Pace, a WWII B-24 pilot, was aboard the plane. Hundreds of WWII B-24 flight and ground crew members and aircraft workers attended the celebration. They, with thousands of others, visited "All American" and recalled their former association with this now-obsolete warplane.



Celebration attendees also viewed exhibits of WWII and B-24 memorabilia, books, photos and displays of the B-24 through combat. Bill Feder's historical panorama of units from the Weisbrod Aircraft Museum in Pueblo, Colorado was especially noteworthy. Many participated in special parties and VIP tours of military installations in the San Diego area. They heard seminars devoted to B-24 design and production, to its use in combat and to the "Lady Be Good." The

latter, an aircraft that disappeared following a bombing mission to Italy, was found well-preserved sixteen years later in the Libyan desert.

An eye-catching 2nd Air Division Association booth displayed the tail colors of the fourteen B-24 Groups that made up the 2AD of the WWII 8th Air Force. Several videotapes depicted B-24 production, main-

(continued on page 3)



Season's Greetings

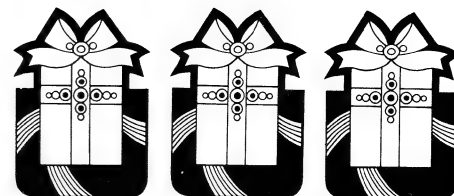


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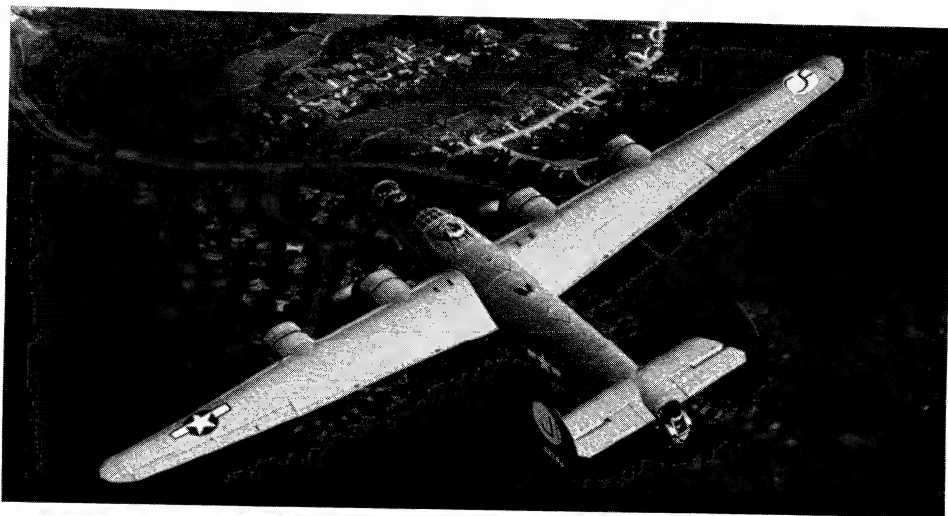
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B-24 Flies (continued from page 1)



tenance and combat operations. Some highlighted 2ADA reunion activities and ceremonies in England and the United States. Additionally, large poster sized color photos were displayed of the 2AD Memorial Room in the Norwich, England, Central Library. They showed attractive interior and exterior of this unique living memorial to the more than 6,000 2AD men who gave their lives for their country. 2ADA President, Bud Chamberlain, and his wife, "Mike," took their turn in the booth. A number of others took their turn, too, or lent moral support. They included Chuck Walker, 445th Group VP; Harold Fritzler, 491st Group VP; Gladys Maruschak, 489th; and Dick and Florence Petersen, 389th. Jim and Sharon Kiernan, 489th, were indispensable during booth set-up and tear-down. Twenty-six 2ADA and eight Heritage League members were enrolled. The 445th took the lead with 1, thanks to Group VP Chuck Walker. Four were recruited for the 93rd; three for the

466th; and, two each for the 44th, 389th, 446th, and 491st. The 448th, 453rd and 458th took one each. There were two subscribing members. This was the yield from approximately 700 registrants. It was proportionately more than double the 60 new members signed up in Fort Worth where over 3500 registered.

The 467th enjoyed an excellent reunion dinner on September 22nd at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot Officers Club where the Chamberlains and the Collings were guests of honor. The venerable and beloved Colonel Al Shower delivered some pertinent remarks and spoke again at the memorial services in Balboa Park on Sunday morning.

All in all, though this was a smaller affair than its Fort Worth predecessor, the quality was right up there. The Liberator Club's Bob McGuire and his crew deserve a big round of applause. If the 100th anniversary is half as good, you'll want to get your reservation in early.

Kassel Mission Memorial

September 27, 1989 marked the 45th anniversary of one of the most spectacular air battles in military history. On that day in 1944, thirty-five American B-24 Liberator heavy bombers, headed for their target railyards in Kassel, Germany, were attacked by waves of German fighters. Within three minutes, twenty-five B-24s went down; of the remaining bombers, five more crashed in France and England on their return flight. Friendly fighters responded to the distress calls, and with bomber gunners, shot down twenty-nine German planes, losing one American fighter.

The 445th Bomb Group from Tibenham, England, had incurred the worst group loss in history. Fifty of the sixty American and German planes crashed within a 20-mile radius of Bad Hersfeld, northeast of Frankfurt.

In August of 1990, surviving members of the 445th Bomb Group will join their former German fighter pilot enemies in dedicating a memorial in Germany where the lead bomber crashed. This monument will honor the 117 Americans and 18 Germans who died in the battle of Kassel, and serve as a gesture of peace and friendship between American and German people.

For further information about the Kassel mission or the memorial dedication, call or write:

Kassel Mission Memorial Association, Inc.
William R. Dewey
P.O. Box 413
1100 N. Woodward, #224
Birmingham, MI 48012
(313) 644-4506

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

The following was extracted from a letter which I received from Danny Bollinger. We may not have appreciated the work of units like the 987th sufficiently as the work they were doing was not as exotic as some others.

The 987th Military Police Co. (AVN.)

by Daniel H. Bollinger, Jr.

As our company arrived in the first part of 1943 and left England late in July, 1945 and spent over two and a half years there, we experienced many events, good and bad. We arrived in Norwich at the Thorpe station as the other two stations had been bombed out and were not in use. We went to Horsham St. Faith and took over security of the base and the 2nd Bomb Wing Hdqs. in Old Catton.

My first detail was the stolen bike mess. The anti-aircraft defense and the communications were under the British RAF and Army. We had many bikes disappear about the time the 56th Fighter Group moved on base and the fighter boys would take any bike they found. The British would complain and I tried to track down those pesky bikes.

The next duty was guarding the secret war rooms, Intelligence rooms, Meteorology rooms and the scramble phone section. These all were in the base headquarters building. This area was the beginning of the 2nd Bomb Wing, which was elevated to the Second Bomb Division later in that year and the Second Air Division in 1944.

The 56th Fighter Group moved in the P47s and began their first combat operations from Horsham. I remember watching the first three missions. There were 50 fighters taking off in flights of four aircraft on the grass runways. The first mission encountered only a few Nazi fighters as they were surprised at these new planes and would not engage the 56th. But three of our planes received anti-aircraft fire and were damaged. I guess it would be safe to state that about every one of those pilots, if they were not hit, became aces. I know some were, like Johnson, Mahurin and Gabreski to name a few, and I believe Colonel Shilling was the C.O.

When we arrived, security for these bases was done by an infantry company. We relieved this company and it went with the invasion force to North Africa. There were only the 44th and the 93rd Groups at that time with Hethel, 389th, coming in. Some of our company moved into billets in Norwich and was working all the police work in the area.

Early in the game, we received an order to ensure that military personnel were in neat Class A uniform, saluted, and showed respect and be soldiers and ladies and gentlemen. General Eisenhower wanted every American to be an example and an ambassador in our host nation. This order was hard for us to accept and enforce — but in the military, orders are orders.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of soldiers that we had to issue summons for not saluting, having buttons

unbuttoned, hands in pockets, and disobeying civil laws and regulations. In fact, we had a summary court set up at our police headquarters at the Plough Inn in Norwich.

I remember that we had formal inspections before every "Changing of the Guard" as they went on patrol. All buttons polished, uniforms pressed and clean, shoes polished, gun belts polished, shaved and clean. We had to be a proud lot or we would have been put on K.P. or put out of the Corps of Military Police. I must say now that the frustration we went through and the criticism we got were worth it all, when, after watching the "Last Mission" I saw how much those British people still love us and how much pride all of the old fly boys reflected in that film.

Much of the time, we could tell how rough the missions were by the way the guys acted when they came to town on liberty runs. Many would drink on an empty stomach, be short-tempered and of course, resented our so-called interfering with them.

I would say that one of the things I remember for that time was the inspection of the 2nd Bomb Wing Headquarters. I was on M.P. duty for this secret area when Lt. General Frank Andrews and his party of officers came in without any warning. As the General walked by me I challenged them and the General turned to one of the officers and told him to give me some identification. The Colonel then gave me his AGO card. I looked at it and returned it to him, saying, "That identifies you, sir, but does not allow you in the War Rooms." General Andrews then told me to "go get someone to allow us in." To this I replied, "Sir, I cannot leave my post." He then told me he would take over my post while I went to Intelligence. I asked him if that was his order and he replied, "yes, it is." I believe that was one of the last places that General Andrews inspected or visited as his plane went down in the North Atlantic. As you know, the Andrews Air Base in Washington is named after him.

I guess one of the worst things was when one group flew over the coast near Yarmouth late, after dark, with some B-24s captured and crewed by Nazi mixed with the formation. The British fired on the group; night fighters scrambled to engage them and all hell broke loose. In a matter of about five or six minutes thirteen B-24s came down around us in Norwich. I believe all crews were lost that night.

Our unit arrived in Norwich with 100 men and 5 officers. After starting full scale policing of the two countries, we absorbed the 1119th M.P. Co., also with 100 men and officers. Then we organized our C.I.D. detachment, with some in plain clothes. This section was about 20 to 25 men. In all, we grew to over 300 men and 15 officers.

In 1944, before D-Day by a few weeks or months, I was given a detachment to go to Great Yarmouth to police the then secret ten mile deep area from Kings Lynn around to Ipswich. No American of any sort was allowed in that area and of course we

checked on everything that might be part of any Nazi intelligence espionage activity. I guess this was really part of Eisenhower's plan to deceive the Nazi in our invasion plans, as it is now known that Patton was given a paper invasion army that included the areas that we secured.

In that area too, were placed mobile communications units that covered the fighters and guided them to base and make coordinates of their location when calling MAY DAY so the RAF Air Sea Rescue could get to the downed pilots.

These are some of my recollections about my experiences in Norwich and the area around it.

The Forgotten Man

Author unknown

Submitted by Bill Griffiths (458th)

Through the history of world aviation
Many names have come to the fore
Great deeds of the past in our memory
will last

As they're joined by more and more.

When man first started his labor
In his quest to conquer the sky
He was designer, mechanic, and pilot,
And he built a machine that would fly.

The pilot was everyone's hero.
He was brave, he was bold, he was grand.
As he stood by his battered old bi-plane
With his goggles and helmet in hand.

To be sure, these pilots all earned it,
To fly then you had to have guts.
And they blazed their names in the Hall
of Fame
On wings with bailing wire struts.

But for each of our flying heroes
There were thousands of little renown.
And these were the men who worked on
the planes
But kept their feet on the ground.

We all know the name of Lindbergh,
And we've read of his flight into fame.
But think, if you can, of his maintenance
man,
Can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes,
Gabreski, Jabara and Scott.
Can you tell me the names of their crew
chiefs?
A thousand to one you cannot.

Now, pilots are highly trained people
And wings are not easily won.
But without the work of the maintenance
man
Our pilots would march without a gun.

So when you see the mighty aircraft
As they mark their path through the air,
The grease stained man with the wrench
in his hand
Is the man who put them there.

Notes From the 389th

by Lloyd E. West

The timing of publication of the Winter issue of the 2ADA Journal follows the 42nd Annual Reunion of the Second Air Division Association at Hilton Head, S.C., November 2-5, 1989. These notes will include some items and reports that your V.P. was aware of before attending the reunion.

REUNION 1990: From information received from Ms. Cohen, and assuming that the number of reservations stand, there will be 140 members of the 389th attending the 43rd Annual Reunion of the Second Air Division Association in Norwich in July 1990. Stuart Main, who serves as liaison for the Lotus Car Co. who now owns Hethel, and the 389th was in attendance at Hilton Head. With V.P. Strong of Hdqts, Stuart Main, your V.P. and others attending, plans for the day at Hethel with a number of local residents in the Hethel area as our guests were finalized.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: To all members of the 389th BG, I am asking as your V.P. that you consider supporting this worthwhile fund. A short time ago a letter was sent to each member of the 389th asking for your support of this fund drive. As of the first of October a report from Mr. Uttal, who is chairman of this drive, showed that 61 checks from the 389th totalling \$3,095.00 had been received. The 389th has been asked to try and raise \$26,000.00 as their share of the total amount of \$500,000.00. I realize for some of them to support this fund will be very hard, but participate in any amount with a lump sum or a donation over three years. Help us to remember our fallen comrades. Send all donations to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230.

MEMBERSHIP: This is the main duty of your V.P., to secure new members for the Association. Much time and expense goes into contacting prospective members for the 2nd ADA. This requires names and addresses, so you as members of the 389th BG can be of great assistance to us. We thank those of you who have sent us a note with one or more names in it. Your help is greatly appreciated.

NEWSLETTER: You should have received the fourth issue of the 389th newsletter by now. If you will recall, you will see that each issue has gotten better. I speak for Gene Hartley and Frank Vadas when I say "Thank You" for the support and encouragement you have given to this project. Send your letters and items of interest for members of the 389th to Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111.

GROUP HISTORY: Two video tapes with narration of the history of the 389th during WWII have been produced by Dick Peterson, who is acting as historian for the 389th. Check the last issue of the group newsletter for how to order these tapes.

American Librarian Fund

WOW!!! WHAT AN INCREASE since the last tabulation in the Fall issue!!! This is due almost entirely to the letters sent out by the Group Vice Presidents or Project Officers urging support for the American Librarian idea. And how well a lot of you have responded. We are over halfway to our target which we sure would like to reach by Norwich Convention time, or at least by the end of 1990. With your help we will do it. If you have not sent in a check or pledge (and over 5,000 of you have not) please do so now. ANY AMOUNT IS ACCEPTABLE AND NEEDED!!!

PLEDGE COMMITMENT

- ☐ I pledge \$1,000
- ☐ I pledge \$500
- ☐ I pledge \$ _____
- ☐ To be given at once
- ☐ To be given by end of 1990

Please make all checks payable to:
2nd Air Division Association

Mail To:

Jordan R. Uttal
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State - Zip _____

Signature _____

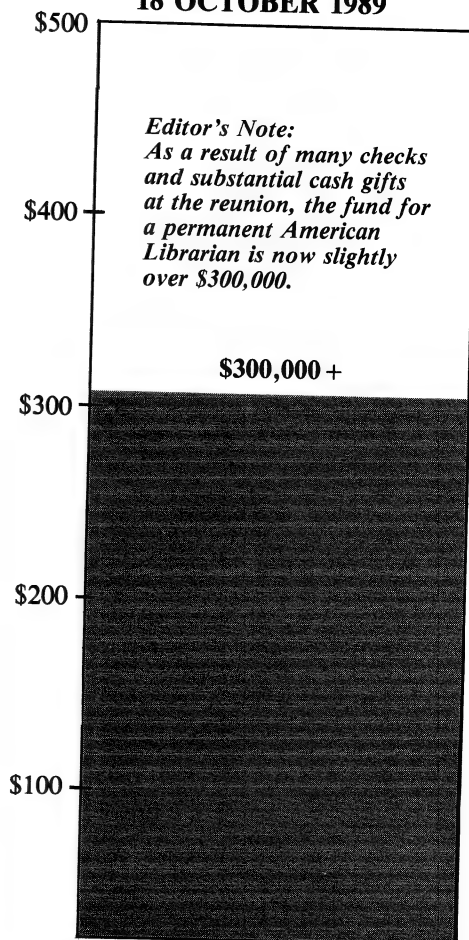
Date _____ Group _____

Also available is the tape by Stuart Main of "Hethel and the Norwich Area."

ASSISTANT V.P.: A plaque thanking Frank C. Vadas, who resigned as Assistant V.P. for the 389th this past summer, for five years of service to the 389th, was presented to him at the group mini-reunion at Hilton Head. Allan Hallett has agreed to serve as assistant to the Group V.P.

ADDRESSES: 389th V.P.: Lloyd E. West, Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575; Tel. 913-372-4484. **Assistant V.P.:** Allan Hallett, 249 Highland Avenue, Leominster, MA 01453; Tel. 508-537-7284. **Newsletter:** Gene Hartley, 4995 Cervato Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93111; Tel. 805-964-7275.

HOW WE STAND AS OF 18 OCTOBER 1989



HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Unit	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges	Total Checks and Pledges
458th	226	7	223
93rd	136	6	142
467th	121	7	128
448th	111	2	113
44th	110	3	113
389th	98	15	113
445th	103	9	112
453rd	101	3	104
491st	84	7	91
489th	79	4	83
466th	73	3	76
HQ	68	5	73
392nd	67	3	70
446th	67	2	69
492nd	19	2	21

In addition, we have had 4 checks from various sources.

The Rest of the Story

by Neal W. Pettit (448th)



Crew picture, March 23, 1945. Back row (l-r): Sgt. Virgil F. Beal, R.W.; S/Sgt. William L. Kaiser, N.T.; Sgt. Taylor L. Tarkington, Tail T.; Sgt. Jerry A. Kearney Jr., ROM; Sgt. Daniel E. Graham, E. & Top T.; Sgt. Anderson C. Wright, L.W.; 1st Lt. Calvin J. Ellis Jr., bombardier. Front row (l-r) 1st Lt. Neal W. Pettit, navigator; 1st Lt. John Paxton, co-pilot; Capt. James J. Shafter, pilot; T/Sgt. Walter E. Petrovich, radio. 714th SQ, 448th BG.

I was especially interested in the story "The Low Level Mission of 24 March 1945" (Summer 1989 Journal) because our plane was the other one involved. However, there is one statement in the part taken from Neil McCluhan's diary that should be cleared up.

The sentence "We hit a ship that was on the perimeter, as it was just sitting there for no apparent reason" makes it sound as if there were a bunch of sad sacks out there in a B-24 goofing off when there were serious things to be taken care of. The fact is we were exactly where we were supposed to be and doing what we were supposed to be doing.

We had just flown the same mission that McCluhan's ship had. We were luckier on that one than he was but it didn't always work that way. We had been through the same fire storm that he had but with much less damage. However, like most of the 448th aircraft returning from that mission, ours had its share of the damage.

I don't think we could have been much more than a minute or two ahead of McCluhan when we landed. We were on the perimeter taxiing back to our hardstand when the collision occurred. That was after 24 missions, eleven of them in the month of March, and including one each on March 21, 22, 23 & 24. Just the day before we had lost an engine over Munster and taken a direct hit in the waist from an 88 that came

in through the rear hatch and went out the left side at the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizer and exploded just above the plane.

The point I am making is that we had no problem with what we were doing on the perimeter strip. Lt. James Shafter, pilot, was as aware of what was going on around him at all times as any pilot could be. He had alerted us that the plane behind us was in serious trouble and was watching it closely. When it veered off the runway to the right, it was plain to see what was about to happen. Jim instantly shoved on full power but a B-24 just wasn't a drag racer on the ground. We could see what was happening but could do no more about it. Like Lt. McCluhan stated in his diary, "It was a good thing we moved when we did, or they would have hit us broadside." Although there was extensive damage to both aircraft from the impact, no one was injured.

After what we had all been through that day, our pilot, Capt. James J. Shafter (deceased in December 1988 in Mesa, Ariz.) should be given a lot of credit for the fact that any of us survived the rest of the day.

We went on to fly #25 on March 31st but on April the 4th, 1945 we were shot down on the bomb run over Wesendorf by ME-262 fighter attack at the same time that Col. Troy Crawford from the 446th was shot down in his Mosquito by his own gunners while trying to take cover under the 446th because of the bandits in the area. We lost four of our crew, four of us were liberated in the group with Col. Crawford at Stendahl Gr. on April 13th (including me) and the other three were liberated by the Russians a few weeks later.



Picture of the plane wing tip. (l-r): 1st Lt. Calvin J. Ellis Jr.; 1st Lt. John Paxton; 1st Lt. Neal W. Pettit; Capt. James J. Shafter; 448th BG, 714th SQ.

Kassel (continued from page 10)

country behind us. The mobilization of enormous military, economic and psychological resources guaranteed that mistakes like the one we made over Kassel could not deny us, in FDR's words, "the inevitable triumph, so help us God."

By contract they, the Vietnam veterans, had fought for a country bitterly divided as it had not been since the Civil War. Their support on the home front was mean and grudging. If World War II was our glory, Vietnam was our shame. The grunts in Vietnam put their lives on the line against a dedicated enemy, while thousands of their peers fled to Canada or went underground. It took real courage, maybe more than we had had, to face jungle combat in a cause almost no one honored and many Americans condemned.

Compare, if you will, Red Dowling's relatively benign experience as a POW in Germany with the brutal treatment of our Air Force and Navy fliers in the Hanoi Hilton. Even the good-natured grouching of the GIs of World War II, celebrated in the cartoons of Bill Mauldin, became the fragging of officers in Vietnam. In World War II we talked about the "supreme sacrifice;" in the Vietnam War we talked about "wasted lives." Our World War II dead were honored; our Vietnam dead were simply dead in a dishonored cause - until a guilty nation belatedly recognized them with a memorial on the Mall in Washington.

No, I and the other 8th Air Force veterans there in Pittsburgh were the lucky ones, not because we had survived but because we had survived with honor and victory in the good war. I don't know what kind of memories the Vietnam veterans will call up at their reunions in the next century, but I do hope that when we stand once again on the beaches of Normandy to honor our dead on the 50th anniversary of D-Day, we World War II veterans will have the decency to remember the brave men who died in that other, inglorious, war a generation later. They are, after all, our comrades too.

2ADA Film Library UPDATE

The following tapes have been donated to the 2ADA Film Library by Hugh R. McLaren, 389th

Pin-Up Girl

Twelve O'Clock High

Going Hollywood - The War Years

Show Biz Goes to War

Battle of Britain

These may be rented as other single copy tapes in the library for \$5.00 each. They will be mailed via first class mail and we request that you return them the same way ASAP.

Order from:

Pete Henry

**164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831**

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milton R. Stokes



Eino Alve, 453rd BG, looking at the Alve Crew on the "All American" B-24 at Manchester, NH

You are aware of the conditions in Southern California. The tragedy must touch all of us. A lot of our people live in the quake area. I have heard of none hurt or injured that belong to the 2nd Air Division Association. We pray for all who were involved and suffered loss.

Here in Eastern Pennsylvania, it is cool and rainy. It has been this way for three days. Snow has hit much of upper and Western Pennsylvania the last couple of days. This will terminate one of the most brilliant, colorful displays of leaves we have had in years. Fall has come slowly, giving the leaves a chance to change gradually. Now with the cold, wet rain, the leaves will fall quickly and with them will go the red and orange.

The wind will blow them into great drifts of color that will have to be raked and hauled away to a dump or some other disposal site. If you can, please, avoid burning the leaves. They make excellent mulch for gardens and lawns. The burning of leaves is the worst way to dispose of them. Compost them and save the air for you and your neighbors to breathe.

Real news is coming in slowly. Maybe because of my accident you are afraid to write and give me the news. I feel that is the reason; maybe I am wrong. Please, write! Then again, some of our old buddies don't want anyone to know when they get sick or have accidents. You will never know until they die and pass on. How wrong that assumption can be. We are all human; we feel for one another; we would like to share your burdens and cares. I know from personal experience how uplifting your cards were when I was sick. You don't even have to spend dollars for cards. We had a dear friend who made cards from pictures cut out of magazines. She also composed poems that were heartfelt, warm, and expressed her love and affection. We miss those cards now.

Correspondence from Dan Reading told of the visit of the "All American" to Lindbergh Field on September 21, 1989. Fifteen men were on hand representing the 453rd Bomb Group: Homer Badgett, Herbert Bradley, Dan Brady, Wib Clingen, Clyde Calvin, Bill Garrett, Patrick Green, Carl

Gustafson, Russ Harriman, Jay Jeffries, Herb Lambert, Doug Leavenworth, Dan Reading, Herb Reis, and John Roth. This is quite a list. I wish my name could have been added there, too.

The sixth Midwest Regional Reunion of the 2nd ADA was held in Dearborn, Michigan on September 15-17. George Rundblad chaired the meeting and made the arrangements. One hundred sixteen members of the 2nd ADA attended. The groups honored the 445th Bomb Group with Bill Dewey and George Collar as main speakers. Wilbur Stites gave the invocation and Bob Suckaw was master of ceremonies. Next year's reunion will be held somewhere in Southern Indiana.

On October 6, 1989, the Boston Globe featured the B-24 "All American" flying formation with a C-47 Transport and an A-26 Invader. Bill Eagleson, our correspondent in Boston, keeps me supplied with tapes of the B-24's progress. The tapes will be shown at the South Carolina reunion. He boasts, "Our 453rd Bomb Group builds Anglican memorials, plants trees, and exceeds all Bomb Groups of all combat theatres of WWII in contributions to rebuild and refly the last and only completely restored B-24. We also lead the 2nd ADA in memorial library efforts."

I don't know where Bill got this information, but it sounds good, so I included it for your questing eyes. He adds further, "The B-24 leaves Monday for Colorado Springs and will be on national TV, Saturday, October 14th..." Bill adds later that the B-24 will be at Hilton Head, South Carolina in November. Also, we have asked Bob Collings to speak at our group dinner in Hilton Head.

Our former C.O., Ramsey Potts, will attend the reunion in Hilton Head. Most of us have not seen General Potts since the 8th AFHS reunion in Dayton. So, we are looking forward to this reunion.

When you read this, the reunion will be over and the holidays soon approaching or already upon us. Lucille and I hope you have had a wonderful year and are enjoying this time with your family and friends. You have extended our family and we wish you all the best.

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy Engdahl

In the Summer issue of the Journal I listed four of our former 448th members who stayed in service and went on to become general officers. Well, another one has been revealed: a recent new member of the 2nd ADA, Maj. Gen. James H. Jones (Ret.) makes five men that we are aware of to become generals. If anyone knows of anyone else other than those mentioned in the summer issue plus Gen. Jones, please let me know and we will recognize him.

Our 6th consecutive Group reunion will be held April 5-8, 1990 at Tucson, Arizona. Our reunion hotel will be the Holiday Inn Airport and a letter giving all cost and pertinent information about our reunion will be mailed out to approximately 900 former 448th personnel shortly after Christmas. Because many cannot attend the 2nd ADA reunion in England in July 1990 we expect a large turnout for our 448th reunion.

It's also that time of year for your 1990 membership dues, so why not get your checkbook right now while it's on your mind and send in your dues payment to Evelyn Cohen at 06410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. Thanks for doing this now.

This will be my final writing of our "448th Speaks" as after seven years as your VP I am retiring and a fine capable replacement, Gail Irish, will be our Group VP starting 1 January through 31 December. Gail's address is 711 Lisbon Avenue, Rio Rancho, NM 87124. Please send any important news item to him and if you request a reply, please send him a self-addressed stamped envelope to help keep down his expenses. Many have from time to time sent me a book of stamps with letters. I'm sure Gail would also be very appreciative of the same.

Gail will be responsible for our seventh consecutive group reunion to be held in 1991. Since my staff and I serve through 1989, we are handling all details for our April 5-8, 1990 reunion.

I want to thank all of you who have so generously supported our 448th projects. We can all be proud of what we have accomplished and of our fine relationships we have built with our Seething Area British friends.

I just recently learned of a project that I feel many of you would love to help on. The ancient church of the village of Seething is in need of a new roof (thatched) and although they are not soliciting any help, I'm sure the people of this small village would be most appreciative of any amount any of you may wish to contribute.

Those of you who attended our 1984 and 1987 reunions at Seething and attended Memorial Service in this lovely ancient church, I believe, will be happy to assist in the "new thatched roof" project. You may do so by sending your personal check to Jim Turner at The Beeches, Brooke Road, Seething, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR15 1DJ. Mark your check "For new roof for church."

This suggestion for our members of the 448th who wish to help is not restricted to just those of us who attended the 1984 and 1987 group reunion and dedication of our two granite memorials and our restored Seething control tower. To any 448th member who wishes, I'm sure the people of the village of Seething would be grateful for any amount you may wish to donate. I say thanks to all who want to help.

I would also like to say thanks very much to Kenneth Englebrecht of Granville, Illinois who, through his efforts, started our 448th Bomb Group Association in 1973. Ken served as our first VP.

I especially want to thank my fellow officers, Bob Harper, who has served as Asst. VP and our group artist; and Cater Lee, who has so generously helped in keeping our group roster up to date as well as our "deceased list," our list of non-paid members, plus handling the money collections for our Harlingen and Tucson reunions. Thanks to George Dupont for so many wonderful suggestions. 1. The granite memorials at our air base and at the village of Seething churchyard; 2. The memorial at Dayton, Ohio and many other ideas. Thanks to Richard Kennedy for his assistance at the 50th anniversary planning session for our B-24 Liberator at Fort Worth, also attended by Cater Lee. But most of all for the many letters and phone calls from many of you as

well as your financial assistance to keep our organization in the black. Many thanks to all for a most pleasant seven fast years.

I know you will continue to give our new leader, Gail Irish, the support you have given me. It takes all of us working together to make this organization continue to grow and to develop our lasting friendships.

If any member of our 448th is going to be in England during the memorial ceremony at our Air Force cemetery at Cambridge in late May and wishes to lay our 448th memorial wreath at the cemetery, please let me know ASAP. The 448th pays for the wreath and we would love for one of our members to do this honor if he will be in England during this time.

Otherwise, we have an arrangement with those fine British friends who restored our Seething control tower to perform this service for us. You must let me know by February 1st.

Remember, anyone desiring a 448th cap, blue with yellow background with 8th Air Force emblem on both sides of 448th and below the B-24, please write to Ben Johnson at 3990 15th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77642. Price is \$6.00 including packaging and postage.

Anyone desiring a 448th cap having your squadron number and 448th Group at the top with your squadron emblem in the center below and 2nd Air Division 8th Air Corp. below the squadron emblem, please write to Charles Bonner at 750 E. Oak Hill Rd., Porter, IN 46304. Price is \$6.00 including packing and postage.

I have a supply of Air Force mementos for sale including B-24 pewter tie-tacs, \$6.00 each; B-24 silver plated lapel pins about 3/4" wide, \$7.00 each; same plane, but as ladies charm for bracelet or necklace, \$7.00 each; same plane, but as ladies earrings, \$12.00 per pair - specify screw type or pierced ears. Also, U.S. flag lapel pins, \$4.00; 8th Air Force lapel pins, \$4.00. Part of profit to be donated to 448th Special Account. Send order to Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas 77662.

Thanks for reading and good health. See you in Tucson.

My Brave Bombardier

Submitted by Pete Henry (44th)

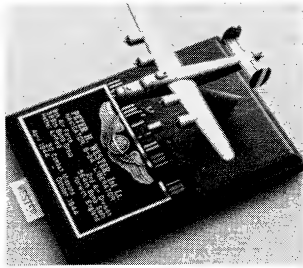
In May, I stopped to see Al Jones, my bombardier, on the way to the big B-24 50th Anniversary Celebration in Fort Worth. His wife, Peggy, showed me the original V-Mail valentine Al received from her in 1945. I thought you might enjoy reading it as much as I did.

To My Valentine -

- I While I sit here alone on a bleak afternoon
And wonder if baby will be waking soon
My thoughts travel westward and soon settle down
On the dusty Mojave and a small desert town.
- II It seems I can thrill, as I thrilled once before
To the sight and the sound of a B-24;
To the drone of her engines; to the shadow she cast
As she roared overhead - so huge and so fast.
- III I remember I wondered, while standing below
"Is my Darling aboard?" as I watched each one go.
For I knew he was somewhere above in the blue
With Pete, Al and Lee and the rest of the crew.

- IV My heart breathed a prayer to the Almighty above
"Please bring home safely him, whom I love.
Watch over them all. Let their souls know no fear
But take special care of my Brave Bombardier."
- V A year has gone by - and my thoughts homeward leap
To wee little Carol, upstairs asleep.
Her Dad's never seen her (He's missing such fun!)
For he's been away (There's a war to be won.)
- VI To Almighty still goes our most ardent prayer,
"God bless her Daddy away over there.
Watch over them all. Let their souls know no fear
But take special care of my Brave Bombardier."

THE PX PAGE



Desk Model Plaque



Wall Mounted Plaque

The larger (by 20%) pewter B-24 desk model now available. Customized to your request. Also now available is a wall mounted plaque using the pewter B-24 model.

\$44.95 model cost with small base
4.00 lg. 5" x 7" walnut base
5.50 engraved plate
5.00 regulation size wings

\$ 3.00 Bomb Group tail colors
5.00 8th AF Cloisonne
1.75 each for service ribbons (if desired.) O.L.C. and Battle Stars \$.75 each

Any or all options can be had, your choice. Shipping costs (UPS): \$2.50 Chicago, east; \$3.50 west.

New sized B-24 gold outlined, fully vinyl covered key tab/ring, with USAAF "Star & Bar" insignia on reverse, 2 1/4 inches long. Guaranteed to please or money back. (Also, P-51, P-47 & P-38). Cost: \$5.50 p.p.

Now available: both tie-tacs and tie bar (clasp) with: B-24, Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Gunner or Air Crew Member wings. Others on special order. Cost: \$6.50 p.p. **NEW SIZE** B-24 used on baseball/golf cap, 2 3/8", pewter, 2 military clutch, \$7.50 p.p.



Altimeter Clock

Large, 6 1/2 inch altimeter face clock, battery powered (supplied) quartz movement mounted into a solid walnut plaque, size 9 x 12 inch with large 7 x 3 1/4 inch engraved plate as shown. Can be made with Airman's wings or as pictured with 8th AF cloisonne and B-24 with your Bomb Group colors on vertical fin. Guaranteed 100% satisfactory or your money back. Please give me as much information as possible. \$85.00 + \$3.50 UPS.

Lapel pins for civilian suit wear: D.F.C., AIR MEDAL, E.T.O., PURPLE HEART. **NEW: P.O.W. Pin.** Cost: \$6.00 each postage paid.

Die struck, 8th AF lapel or tie-tac pin. Gold electroplate, 7/16 inch wide, distinctive. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Larger, 8th Air Force Cloisonne, 3/4 inch full color, gold rim, lapel or tie-tac. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Custom Plaques

Basic cost of the large 8th AF logo plaque with one "identifier" still remains at \$45.00. The single identifier may be either the B-24 with Group colors on the tail or full size pewter Airman's wings. The cost of the plaque made with "museum quality" polished .50 cal. shells, is \$49.00. In both cases, the logo or shells are mounted on solid walnut plaques, 6 1/2 inches wide by 10, 10 1/2 or 11 inches long. The plaque length is determined by the model you want made. Need the following information: **NAME** - as you would like it engraved; **RANK** - if desired; **DUTY** - Gunner, Pilot, Navigator, Mechanic, Crew Chief, etc.; **LOCATION** of airfield; **BOMB GROUP** - and Squadron or attached unit; **DATES** - from/to (month & year of E.T.O. duty); **FLIGHT CREWS** - Give number of missions, any additional information (plane name, number, etc.)

Add \$5.00 for additional identifiers (miniature airman's wings when used with the B-24, or 8th AF cloisonne as used with .50 cal. shells). A full line of WWII ribbons is available, including: Silver Star, Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, American Defense, American Campaign, National Defense, E.T.O., WWII Victory, Pacific Theater (for those who went on to B-29s in the Pacific), German Occupation, Legion of Merit, French Croix de Guerre and Presidential Unit Citation. The last two cost an additional \$1.00 OVER the standard \$1.75 cost of all other ribbons. All ribbons are secured on brass mounts. Bronze Battle Stars and Oak

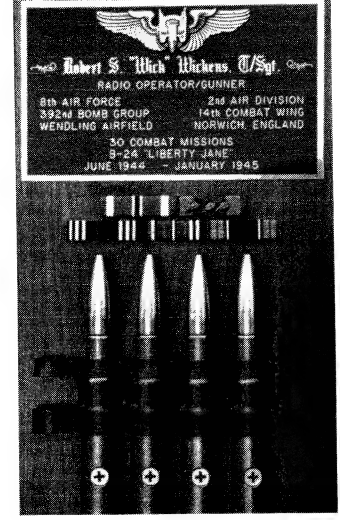
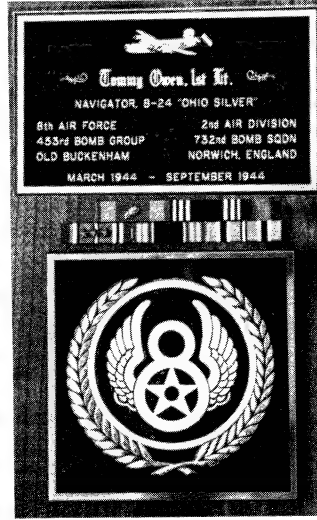
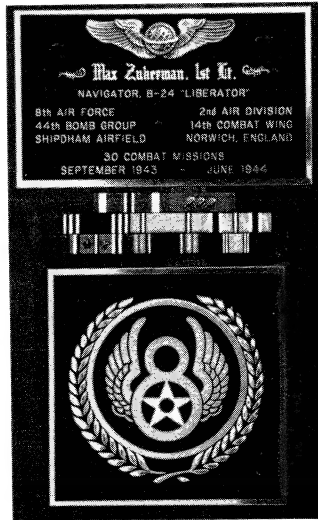
Leaf Clusters are 75 cents each. Sterling Silver Battle Stars and Oak Leaf Clusters are \$2.00 each.

Shipping charges: Using Baltimore as the shipping center, any radius extending to Chicago, \$2.50. Outside that radius, \$3.50. You **MUST** give me your home or business **DELIVERABLE** United Parcel Service (UPS) address.

Use any of the photos as a starting point. Any combination is possible (generally). If you design your own from these options and it is "compatible," I will build it. If there's a problem, I may suggest a change or two before making it. If you give me the option of letting me decide, please say so. Overpayments will have the balance enclosed (or in some cases when the sum is "minor," an item of equal or more worth may be sent). Underpayments will be billed with the plaque shipment. Please include your telephone number with your request, it may avoid a possible delay. Do not hesitate to write or call (301) 766-1034 if you have any questions.

A check for \$300.00 has been sent to Dean Moyer, Treasurer of the Association, with the request that it be applied to the Memorial Special Funding as mentioned in this Journal. The total amount sent to the 2ADA treasury now stands at \$2,572. as profits made from the sale of Service Plaques, Altimeter Clocks, Pewter Desk Models, etc.

Rick Rokicki, 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061



Unauthorized Visitor on a Bomb Photo Mission

by an Unknown WAC — Submitted by Ray Strong (HDQ)

Sometime in the summer of 1944, an unauthorized visitor was taken aboard one of the Division Hq. Flight Section's planes to ferry the bomb photos down to London. Along with her date, who was the engineer on this flight, they proceeded to London — went into London, to Soho — to a Russian tearoom — all AWOL and all off limits — needless to say, they were “young and restless.”

Upon return to the field to fly back to Hethel they found — a very drunk pilot! After administering black coffee and lots of shouting and yelling he finally sobered up enough to get the plane off the ground and headed in the general direction of Hethel. At which time he passed out. Needless to say, neither the WAC nor her date knew how to fly the plane. Anyway, the engineer took the controls and the WAC pulled the passed-out pilot back into the body of the plane, and down they went to do some railroad navigation.

Suddenly the radio began to crackle and a voice — a very British voice — came over the air saying “Identify yourself, please.” The engineer, having some idea of radio controls, did his best to answer but found that the radio would only receive, not send!!! Not a very good situation to be in, especially since it was getting dark and the RAF was preparing to depart for their bombing run...all sorts of things run through your mind at times like that.

The radio kept calling for the plane to identify itself, it kept getting darker, and the

railroad tracks were getting harder to see. So, the engineer told the WAC to go back into the body of the plane and see how many parachutes there were. She looked high and low and could only find ONE. Upon returning to the cockpit the engineer told her to put the parachute on — now use your imagination. She had on a skirt and hose (and back then there weren't such things as pantyhose — you wore garter belts and over-the-knee regular stockings, and the straps on a parachute go between the legs and are pulled up tight). Well, this didn't go over too well with the WAC, but back then her legs were much better than they are now, so eventually, after some threats from the engineer to do it himself, she complied.

After getting the cussed thing on she asked the engineer how he was going to get down to the ground — and was told that he planned for them BOTH to go down on the single parachute. A little mystified, she asked what would happen to the pilot, who was still snoring away in the body of the plane. The reply was very blunt — he can go down with the plane for all I care — and by this time the WAC was of a mind to agree. She was scared silly.

Evidently the tension in the plane communicated itself to the half-drunk pilot and he began to make noises and crawled up to the cockpit. By this time, the plane was getting near Hethel and the engineer didn't have the faintest idea how to land it, so it was with great relief that he turned the controls over to the pilot who sobered up very quickly

when he heard the radio, which was still demanding “Identify yourself.”

The WAC immediately divested herself of the parachute, very thankfully, and moved back into the body of the plane. When the pilot landed he went to the very end of the runway and the WAC rolled out as he made his turn and ran for the jeep which she and her date had driven over from Ketteringham Hall. After waiting for what seemed hours, the engineer showed up, put her in the back seat and covered her with an old raincoat. Upon arrival at the gates he was asked where his date was. The guard knowing both of them fairly well, he told the guard that she had returned much earlier in the evening. The guard looked at the hastily thrown raincoat in the back seat and just smiled.

After a safe arrival at the WAC quarters and a quiet goodnight to her date, the WAC crept into her barracks and thankfully into her bed, while visions of the RAF shooting down the photo plane danced through her head. And, she wasn't very far wrong, because the next day the engineer told her that British Intelligence had sent word that they were prepared to shoot the plane down if it veered five miles further toward the coast.

So you see, some WACs did get a little taste of combat and almost got to join the paratroopers. Thankfully she didn't, and for at least a while she didn't make any more bomb photo runs.

Our Introduction to Seco 7

by Paul J. Cromer (389th)

This happened on the second evening we had taken residence in our new home for a six month lease. Seco 7, 566 Squadron of the 389th Bomb Group at Hethel, England.

We had arrived there the night before in pitch blackness coming from Stoney, an assignment base. We traveled in G.I. trucks and how those drivers could see the road with those little slit lights at 30-40 miles per hour on those curvy English roads, I will never know.

We checked in at Squadron Headquarters, then drew blankets and pillows. After, we were escorted through paths in the woods to our hut. All this was in absolute darkness. That was our first night's thrill.

The next day was rather routine. We were getting acquainted with locations of buildings and receiving our welcome to the base by Personnel Officer and Chaplain, Pappy Beck. Most important, of course, was to locate our mess hall and there we became acquainted with our misnamed mess sergeant, “Smiley.” Things did slow down that evening though, so after supper we were relaxing and just waiting to hit the sack.

It wasn't long 'til Shorty Coyle arrived from the N.C.O. Club, through the back door of our hut. He was three-quarters loaded and cussing out Oly Spillman, a crew member. He shouldered his 45, then went up to the front stove to warm up. All the time saying what he was going to do to Oly. Well, this was pretty irritating, but not knowing what to do, I just sat on a center bunk reading a funny paper.

Soon Oly came in the back door and was feeling no pain; happy as a lark and singing

some tune. He was at his bunk toward the back of the hut when the name-calling began. Then he started up the aisle after his antagonist. He got just beyond me when I heard the shot and Oly went down. This didn't exactly sound like a 45, so for a second or two, I wasn't too concerned. But we had a fellow named Price waiting to fill out his missions in our hut and he dove for his cot at the back of our hut and lit against the back wall.

This was when I hit the deck. A short time passed and I regained a little cool so I started to look over the cot, giving Shorty only an eyeball to hit. He had pulled out of the hut so we started to move around a little.

Our nose gunner, Jr. Laher, was first to come by Oly. Someone had spilled a little water near the victim and red tile showed through the dirty floor so he called out that Oly was bleeding. Right after that someone up front called out for someone to get a doctor. So I started for the front door to get help, passing Jack Madder, our tail gunner, who was pacing the aisle. His lips were moving, but he wasn't saying anything.

I got near the front door, wondering all the while as to where I could find a doctor in a thousand acres of darkness. Then I saw Porky Oliver shaking his head a little and it finally dawned on me that this was only a gag and our crew were the victims.

My next move was to walk slowly back toward the center, turning several shades of red, I presume. Then they broke the silence with laughter and comments. Prior to that time, there had been no introductions and very little conversation between fellows in

the hut, but after this, we were part of the team.

The first day we had noticed a 45 hole in our front door. This, we were informed, happened when personnel men awoke a crew for a mission. Apparently one fellow didn't care to go. There was also an oxygen tank full of flak holes with the caption, “This could happen to you.” Later these were commonplace, but that second night in Seco 7 will never be forgotten.

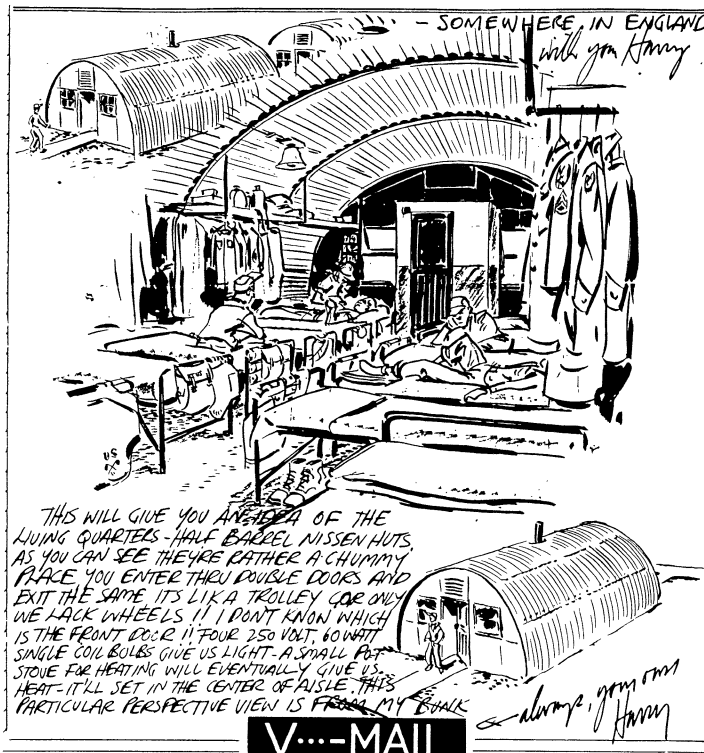
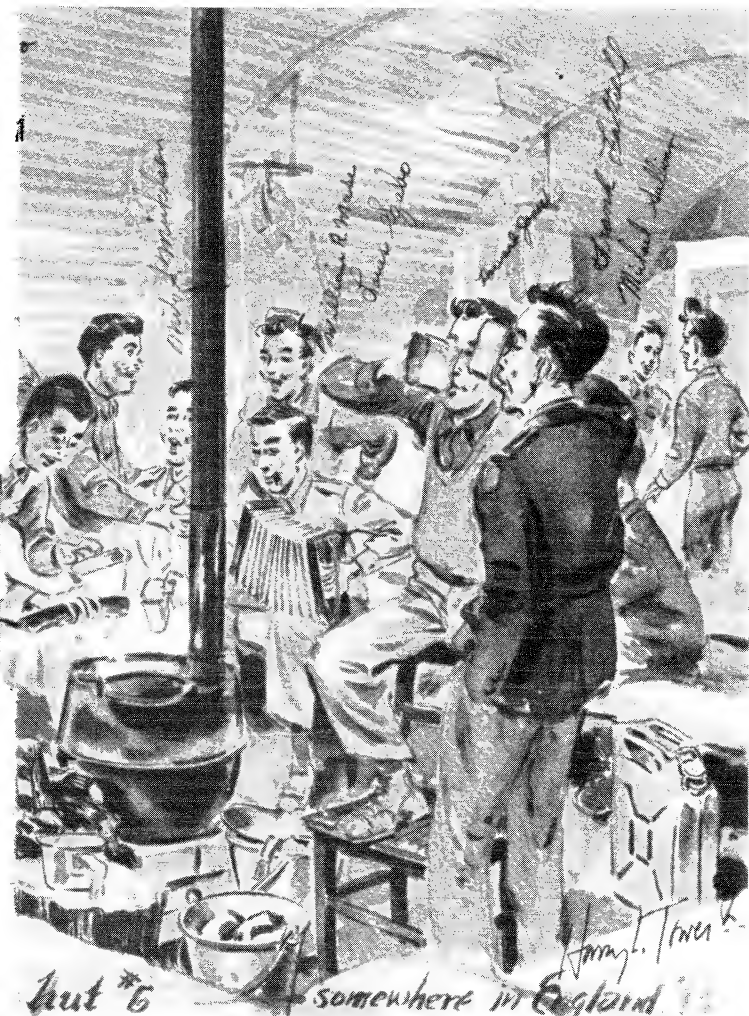
Later we got in on the act when a new crew came into our hut. That 45 blank from before had to be perfected to sound more like a shot. We proceeded to fill this blank with a hard packing of soap. Unknowingly, someone else had packed a second blank and Oly only knew of the one we had packed.

Shorty and Oly went through their routine. The shots were fired and they were loud and clear. Oly went down and I was supposed to work on him. He was lying on his stomach. Soon I could see his hand slowly moving upward under his sweatshirt. This was not in our script, but knowing he had been hit with a wad of soap, it was hard for me to keep from laughing out loud.

I cannot account for the reaction of the new crew, but word was that they scattered.

Later when the show was over, Oly admitted to being the most frightened of all, as he only knew of the one shot. Shorty's marksmanship was really good as Oly had a red welt just below his left nipple.

After all this, we settled down to our usual Pinochle game, and becoming operational, to help win a war.



The 445th Reporting

by Charles L. Walker



Original crew of Albert V. Jones, 703rd Squadron. Back row: C.E. Hagans, engineer; R.M. Kennedy, radio; H.C. Kersey, nose gunner; R.L. Prescott, upper gunner; Gillespie, ball gunner; R.L. Miller, tail gunner. Front row: A.V. Jones, pilot; T. Quick, co-pilot; F. Comfort, navigator; J.M. Powers, bombardier. Gillespie was replaced with J.J. Fox and Quick received his own crew and was replaced by F.D. Neuberger.

In August I mailed 550 letters to our 445th members of the 2nd ADA asking for support of the Memorial Librarian Fund Drive. I also included a questionnaire soliciting information on which squadron you were in, what your job was, names and addresses of friends, etc. To date, I have received 92 replies to the questionnaire, a disappointing 17% response. Now if you 458 who have not responded haven't gotten to it because you have been too busy sending your contributions and pledges to Jordan Uttal, then all is forgiven. I still await your replies and have great faith in your getting them to me. Don't let me down!

A random sampling of the responses I have logged:

Jim Old wrote of finishing his tour with the 445th at the end of Sept. '44 then returning to the ZI where as an experienced Radio Operator he was promptly sent to the CBI to fly the "Hump." "Over there we were mostly from the 8th and 15th but not once did we take off the 8th AF patch and put on the ATC label!" As a result of being sent directly to the CBI, Jim lost all track of his former Group buddies. He says joining the 2nd ADA has meant a lot to him and he suggested several approaches to creating a more visible image in order to stimulate membership.

Dick Littlefield supplied the names of his crew and the addresses he had. He also reminded me that he and I played golf in the same foursome with Baldy Avery and Bob Lane at the McAfee reunion. He says

there is no way I could have forgotten his "sweet swing" — right on Dick!

Jim Palmer says his crew left the States on his birthday, Nov. 23, 1943; that he was shot down on his 15th mission and the crew went into Switzerland. He is looking forward to his first reunion at Hilton Head.

Fabian Mack has had no contact with any of his crew. He flew most of his missions in "Bugs Bunny." "We left her in a plowed field approximately 15 miles east of Brussels after the Kassel Raid." He is planning on Norwich next year.

Bob Gallup's reply was most unique; he sent a tape recording with lots of good information.

Buddy Cross, our former Group VP, provided a list of 370 names and addresses of former 445thers. I already had been given 84 of those names and 37 were now members (since Buddy compiled the list). You really know how to put a fellow to work, don't you, Buddy. However I do thank you.

Fred Dale — Although I played golf in St. Charles, Ill. with Fred, I didn't recall that he was one of six Link Trainer operators assigned to the Group. He sent along the names and addresses of the other five. We will be playing golf again with Fred at Hilton Head.

Charlie Cooper was right on the ball as usual with a complete list including addresses of his crew. Charlie has attended eight reunions beginning in San Diego in 1978.

John Linford writes "in 1984 in my Cessna 320, I crossed the North Atlantic to

attend the Rotary International Convention at Birmingham. While there I flew to Tibenham and landed at our old base." At present he is President of the International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians.

Charles Derr reports that he flew 26 missions and then flew home. "Lost navigator (fell off bike) and tail gunner (flak in the a--over Hanover)." Both must have survived as their names and addresses were included on his crew list.

Sorry that space does not permit listing all the letters I have received, as they are not only informative but very interesting as well.

Now I must jump on all but 52 of you — that's how many Jordan Uttal tells me have contributed to the Librarian Fund since my August letter. We are only \$2,700 closer to our goal of \$19,800. Come on now, can't we do better than that?

The San Diego 50th Anniversary Celebration of the B-24 was much smaller than the Fort Worth bash last May but it was indeed worth the trip. We met and signed up the following new members: Jack Erickson, Auburn, CA; Harold Clark, Gloversville, NY; Keith Jones, San Diego, CA; Abner Musser, Holtwood, PA; and Jim Wilgus, Chico, CA. We all enjoyed visiting and swapping stories with members like Fred Torr, Bob Conrad, Charles Turned, Bob Mead, Ed Wanner, Terry Sather, Roy Leavitt, and George Lymburn.

The most impressive event of the day was the fly-in of the Collings Foundation's BIG BEAUTIFUL B-24. What a sight it was with all four fans churning! In the last Journal I chided Ralph Crandell on his comments about how much the passageways in the old bird have shrunk — well, I take it all back, Ralph, they have indeed been shrunk.

In closing, I wish each and every one of you a very Merry Christmas and a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

P.S. Please tell Hank Orzechowski that I was only kidding when I asked him to dig up one of those cans of money in his backyard and send it to the Librarian Fund. He did and mailed me the empty can to prove it! What a guy.

"Delectable Doris" Tape Available

A tape of the B-24J "Delectable Doris" ferry trip from March AFB to Fort Worth, the fly-by at Fort Worth, and a ferry trip from Rochester to Williamsport has been produced for the 446th Bomb Group Association and the National Warplane Museum by Chuck England. Copies of the tape are \$25.00 each post paid and available from:

Theater Systems
587 Elmwood Terrace
Rochester, NY 14620

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



As you know by this time, the lead time on these articles is about three months. So here we are in September, writing to all our 2ADA friends to wish them a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and a Happy Holiday Season. This past year has seen the completion and distribution of the 446th Bomb Group Official History. We think it is an excellent book and wholeheartedly thank our young Dutch friend, Harold Jansen, who compiled it from virtually every official record he could get his hands on and included enough first-hand experiences to make a living book. If you don't have a copy, send \$53.00 to Bill Davenport, 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705.

A tape of the B-24J "Delectable Doris" ferry trip from March AFB to Ft. Worth, the fly-by at Ft. Worth, and a ferry trip from Rochester to Williamsport has been produced for the 446th Bomb Group Assn. and National Warplane Museum by our good friend, Chuck England. Copies of the tape are available from Theater Systems, 587 Elmwood Terrace, Rochester, NY 14620 for \$25.00 post paid.

The 446th Bomb Group was noted for two events that to my knowledge no one other group can claim credit. One, it was the group that led the 8th Air Force over the beaches on D-Day. (Hey, Bill, back off — last time you said that, several guys said it wasn't so. But it really was true, regardless of what those people believe. We know, don't we.) Two, it was the only group to shoot their CO down. Maybe we should qualify that a bit, the only group in the 8th AF, 2AD, 20CW, who did this. Now maybe we won't get so much flack from those other guys who also shot their COs down. Anyway, you got in the last issue a prelim to this event which happened on the CO's 13th mission. Incidentally, his predecessor also got shot, not down, but in the leg by small arms fire on his 13th mission. Anyway, our history is just loaded with good stories like the one we started in the last Journal and you can finish — starting on page 261 — or we even might finish here someday.

Another good story involves one Cpl. Barber, who was forced to bail out on 3 February 1945:

"After the parachute opened and as I was descending the silence was deafening, although I could hear Lil' Snooks' racing

engines in the distance. As I was falling all of a sudden I broke thru the clouds at about 1,000 feet above the ground and could see large green trees and a small meadow below me. In the middle of the meadow was a small stream and near the stream was the uniformed body of a dead German soldier. I was swinging from side to side in my parachute descent and at first thought that I would land in the meadow, but shortly saw that I was going to land in the trees on the hill side. I could see no activity or anyone other than the body of the dead soldier. Just before I hit the trees, I pulled my knees up for protection of my body and covered my face with my arms.

"I hit the trees with a bang, first falling through the leaves and branches which were small but suddenly hit a large limb with the small of my back. This temporarily stunned me and slowed my fall, but I continued to fall for another 20, 30 feet until I hit the ground. After I hit the trees and as I was falling to the ground I could see men in uniform running. After I hit the ground I lay stunned for a few moments but soon was able to get to my feet and stand up. When I got to my feet all I could see was men behind large trees pointing gun barrels at me. Not knowing if they were friend or foe, I realized that I had to identify myself and plead for mercy if they were enemy soldiers. I raised my hands over my head and shoulders and shouted several times, 'American, Airman, Americano' and then prayed aloud 'Oh, Lord, don't let them shoot me.' Then the 2/Lt. in charge came forward and said, 'We are not going to shoot you but we are going to make damn sure you are an American airman.' Still holding my hands over my head I told the 2/Lt. I had my identification in my left hand pocket of my B-4 flight jacket. He cautiously reached in my pocket, pulled out the I.D. card and read aloud 'Barber, James R.' He then asked, 'Barber, where are you from, your hometown.' I replied, 'a little town west of Fort Worth, called Weatherford.' 'Weatherford,' he said, 'I have a man in my company from Weatherford. Hall, come forward.'

"As Cpl. Ray Hall came forward, I recognized him as a classmate of mine at Weatherford High School. Hall said, 'Hello, James, it's good of you to drop in.'"

Keep tuned to Beachbell.

A Day in the Life

by Bill Griffiths (458th)

This is not my story. I was not there nor was I a part of the crew. I only tell it out of respect for the people involved and to record it for tomorrow.

It all began when the crew was awakened in the early hours of that cold winter morning in 1944. The routine was always the same — breakfast, pre-mission briefing, target: Brunswick/Waggum. Bombing, navigation, and weather conditions were given, flying gear issued and then the ride out to the revetment area where their plane waited. Pre-flight checks were done. Now just wait until time to —

Taxi out of the revetment to take their place in the ever-growing line of B-24s for the takeoff. There is the flare! The assembly ship "First Sergeant" begins its take off roll and soon all 27 aircraft are airborne. They rise to 1000 feet, level off, make a dog left, then resume climbing North to Cromer. Around and around Splasher Five until they are "formed up." Then leaving the English coast and climbing to mission altitude of 20,500 feet. Picked up their fighter escort over the North Sea and proceeded on over to Europe to the target.

Arriving in the target area, they were unable to bomb the primary target so were diverted to the secondary target. Over the secondary they receive anti-aircraft fire. Near bomb release they get hit and lose one engine.

On the return flight to England, they begin to lose power on another engine. Over the North Sea they cannot keep up with the formation, slowly dropping farther and farther behind.

Now to make things worse, they receive orders diverting them to a diversion base in northern England because of bad weather over Horsham.

They cross the English coast alone, and looking for any place to land. Flying low due to poor visibility, they sight an RAF base with a runway lighted by oil fires paralleling the runway. They could not get the nose wheel down but the main gear was down and locked. They were almost to the runway when they lost further power. At this point I imagine the only thought was to get this baby on the ground!

The pilot pointed the nose down at the farm country below and settled down in a snow covered field. With the nose wheel up, he ploughed up the field for next year's crop! The nose section acted as a big scoop, filling the front section of the aircraft with snow and mud! The main gear finally dropped into a big ditch and brought the ship to a halt. No one was seriously injured. They found the farmer's house and the RAF sent an ambulance for them.

Do you believe in the "luck of the Irish?" Well, the pilot's name was Jack O'Reagan, the navigator was Malcolm "Mac" Shealy. The aircraft was the 752nd Bomb Squadron's "Here I Go Again." She never went ashore and was salvaged at Bridlington, Yorkshire. Just another day on the job. (Oh Yeah?)



491st BOMB GROUP THE LAST AND THE BEST the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Harold Fritzler

San Diego

B-24 50th Anniversary

Departed Portland Sunday afternoon, Sept. 17th, for an overnight stay at Ray and Betty Snook's home near Oregon City. Ray, radio operator in the 853rd Sqdn. and I spent the evening viewing the video of the Ft. Worth B-24 50th Anniversary. After early breakfast the next morning, we were on our way south down Interstate 5. Our objective for the night was Los Altos, to which we drove via the now famous earthquake highway 880. Bill and Margarette Clarey graciously hosted us with dinner and lodging at their home in Los Altos. After dinner, Bill (492nd VP), Ray and I recounted war stories, looked at wartime memorabilia, and Bill's collection of models and mementos of 35 years service with United Airlines. Early the next morning after a good breakfast, we thanked and bid our hosts adieu; we were on our way south to the freeway battles.

Arriving in beautiful San Diego at dusk on Tuesday, we made our way to Lakeside where we would be domiciled for the next few days.

The Liberator legend began 50 years ago at the Consolidated plant right here in San Diego.

Wednesday was registration day with exhibits, Miramar tour and the welcome party. Optional tours to the Queen Mary, Spruce Goose, Universal Studios, Zoo, Mexico, and Harbor Cruises were available.

Included in the main ballroom along with exhibits and seminars was a ball turret as well as the gallery of Liberator units.

The 2ADA booth was located in the PX area near the pool, manned by Bud and Mike Chamberlain. At the door was a mock-up of the flexible 50 cal. MG complete with computing sight. Comments overheard were, "We never had computing sights on waist guns."

Thursday was THE DAY! Off to Lindbergh Field adjacent to the Convair plant. Cameras and camcorders at the ready, all eyes scanned the eastern sky for the first glimpse of the Lib. The roof of the Convair main building was alive with employees from within. "There she is." B-24 types went wild as the beautiful Lib swept across the field for a soft landing as whirring cameras recorded the event. Abandoning their waiting positions, everyone rushed up to the chain link perimeter fence for a closer look. She was new and shiny with red cowlings. Engines idling smoothly, up taxied the Collings "All American" B-24J, top hatch open, displaying the flag. The gate opened and she was brought in for a hands-on look. Bomb bay doors and side panels were inscribed with honor crew listings.

Everyone remembered how small the inside was. We've gotten bigger, especially around the waistline. How did we ever manage to run between the stanchions in the bomb bay in full flying gear? I went the whole route from camera hatch through the waist around the ball turret through the bomb bay and out. Then I entered by the nose wheel and one more time crawled through to the flight deck past the APU (Putt-Putt). It was tough but I made it.

A symposium about the "Lady Be Good" of Sahara Desert fame was held where family members of the crew were in attendance.

The Aerospace Museum was the site of a well-attended Stage Door Canteen Party. Plenty of food and drink, Forties music and access to the many exhibits. The museum covers the period from the dawn of aviation up through WWII and beyond including the Fokker Triplane, Spirit of St. Louis, Zero, and SBD. Suspended over the open courtyard where the party was held was a Navy PBV.

Action videos of Liberators in combat were being shown continually. You could relive it all once again.

We were treated to a special show at Sea World with killer whales drenching the first ten rows with their performance. Dinner was served as Bob Crosby's band played wartime music.

A memorial service was held at beautiful Balboa Park on Sunday.

It's estimated that 700 B-24 aficionados were in attendance at the Lib Anniversary event.



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

One of the visitors at the Fort Worth celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 was Lee A. Doolittle of Couer D'Alene, Idaho, who discovered the 2nd ADA and signed on as a member. Lee, who served in the 392nd BG, related an experience which occurred at Wendling on 5 December 1943: "...a B-24 caught fire in the parking area. I think someone was refueling the put-put while it was running, which was a no-no. Our crew arrived with tankers, foam makers and the works, but there was no saving that B-24, it was too hot to handle. An adjacent B-24 looked like it could catch on fire. I got into it, started a couple of engines and moved it to a safer place in the weeds.

This was happening pretty close to the gasoline dump. A gas tanker just outside the dump caught on fire. While we tackled that, about a dozen bombs went off where the B-24 was burning (at that period bombs were stacked on the ground by the aircraft). I was pouring foam into the gas tanker's pumping unit with my back to the explo-

sion. It put me to the ground, hose and all. The tanker truck had big holes in it from the shrapnel... General Johnson came along and pitched right in. We finished our job, but I was pretty shaky for a few days..." On January 20, 1944, Lee was awarded the Soldier's Medal "...for heroism displayed at a bomber station in England, 5 December 1943..."

The 392nd Sacramento area summer picnic was held at the home of Milton and Mariam Henderson. Milton flew 19 missions with the 392nd before being shot down on the mission to Gotha, 24 February 1944. Stan Ralston, an intelligence staff NCO, prepared colorful banners for the occasion. Those in attendance were Bob and Jean Berger, Don and Anne Clover, Tom and Edna Gartner, Myron and Blanche Keilman, Bill and Vi Long, Sterling Fligge, Ed Holmes, Roland Sabourin, Harry White, and Milt and Mariam Henderson.

A beautifully planned and executed rededication ceremony was held Saturday, October 7, 1989 at the 392nd Bomb Group Memorial at Station 118, Wendling, Norfolk, England. The memorial site, originally dedicated in 1945, was enhanced by raising the obelisk, providing better drainage and enlarging the area to provide parking space. The additional space was a generous gift from Mr. & Mrs. Thomas

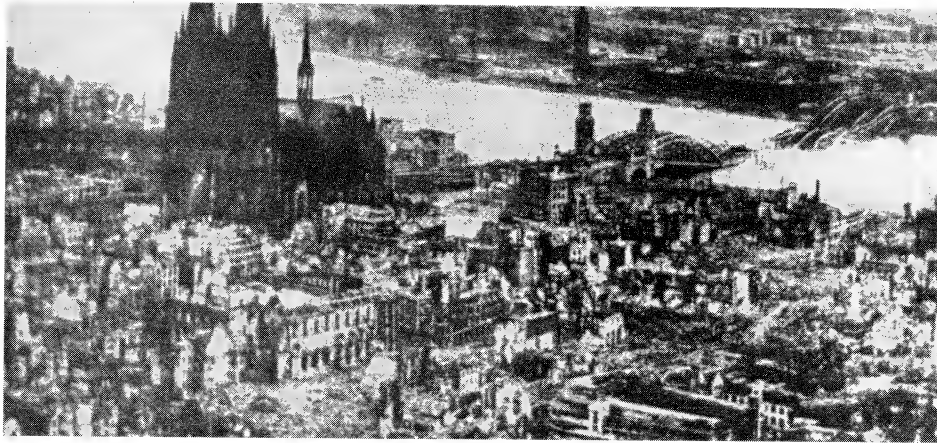
Scott, owners of the adjacent farm land.

The refurbishment and enlargement of the site was under the capable direction of Carroll W. Cheek, Chairman, and committee men Joseph Bush and Robert E. Lane, with the full support of 392nd BGMA President Lawrence G. Gilbert, directors and members. Dedicated to the 747 airmen who gave their lives and to all those who served with them, 30 heroes of the 392nd Bomb Group and their guests attended the ceremony. These included: Allen, Hank and Lil, Dick Allen; Case, Bill and Mary; Cheek, Carroll and Mabel, Michael Cheek, Jim and Kathleen Cheek Milby, Michael and Susan Cheek Needler; Conrad, John and Wanda; Dye, Charlie and Helen; Ebersole, Howard; Gilbert, Lawrence and Marjy, Lawrence Gilbert Jr., Anne Gilbert Brooks; Griffin, Dick; Gusciora, Al and Margaret, Cheryl Gusciora; Hamill, Bob; Henning, John; Hoover, Dick and Eleanor; Hunsaker, Ben and Gerry; Johnson, Del and Lucille; Kampfe, Roy; Keilman, Myron and Blanche; Larrick, Birdie; Long, J.D. and Emily; Longacre, Harold and Marjorie; Mackey, Oak and Maxine; MacTavish, Leroy and Mary; Malloy, John and Rebecca; Martin, Robert C., Jr.; Roberts, Keith and Pat; Rothrock, Cecil and Mary; Smith, Clyde and Shirley; Urban, Jack; Vaughan, Henry; Whittaker, Joe; and Wilkins, Bob.

How We Spent V-E Day

by Ralph Elliott

As printed in the Gilman (Ill.) Star in July 1943



These are the ruins of Cologne

I thought perhaps it might be of some interest to the folks there to hear how several thousand of us in the Eighth Air Force spent V-E Day. (Actually both May 7 and May 8). We had been expecting the end of the war for some time, since our bombing came to an end several days ago. Even then we had to go way down to the Alps to find targets. So we knew the end was coming shortly and were "sweating it out" the same as everyone else.

In the last two and a half years the Eighth has unloaded ton after ton of bombs. In France, after it was liberated, we got to see some of our results. Air fields had been put out of use, refineries burned out, and factories were well wrecked. However, we knew that the devastation still didn't compare with the area along the Rhine River and in the Ruhr Valley.

Then, just before V-E Day, plans came through from higher headquarters to allow us to "tour" the Rhine area with ten ground men per ship as passengers. You can well imagine we were looking forward to it, and it turned out just as planned, only better.

The morning of May 7 found twenty-four skeleton bomber crews — pilot, copilot, navigator, engineer and radio operator — plus nearly two hundred and forty officers and enlisted men of our ground personnel, assembled for briefing. Take-off time was 1200 (noon) and as usual we made our times good, thirty seconds between ships off the runway.

I was leading the first three-ship element, and by the time we crossed the coast out of England both of my wing men (Jones & Ercegovac) were in position. They both flew wide on this trip so that they could show their passengers anything they happened to see of special interest.

We crossed the Belgian coast at Ostend at 1000 feet and, as the weather was beautiful, visibility was perfect. It remained so all day. There were still a few old bomb craters visible, but little damage had been done.

Our route took us over Bruges, Brussels, and Ghent and we went over the center of each. We knew by then it was V-E Day

because there were flags on everything; the black, yellow, and red of Belgium, the French Tri-color, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and half a dozen I couldn't recognize. All the big smoke stacks were covered and store fronts were a blaze of color. Where all the flags came from I'll never know; maybe they'd been hidden during the occupation.

Our route took us from Ghent and Brussels across the German border near Luxembourg, on down to Mannheim. At the German border we could see the "dragon's teeth" of the Siegfried Line, and every so often we passed burned out tanks and trucks. We could tell where a fight had taken place from the tank tracks in the fields and the holes where the tanks had been dug in. Some hills had bomb craters on them where medium or fighter bombers had helped out — which side they helped we couldn't know. The country across Belgium is quite flat, but as we got into Germany it began to get hilly and proved to be well wooded. There weren't many good roads with the exception of the famous German Autobahns and those are really good. Most of them are 4-lane highways with a wide grass strip down the middle. They seemed to have been little damaged and we saw plenty of traffic (ours) on them.

The first big German city we saw was Mannheim, one of the Eighth AF main targets. The railroad marshalling yards had been largely repaired but the houses near the yards were a mess. Fifty percent of the city will have to be rebuilt, I should guess. Just south of Mannheim lies the old German university city of Heidelberg. We missed it this trip, but I saw it several weeks ago and it is little damaged.

Next "stop" was Hanau, also badly hit. When you remember that this route covered the main industrial area of Western Germany, you get the feeling the "mess" has only begun and our feeling really proved correct. We flew down through a valley from Hanau to Frankfurt, following an autobahn and a railway, and we were hardly prepared for what we saw as we swung in over the city.

The Main River runs through the center of town, but to get from one side to the other must require a bit of swimming, because all of the bridges were down and not even a footbridge was left. Some were completely demolished, and others had just one span blown out at each end. Very likely the Germans had done that. The main railway station was in the center of the city and was as big as any in Chicago. However the resemblance ended there, because this one had no roof on it. We circled at about 500 feet and it all appeared as a blackened mess of steel girders. All of the rail cars were burned out, and even the repair crews couldn't make it look normal again.

This time the whole city was plastered with craters and nearly every house was badly damaged. It rather amazed us to see a big, modern apartment building still standing and in good condition among all the rubble. However, we saw things like that many times and couldn't help but wonder at it. As we followed the Main River up to where it emptied into the Rhine we saw more evidence of heavy bombing, and, from there on up, the Rhine was filled with sunken barges and river steamers. At one place only the two funnels of some tug were out of the water.

We passed Mainz and Wiesbaden past wrecked bridges and factories and turned north at Bingen where hills rose sharply and almost caught me too low. I banked steeply and headed down the river with hills rising on both sides of us, and I soon had to climb several hundred feet to make the bends in the river. That stretch up to Coblenz was the most beautiful I saw all day. The banks were steep and thickly wooded and on either side were old medieval castles. Some were old ruins covered with vines and bushes, but others were well kept. I couldn't help but wish I could land for a few hours and see some of those places closer.

At Coblenz the hills dropped sharply away again to a nearly level plain with factories on both sides of the river. I had seen the city before, but under not nearly so pleasant circumstances. I remembered a certain bridge at Coblenz and took a good look at where it HAD been. The day we went over at 20,000 feet I never expected to

(continued on page 28)



Frankfort, Germany

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

Before you read the following article by Joe Whittaker, get out your Fall 1989 issue of the Journal and look at the cover. Joe flew his missions with the 392nd and was then brought to Ketteringham Hall to be the Division Bombardier. He has been an ardent supporter of the 2nd ADA for many years.

Some Memories of 2AD Low Level Supply Mission of 24 March 1945

by Joseph B. Whittaker

By command of Major General William Kepner, Special Order #74, dated 15 March 1945, the following officers and enlisted men were to proceed to Station Y-47 for the purpose of attending a meeting: Colonel Robert H. Terrill, Lt. Col. Carl B. Barthel, Lt. Col. Joseph B. Whittaker, Major Charles H. Salisbury and Sgt. George H. Munro, all from the Planning Operations Staff.

A few days later we flew to Brussels, Belgium in the Norseman, and went directly to the Place D'Lopra on the square. Security was tight by S.H.A.A.F., as this was the briefing command on a top secret mission. The 2nd Air Division was to drop supplies at low levels to the American and British assault areas in Operation Varsity!!! No, not again!!!

The briefing took a few hours and we returned to our Norseman to fly back to England. Colonel Terrill, prior to boarding, checked his briefcase, then turned to Charles Salisbury asking him if he had the Top Secret Field Order. No, answered Charlie, then Carl and I gave a negative response also. The staff car ride back to the briefing site was fast and the Field Order was recovered.

Planning at Headquarters was meticulous as we were all reminded of the first low level resupply mission of 18 September 1944 for the U.S. Airborne Forces in Holland. We lost 7 aircraft and 61 men, caused by murderous ground fire.

On these missions the supplies were dropped successfully. However, again, extremely heavy ground fire caused the loss of 14 aircraft and 116 men. It was a sad and shocked night in our Operations Room when these losses were reported. The General's briefing by intelligence and operations the following morning was a solemn one. There were no more low level missions flown by 2nd Air Division in WWII.

The B-24 Liberator was a great aircraft for high level strategic bombing accuracy as was shown by 2AD bombing results throughout WWII.

Reflecting back almost fifty years ago, none of us wanted to order our force to fly at an altitude of 300' to 400' over enemy lines. One wishes that the lost Field Order had not been recovered and those low level missions never carried out. It was a privilege to have been part of the Planning Operations Staff at 2AD Headquarters, but there are some rough memories.

Continued Friendship

by John L. Sanders (HQ)

My story could be told by hundreds of 2ADA members. The friendships that were established by the American armed forces and the British people, both military and civilian, were a source of camaraderie and also made cooperation for coordinated military operations much easier. These friendships also eased the homesickness of many a G.I. The genuine friendliness of the British people toward us made our stay "away from home" more bearable and has resulted in our on-going mutual love and respect between the people of our two great nations.

My experience began when I was introduced to two British families by a fellow serviceman, Bill Coburn, who was assigned to the Corps of Engineers. Bill's duties brought him into contact with a Mr. Ralph who was a civil engineer for the city of Norwich, having been wounded at Dunkirk and subsequently mustered out of service. The Ralphs invited Bill to their home and also invited him to bring along some fellow soldiers — that's where I came in.

The Ralphs' close friends and next door neighbors were the Wiltshires. The Ralphs had a daughter about 12 years old and a son around 5 years old. The Wiltshire family consisted of Jim, the father who was an officer in the Royal Navy; Greta, the mother; Juliet, a ten year old; and Nita, five years old. Also, their "Gran," a lovable sweet lady, Mrs. Chandler.

On many of our "days off" we would spend the day with one or both families. They shared their meager fare with us — home baked tarts, tea, biscuits, etc. We, in turn, shared P.X. treats — candy bars, gum, etc. I was married and our daughter was born just before I left for overseas. I didn't get to see her until the war ended and I returned home. I'm sure I bored them with stories of how smart and cute my daughter was, sharing the progress with each letter from home.

One incident which I had forgotten but was reminded of by Nita — one time I came to visit them and there were seven kids present, and, alas, I had brought but one stick of gum. Resorting to the "wisdom of Solomon" I took my pocket knife and evenly divided one stick of "Juicy Fruit" into seven equal parts.

After returning home after the war, we kept in touch by letter for a while. We even had a recording of our daughters — two of them by now — and sent it to them. But, as time passed and we moved and the two British families also moved, we lost contact, assuming that we would never see them again. But fate has a way of making things happen.

My wife, Janice, and I discovered the 2ADA and went to England in 1983. Of course, one of the first things I did when we arrived at Norwich was to check the telephone directory. I found Wiltshire listed and made the call. A young lady answered and I told her my mission. She said, "I have heard of you. The Wiltshires had a son about five years after the war and he is my husband." Jim, the father, had passed away but Greta, the mother, still lived in Norwich as did Nita. Janice and I took a

taxi and went to see Greta and Nita came over also. What a wonderful reunion and rekindling memories and bringing out old photographs!

Juliet, the eldest daughter, was a nurse in London and we talked with her by phone. It was like getting to visit with long lost family.

We visited them on the next reunion. Sadly, Greta, the mother, was in failing health, but we visited her in the nursing home. She passed away a short time later.

Well, to make matters *better*, this summer Juliet and Nita came to visit us in Texas. What a wonderful time we had! We saw "South Fork" — you know, where they film "Dallas." They shopped in a large western wear store — those English ladies can shop! Since Juliet had been a nurse for over 30 years, we visited a hospital or two, one of which was our Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children. She was impressed with it. We had a Texas barbecue. They got to meet Jeff Gregory of the 467th who did the brisket and Jordan Uttal, who treated us to a brunch at a Dallas Country Club. On Sunday, they attended church with us at our Baptist Church.

After four or five days with us, we drove to San Antonio, a beautiful and fun city. They really enjoyed Mexican food and did more shopping at the Mexican market.

We did the River Walk, saw the Alamo and Spanish missions, more shopping — by now I thought their suitcases were nailed to the floor!

After San Antonio, we put them on the plane to New Orleans, from there to Orlando, Florida and Epco. Then it was back to New York and on to London.

Both of them have phoned us from England. It was cold and raining and they were homesick for Texas. What charming lovable ladies! So a friendship that began in the dark years of World War II has been rekindled and become a source of happiness.

That's the way it is with us "Yanks & British." A friendship to be continued...

B-24 Memorial Dedication Plans

On Thursday, December 7, 1989, 1100 hours at the United States Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, dedication of a memorial marker and tree will be made commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Liberator and the many who produced, supported, crewed, and flew this legendary warplane during World War II.

This brief formal ceremony will take place on the Memorial Park site grounds of the museum at 11:00 A.M. sharp.

The dedication honors will be preceded by a short opening program commencing at 1030 hours inside the museum building theater.

All persons of any group, unit or organization ever associated with the B-24 and its history, including the general public, are cordially invited to attend this one-time, no-host, dedication milestone event.

Business Meeting (continued from page 30)

press, TV, and other media to constantly get our "story" publicized, our Association activities, our search for "lost members," and our "last mission" Memorial; and ongoing correspondence (both domestic and international), book-keeping and financial affairs, and organization procedural work, such as general administration, computer/data processing of records, roster upkeep, etc.

2. Add to all this, our special extra initiatives for 1989: participating in the B-24 anniversary celebrations (Fort Worth and San Diego); the American Librarian fund drive; the establishment of an "awards program," the home release program to promote public awareness of our members and activities in their home media; and our long range planning project, aimed at setting up goals, objectives, alternatives, to chart our Association's future path through the coming decades.

All this we are doing; an ongoing, monumental job, being well done, quietly, without fanfare, by dedicated people. Your Association is truly "in good hands!"

H. Report of the General Committees:

1. Heritage League:

The Heritage League reports a healthy bank balance; an ever increasing membership; and the successful establishment of a quarterly Journal. A major project started this year is the providing of children's books for the Memorial Library in England.

2. Public Relations:

The Director reported good media coverage of this convention, as well as last year's at Colorado Springs. He is pleased with the help from the members in spreading the word of the Association and its activities in their home areas, and indicated that continued effort needs to be expended in this area.

In answer to a question from the floor, he explained that he has press kits available for this purpose, and they are available to members for the asking.

The director moved to have the Public Relations report accepted; it was seconded and motion carried.

3. Report of the Nominating Committee:

The chairman reported that in addition to the slate to be proposed, there were many names of excellent people reviewed by the Committee; these form a valuable cadre for next year's choices.

The Committee presented the following names in nomination:

President, Francis DiMola
Executive Vice-President, Richard Kennedy
Vice-President, Membership & Conventions,
Evelyn Cohen
Vice-President, Journal, Bill Robertie
Treasurer, Dean Moyer
Secretary, David Patterson

In addition, the Committee chose Vice-Presidents from the following Bomb Groups to serve on the Executive Committee for the coming year: 445th, 491st, and 489th. The President brought the nomination for each position to the floor for additional nominees; there being none, the slate was accepted as presented.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee then presented the name of Jordan Uttal for the position of Honorary President of the Association; a position occupied by only one prior individual. Mr. Uttal was unanimously voted in to this esteemed position.

I. General Business:

1. Old Business: None was presented.

2. New Business:

Mr. Grossman (445th BG) asked that a life membership program be considered. The President informed him that the Executive Committee had just this week studied this proposition in depth, and had again, as last year, decided against it, because of the extra workload it would place on the already hard-working staff, all of whom are volunteers.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, the meeting was adjourned at 11:02 A.M.

David G. Patterson
Secretary

Life Memberships

The Executive Committee has studied this concept in depth over the past several years. The Committee recognizes the benefit to the individual who might enroll; however, the resulting detrimental effects on the Association as a whole has caused the Committee to decide against it. Several reasons are involved:

1. The extra workload of bookkeeping and administration would impose too much burden on an already hard-working staff, all of whom are volunteers.
2. The annual dues notice doubles up as a once-a-year personal, individual contact between the Vice-President, Membership, and each member. This has proven to provide a valuable pipeline to convey personal information (family health, death notices, personal comments, suggestions, etc.)
3. The dues notice also provides an annual reminder, and an easy way, for members to remember our Memorial, and enlarge their dues check to include a Memorial contribution.

2nd Air Division Association Conventions

Have you always wanted to attend one of our Conventions, but have felt you could never afford it?

If so, if you have a burning desire, if you are a loyal 2nd ADA member, if this is your No. 1 dream, write to Evelyn Cohen, explaining why you would like to go.

You may be a lucky winner in a drawing for one of the four all-expense paid trips to our Norwich 1990 Convention, paid for courtesy of your Association. These are for members only (not including spouses), to help those who know a trip to any of our Conventions would be out of financial reach otherwise.

Write her now!



Dear Evelyn:

I've organized a reunion of the crew I was a co-pilot in. All are living but two. Our bombardier Jack Smith is not in the picture because he was assigned later. I've also enclosed the "Secret Orders" I sent out to the crew members. Thought you might be interested in it. We were in the 392nd Bomb Group and our plane was called the Windy Belle.

Keep up your fine dedication.

Lorn Matelski

— SECRET —
FOR AUTHORIZED EYES ONLY
HEADQUARTERS
Station 118
APO 558

SOCIAL ORDER #1: 31 July 1989

Expediter Lorn "Swede" Matelski announced today the Flight of U-2 to La Quinta Motor Inn in Memphis, Tennessee, on 20 and 21 October 1989 under the following BATTLE CONDITIONS:

1. Purpose of Mission: Fellowship
2. Target: Cocktails and Solid Fuel
3. Strike Time: 1800 Hours (6:00 P.M.)
2300 ZULU
4. Ignite Engines: Same as 3 —
No Flame-outs
5. Rendezvous Point: Lounge at
La Quinta Motor Inn
6. All high fliers will be expected to be at maximum altitude by 1 hour after strike time.
7. Gliders are not evident due to the lack of landing area at La Quinta Motor Inn.
8. Aircraft can be camouflaged in various types of paints, rouges, beads, mascara, attire - some skimpily.
9. Communication may become garbled.
10. Fuel consumption will be liquid as well as solid.
11. Blind flying will not be permitted, but may be evident upon withdrawal from strike zone.
12. Fighters will not be evident unless some take on too much liquid fuel.
13. Photos are being requested of previous events, family or documentation.

This is an all out effort to celebrate the reunion of John B. Howenstein's Crew after the lapse of 44+ years.

Donald B. Christopher
Lorn Matelski
Mission Commanders

Dear Bill:

Sometimes things happen that seem to grab your mind and restore a portion of your memory. This happened to me and stimulated this letter. I had promptly read my Summer '89 copy of the Journal without recognition of any reported events that directly affected my life and then filed it away.

Yesterday, to find the date of the Hilton Head Island event, I again reviewed that issue. On page 6 was an article by Paul



Homan (448th) entitled "The Low Level Mission of 24 March 1945." For the first time I really looked closely at the crew members' picture. To my surprise, Neil McCluhan's picture was a haunting vision of the past, but why?

On 26 February 1945, I would fly my first mission as an instructor pilot for a newly arrived crew. I no longer was the co-pilot for the Earl Furnace crew (448th BG, 713th BS) but an instructor pilot. Wow! What a thrill for a young man who had turned twenty at the 489th BG in November and would soon be going home to small town Iowa.

I arrived at the briefing room and was introduced to my mission crew. Back came the curtain indicating the where, when and how of our mission. In my limited diary this appears: "I really just about bowed over when I saw Berlin as the target. The target was a railroad station in the north part of town. The target was bombed H2X thru 10/10 clouds with moderate to intense flak over the city. The mission was eight hours long and we carried 4 M-17s and 8 R.D.X. 500 lb. bombs. I flew with a new crew checking them out. The pilot is from Nebraska."

I spent over ten hours with Neil McCluhan and his crew on the 26th of February 1945, so I hope I contributed something to their success. However, it is apparent that Neil's diary is much more complete than mine, so maybe what I don't know won't hurt me. Ha! Perhaps he may have reported it as the second most dangerous mission he was on, not for the target factors, but because he was in the hands of a "Friar" instead of higher authority.

I am certainly sorry that this article appeared after his death so I cannot identify myself to him today!

T.L. Friar
RR #2
Lake Ponderosa U2L90
Montezuma, IA 50171

Dear Ms. Cohen:

The other day I had a long chat with the gentleman who does duty at the Memorial Library in Norwich. I explained my interest in USA and aviation and he gave me the 2nd Air Division brochure and put me in touch with Dennis Duffield at Scarning.

I joined the RAF in 1941 as a cadet pilot and was very fortunate to be sent to Miami, OK for flight training, arriving there in December and leaving in June '42 to return to England. The British Flying Training School was operated by Spartan Aeronautics of Tulsa, and was staffed by American civilians, except for an RAF Wing Commander, Flight Lieutenant and Flight Sergeant. We cadets wore a khaki drill "uniform" and our only piece of RAF uniform was our cap! There were five other BFTSs in the US, in Arizona, Florida and so on, and I believe that each school produced about 2,000 pilots for the RAF - and in later courses (after I had left) a number of American cadets qualified for USAF wings.

We British cadets were shown wonderful hospitality by the people of Miami, OK and in fact we have recently renewed our contacts with Miami and its citizens because we have the BFTS Association which has set up visits both ways across the Atlantic. Next year our Miami friends come here for a tour of UK, and in 1991 we go again to Miami to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of 3 BFTS in 1941. On that occasion we shall make a presentation to the city of Miami, in the form of a display at their museum, to mark and record the bonds which were forged between them and us. Bonds of friendship and of common interest and endeavour.

It has just occurred to me that some of your pilot members may even have trained at BFTS!!

RC Leighton-White
Brecklands
Elmham Road
Beetley
Dereham NR20 4BW
U.K.

Dear Bill:

I am a Liberator nut, and a great deal of my spare time is spent foraging around the airfields here in Norfolk from where they flew. One of my hobbies is painting the squadron insignia the aircrews wore on their A-2 jackets. I need to enlist the help of the 2nd AD Journal readers, some of whom will know me as I have taken several aircrews back to their bases through Tony North at Norwich Memorial Library. Most squadron insignia are in the books at the Library but some are not. It may be that some squadrons did not have insignia, that's where I need your readers' help.

The Bomb Groups I want to know about are 446th Attlebridge, 389th Hethel, 445th Tibenham, 453rd Old Buckingham, 489th Halesworth and 492nd North Pickenham - a pencil drawing of the patches with colors if possible or better still, a photo which I will gladly pay for or send a return photo of the finished patch. I will do my best to answer every letter sent. I hope to do the whole of the 2nd AD and have them on show at the 1990 reunion. The groups I have done are the 44th, 93rd, 392nd, 446th, 448th, 458th, 467th and 491st. The patches are painted on 5" leather discs (see photos).

Paul J. Wilson
2 Aylmer Tower
Milecross
Norwich NR3 2NZ
England



The 703rd Squadron Tibenham is the only one I know of that group. The 801st patch here was taken from the 788th Squadron Rackheath and changed during their posting to Harrington.

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

After returning from the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 Liberator in Fort Worth, Texas this year, I am convinced that the famous old B-24 Liberator war bird is deserving of all the recognition that it can get. So maybe one more picture of a license plate in the Journal won't hurt.

We drive to most all 2nd Air Division and 8th Air Force Historical Society reunions and that gives my license plate B24-ETO very good exposure.

Herman S. Garner
1245 Fairview Drive
Lexington, NC 27292

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Earlier this year I joined the 2nd ADA after a friend advised me that the military service magazines report the reunion information. I had not been in contact with any of my former B-24 crew members since September 1944.

As a consequence of my joining the 2nd ADA, I have been able to locate the other officers in my old crew, but have been unable to locate any of the enlisted men. We hope that by publishing the crew picture we could locate the others.

We trained as a crew in Alamogordo, New Mexico and Charleston, South Carolina in November and December of 1943 and January 1944. We picked up a new B-24J at Mitchell Field, New York in early February 1944 and flew to Grottaglie, Italy via Fortaleza, Brazil and Dakar, West Africa. After flying 17 missions in Italy



Front row (l-r): Robert C. Hagan, navigator; Matt C. Reynolds, bombardier; Wilmer E. Goad, pilot; Donald L. Farrar, co-pilot. Back row (l-r): James C. Flowe, AROG; Anthony A. Raschi, AEG; William D. Crist, AAEG; Samuel Sherkin, ROG; Glenn R. Copeland, AAG; Jack W. Dougan, AG.

with the 716th Squadron, 449th Bomb Group of the 15th Air Force we were transferred to the 715th Squadron, 448th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force and arrived in England a few days before "D" Day. We flew 20 missions in England and returned to the United States in September 1944.

W.E. Goad
2490 First Oklahoma Tower
210 West Park Avenue
Oklahoma City, OK 73102

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Dear Ms. Cohen:

On behalf of my wife Joan and daughter Sarah, many thanks for your letter, and for making such great efforts to get us a B-24 Liberator badge for our collection. We are very grateful to you for sending us the badge; this will most certainly be pinned in a prominent position in our collection.

And more thanks to you, as we have just received a lovely letter from Mr. Geoff Gregory, president of the 467th Bomb Group. This was thanks to your passing on our letter and newspaper cutting of our badge collection, and he has very kindly sent us 2 badges, one of which is of the 467th Bomb Group. It's really great that you have made this possible for us.

It's really amazing how our collection of badges has taken us "across the world" so to speak. An awful lot of hard work and effort must have been put in by a lot of people to get the 2nd Air Division Association into such a strong position, and with the help of video recordings, etc. of various meetings and reunions, this should all help to keep the memories going for a long time into the future, not forgetting the Norwich Central Library with its Memorial Section to the 2nd Air Division, U.S. 8th Air Force.

Fred, Joan & Sarah Feek
School Bungalow
White Woman Lane
Sprowston
Norwich, Norfolk

+ + + +

28 Missions — The Hard Way

by John S. Davis

Mainz, Germany meant little to me the morning of September 9, 1944. I believe our target was to be the railroad marshalling yards. This was to be my twenty-eighth mission over enemy territory. As we came in on the bomb run, the flak started bursting around us. The plane rocked from the force of the explosions. I remember looking up and seeing an angry black burst directly overhead. I thought, they are really close today and seem to be directly in line with our flight path.

Suddenly there was an explosion and the aircraft started down immediately. It must have been a direct hit. We were going straight down, because I could see the group of planes that we were leading passing overhead and I was on my back. At that moment, I figured the end had come. I didn't know fear, only sadness. As I saw those planes passing overhead it was like saying goodbye to everything. This was the end. I felt sad that I wouldn't be going back to England that day, and that I would never see my family again. It is amazing how calm you can be when certain death seems imminent.

For the next few moments (or was it minutes), I have no recollection of what happened. The only thing I know is that a certain calmness came over the plane. There was something strange, too, because everything was unbelievably quiet and the aircraft had leveled off. It was then that the instinct for survival came to me. That power in man is hard to believe until you have actually experienced it.

My turret was turned and when I used my hydraulic controls, I got no response. I was trapped. In desperation I pushed against the fuselage of the plane and the turret turned. I tumbled out of the turret, forgetting to unfasten my oxygen hose and the various other connections. I hastily unfastened everything and turned around. I couldn't believe my eyes. Where the radio

shack and the bomb bay was supposed to be was nothing but blue sky. The ship had apparently been hit in the bomb bay and the force of the explosion had broken her in half. I was in half an airplane.

Then I spied our two waist gunners, Gabe Latsko and Dale Stensrud, sprawled out on the floor. I stole a quick glance out the waist window, I could have looked out the broken end of course, to get an idea of our altitude. I would guess we were probably around seven thousand feet. I then reached down and pulled the flak vests off the both of them. Flak vests were composed of strips of metal, sewn in a heavy canvas-type fabric that was supposed to offer protection against anti-aircraft fire.

As Gabe and Dale started to struggle to their feet, I spied their chest chutes lying on the floor among a mass of debris. I sometimes wonder what I would have done if I had only found one chute. I handed them their chutes and they attached them to their parachute harnesses. Ordinarily these chutes were not worn in the plane because of their bulkiness. Being in the tail turret, I wore a backpack, so we were all set to jump.

For a moment, I considered moving the debris that covered the escape hatch, but Dale had already started to make his move and it was one that Gabe and I followed. Dale, though he appeared to be wounded badly, simply walked off the end of the plane into space. I never did see his chute open and never saw him again. He was eventually listed as killed in action. I then followed Dale and Gabe came after me. My chute opened OK and so did Gabe's. Gabe and I landed near the anti-aircraft batteries that had shot us down and we were captured immediately by the troops manning the batteries.

Incidentally, while we were assigned to the 489th Bomb Group, we were leading the 448th that day.

Folded Wings

44th

Lyndon C. Allen
Charles J. Brown
Fred J. Clayton
Judge Leo D. Crooks
Ralph I. Lipper
Donald Maule
Eugene T. Simonds
John A. Walsh

93rd

Charles W. Berdo
Capt. Robert A. Hill, Jr.
Robert W. Reese
Edmund R. Teliczan

392nd

Willis L. Greaser
Harold E. Hickok
Thomas J. Lips

445th

John Arrington
Col. William M. Williams
Edgar Lowe

446th

George D. Barbary
Howard L. Phillips
Edward Sayian
Arthur A. Darrigrand
Joyce Estevas (Assoc. Member)

448th

Robert M. Williams
Harold W. Smith
William J. Southern
Thomas S. Tinney

453rd

Donald G. Schultz

458th

Gene F. Gabriel
Donald C. Jamison

466th

James V. Grace
W. Carl Bargmann
Arthur A. Kraft

467th

Ltc. Theodore Madden
Alvin Straub

491st

Shelton L. Cousins (Assoc. Member)
Salvatore T. Cusimmo

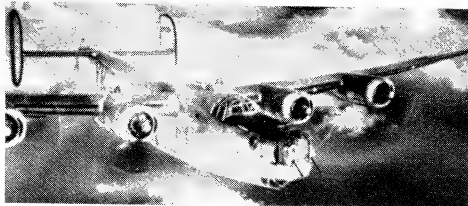
492nd

Robert Osborne

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

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94010

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Dear Bill:

As author of *Those Brave Crews*, an interesting by-product is the mail received, with one letter needing further exposure.

From Columbus, Texas, Lee Hall writes: "I do not know if you are aware, or if it is included in your book, a plane from the 329th, 93rd Bomb Group was the first plane to shoot down a jet. The gunner was firing at random, and the jet flew across his fire pattern. The gunner was "Pappy" Latimer of South Carolina; the pilot of the plane was a Captain Lange. Latimer should still be alive, he would be about 72 or 73 now, and he may not even know he was the first to do such."

Bill, since this is the kind of material I seek for a second volume of poetry on WWII AF experiences, I would like to locate "Pappy" and/or all persons who can supply me details about this particular flight and also a thumbnail sketch concerning this lucky-shot guy. Somebody reading the Journal might have such info. Meanwhile I am sending a copy of this to Byrd Lange on the assumption he may be the Captain Lange mentioned.

The book is doing extremely well, appreciative calls coming from as far off as London, England. For the record, the price is \$18.45 inclusive of postage and handling, check to my order. Believe me, I am not only deeply grateful for the expressions from my peers, but wish to thank you, Bill, for your informative write-up in the last issue of the Journal.

Ray Ward
432 Pennsylvania Avenue
Waverly, NY 14892

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

In answer to Jeff Gregory regarding "Families in the Service" (Fall 1989 issue):

I flew 30 missions with the 448th, 715th Sqdn, Oct. '45 to Jan. '45. My brothers: TOM - 1st Sgt. MP, USAAF (ETO); BILL - U.S. Navy Engineer on Sub Patrol, Air Personnel, Ventura (Pac.); BOB - U.S. Navy, Yeoman, Bomber (Pac.); DICK - U.S. Navy (Armed Guard) North Atlantic; GERALD - U.S. Navy Aircraft Carrier Long Island (Pac.); JOHN - U.S. Navy (Pac.) and myself. Sorry, but we had some Purple Hearts involved in our tours.

Keep up the good work, Bill, we do appreciate your efforts.

Francis X. Sheehan
17003 St. George Box 705
Mt. Clemens, MI 48044

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

One morning about 7:00 a.m. I was standing in a chow line at my base station 131 Nuthampsted, England, 398th Bomb Group and all eyes were direct skyward. It was the largest group of B-24s that we had ever seen over our base. It must have been an all out effort. Our B-17s had already left for the day's mission and the morning was unusually clear and cool.

Suddenly I noticed a B-24 dropping back in the formation. It must have been at about 6000 or 8000 feet and then the chutes started popping out. The chow line stopped moving and we counted 9 or 10 parachutes. The plane went on a few thousand yards and the right wing dropped slightly, putting it into a right turn. It then circled in a graceful manner at the edge of our base. We could not see any fire on board and it appeared that all four engines were turning. The crew all came down not too far from our bomb dump, and the plane circled several times before crashing and rocking the countryside with the explosion of a full load of fuel and bombs.

I never heard what happened to the crew or why they bailed out. I suppose that not remembering the date of this accident other than 1945 would preclude anyone being able to shed light on the particulars of this event?

Thomas V. Overturf
President, Arizona Chapter
The Eighth Air Force
Historical Society
3001 S. Hoffman Lane
Tucson, AZ 85730

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Richard Espinosa and I put the painting of "Delectable Doris" on David Tallichet's B-24 for the show at Fort Worth. M.O.S. Murphy and I did the original at Hethel in 1944 and this one is close to it as we could possibly get it.

T-shirts are available for \$18.00 each, including postage and handling, in sizes x-large, large, and medium. Order from:

Darrah — Delectable Doris
P.O. Box 1114
Moreno Valley, CA 92337

They are also available at the March Air Force Museum.

Harry H. Darrah

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Pete [Henry]:

Thanks for loaning me the 2ADA tapes I & II, "Remember Them" and "A Village Remembers" and "Eight Candles." Thirty-four people attended a squadron reunion in Salt Lake City September 21-24 and the gang really enjoyed them. We had three war brides, all from Norwich, and many tears flowed, especially from those least expected to be emotional.

It woke up a few slackers that may now join the 2ADA. They say a picture is worth a thousand words. All of the men were from the 463rd Sub Depot attached to the 389th at Hethel and we were there from June '43 until everyone left in '45. Thanks again.

George A. LaPrath

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦



Dear Bill:

I am sending a picture of me - the one on the left with no hat. I can't remember the other boys, I think their last names were Spalt (center) and Freedman (right). We hauled the boys from Seething to Norwich on the old bus. I worked in motor pool as did the other two.

I am always glad to get the Journal, I read it all from cover to cover.

Howard Gipe
420 Lenden
Sutherland, Neb. 69165

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Until I recently mentioned the Metfield bomb dump explosion (7-15-44), nothing was ever written. An excellent article and explanation appeared in May '89 Ringmaster's Log of the 491st. I hope the following will stir up some memories and/or explanations.

While flying with the 93rd prior to D-Day, we received instructions on use of poison gas bomb load: impregnated clothes, bomb bays painted yellow (or green) and switch oxygen to constant if paint changed color to green (or yellow) indicating a gas bomb was leaking. Can't recall which color was which! One squadron would be carrying the gas bomb load, but which was undetermined. If gas was used against our invading troops, that bomb load was to be dropped into Germany.

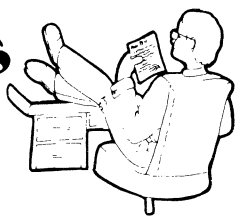
I moved to Metfield as a gunnery instructor after the beach head was secured. Flew an extra mission 6-12-44 because tours were suspended. On the base were painted cards which would indicate poison gas if color changed. Everyone was supposed to be carrying gas masks (not weekend supplies). Many a heart jumped into an open mouth when the dump blew up for fear that gas bombs were in the dump.

Any comments on gas bombs for D-Day or otherwise?

Joe Taddonio
9 Broadway Unit 211
Saugus, MA 01906

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Letters



Dear Bill:

Just received Fall 1989 Journal. Have read the "All American Rolls Out" article about four times which lists all the benefits for a donation but nowhere in the article does it list a telephone number or an address to send a donation to - somebody missed the I.P.

Please call or send telephone number and address to:

Charles L. Gibson
293 Russell Avenue
Suffield, CT 06078
Tel. (203) 668-2319

Charles Gibson

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

The 1989 Summer edition of the Journal surely produced some interesting and lively items. I say lively because it appears to me that several will be certain to generate some response.

May I, as an active member of the 448th BG, take particular exception to a statement in the article "The 448th Speaks." As a member of the Group and an attendee at the recent B-24 Reunion in Fort Worth, let me help correct the record by informing all interested 2nd ADA members that their Association was officially and actively represented at Fort Worth. A splendid booth was set up and manned throughout the event by top Association officers and Executive Committee members. All 2nd ADA members should be pleased to know that their banner also stood erect and proud. Please accept my apologies as a 448th Group member for the misleading statement. I hope it was just an error, caused perhaps, by poor timing. Turning now to an article authored by another member of the 448th, Howard R. Morton, entitled "Some Suggestions From a Member." Certainly we can all agree that Howard or anyone else is entitled to his own opinion and that the Journal provides a forum for the airing of same.

However, I personally find Howard's suggestion concerning Evelyn Cohen's "retirement" from her duties as Reunion planner, manager, etc., improperly presumptuous and completely out-of-bounds. The 2nd AD has a long history of arranging its own affairs, actually going back to those WWII years when many of us were "fortunate" enough to tour much of Fortress Europa, courtesy of the 2nd AD. As Howard noted, Evelyn has done and continues to do a wonderful job with Reunion arrangements and hopefully will continue to do so indefinitely. Bill, I feel that any decision concerning Evelyn's desire to "rest or slow down" should be

Evelyn's decision. I would hope all of us who have enjoyed so many reunions created by Evelyn would endorse this position. Howard, if it ain't broke - don't fix it! Let the 2nd ADA remain an "in house" association.

Howard also suggests he may have an effective way of generating adequate funding for the full-time American Librarian for our Memorial Room in Norwich. I am currently serving as a member of Jordan Uttal's 2nd ADA American Librarian Fund Committee. That committee is actively studying what techniques can best be employed in the raising of funds required to sustain a full-time American Librarian. I'm certain Jordan and the committee would welcome any solid, well thought out suggestions pertaining thereto.

So, Howard, my suggestion to you: send along your plan, in writing and in detail, to Jordan for consideration by the committee.

As a member of the 2nd ADA and the 448th BG, I fully recognize the heritage and strengths that made the 2nd AD and its Groups a documented success during our active service time in WWII and I also recognize that the 2nd ADA has dutifully maintained those treasured achievements in these many years following WWII. Let us all endeavor to keep that unity of purpose alive and healthy. (Amen - Ed.)

Richard M. Kennedy
P.O. Box 337
Malvern, PA 19355

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Thanks for publishing the picture of our crew in the Summer issue of the Journal. We have now located ten of eleven crew members who were on board when we crashed in Sweden after the 20 June '44 raid on Politz. Mrs. Suzanne Young is replacing her husband, Dr. (Lt. Col.) John D. Young, who was with us that day. He recently passed away. We are still looking for T/Sgt. Robert H. Rumery.

I want to thank the two individuals who called me after seeing the article, but unfortunately I have misplaced one name - a young man from Ohio gave us a lead on working through the V.A. Every vet has a V.A. number and your local V.A. office can provide it. They won't tell you where a person lives, but if you write the veteran a letter and enclose it in a stamped envelope with his name only on the front, they will add his address. Send everything to:

V.A. Processing Center
P.O. Box 5020
St. Louis, MO 63115

The other gentleman, Perry Kerr, called me from Texas where he had located Sgt. Eugene Garner in Irving, TX. This fellow is a former member of the 466th and claims he can locate anyone in Texas.

Thanks to both of you for your help.

Ralph Leslie
3301 Rolling Woods Drive
Palm Harbor, FL 34683

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bud [Chamberlain]:

It was a pleasure to meet you at San Diego on 22 Sept. '89, and it was a fortunate meeting because you offered to drive me to the reunion dinner.

Perhaps the best thing, though, was your advising me to write to Tony North concerning our planned trip to England. It is too bad other visitors to Norwich don't know, or have not been advised to write to Tony, because without meeting Tony, their trip is incomplete. With advance notice Tony can prepare, and literally "roll out the red carpet" for visitors. I want to get the word out to anyone who might plan to visit Norwich to write to Tony. Because I had taken your advice, Tony had brought out a collection of photos, including a photo of the "nose art" on "E. Pluribus Aluminum" that we brought back to Bradley Field, Hartford, Conn. which he gave to me. It was a duplicate photo, and I'm sure he would give a photo to anyone who gave him time to prepare for their visit.

Again, anyone who plans to visit Norwich should follow your advice and let our friends there know of their plans. Thank you for advising me to write to them.

John E. Mahoney
Brookfield, WI

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

Reading the 2AD Journal, Summer '89, was a first-time experience for me. I was with the 93rd. Finished my tour with the 328th Sq. in April '45.

It was with great humility and amusement that I read Allen's "Loop a B-24." I did my turn(s) in the "Ball" after (and perhaps during) his time. Like his co-pilot, it took experience and thought (?) to like a heavy. I used to rack the "Ball" too but couldn't make a fighter out of it. Strangely, I always wondered why the "Ball" complained so much. After reading Allen and recalling how many other clowns must have done similar things, I can now understand why she used to creak and groan so much. Today we might think she was "stressed-out."

Dave Carpenter

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Bill:

After all these years I have found the 2ADA and my old Bomb Group. I talked to Chuck Weiss via amateur radio and he gave me all the information on the Association and the old 93rd BG. Have just received the current Journal and it is excellent.

I am writing to you in the hope that one of your members may have information on the whereabouts of our Navigator, James A. Wright. His WWII address was Memphis, Tenn. and he served with the 409th Sqdn, 93rd BG from Feb. to Aug. 1944.

Calvin Davidson
48973 Plate Road
Oberlin, Ohio 44074

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

42nd Annual Business Meeting

Second Air Division Association, 8th USAAF

Saturday, November 4, 1989 • Hyatt Regency Hotel, Hilton Head, SC

A. Call to Order:

Meeting was called to order at 9:35 AM by President C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain. There were over 650 members present, constituting a quorum.

Francis DiMola was appointed parliamentarian.

Mary Frances Elder, Chairperson of the Delegate Committee, stated that this was an official business meeting of the Association, a not-for-profit veterans organization. Mrs. Elder moved that members in attendance be named official delegates to this 42nd Annual Business Meeting. Motion was seconded and carried.

B. Report of the Secretary:

The Secretary read the minutes of the 41st Annual Business Meeting, held June 25, 1988, at Colorado Springs, Colorado. He indicated that the minutes had been published in the 1988 Fall edition of the Association's "Journal" for member review. Further, that copies were distributed to all Group Vice Presidents earlier this week for review at Thursday's Group Business Meetings. The Secretary moved to accept the minutes as read. Motion was seconded and passed.

C. Report of the Treasurer:

The Treasurer gave the Financial Report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1989, and a current update. The report had been given earlier this week to all Group Vice Presidents to review with their Groups. It was moved and seconded to accept the Treasurer's Report. Motion carried.

The Chairman of the Audit Committee, Mr. E. (Bill) Nothstein, presented the Audit Report. He stated that in August, 1989, a thorough and careful review of the Association's books of account was made. The Committee found them in good order, complete, and accurate. The Treasurer was commended for his dedicated work in maintaining these excellent records. It was moved by Mr. Nothstein to accept the audit report. Motion seconded and carried.

D. Report of the Vice-President, Membership, & Chairperson, Conventions:

The Vice President reported:

1. Total Association membership now stands at over 7,500.
2. Summaries of transportation facilities, accommodations, and activity schedules for the 1990 Convention at Norwich, England were reviewed. Details will be sent to all attendees as soon as arrangements are firmed up.
3. The Norwich Convention is completely sold out due to lack of capacity of the various facilities in the Norwich area. Presently, there are 51 couples on the waiting list; those still not signed up, who wish to attend, were urged to send in their deposits and have their names added to the waiting list.

It was moved and seconded to accept the report of the Vice-President, Membership, & Chairperson, Conventions. Motion carried.

E. Report of the Newsletter (Journal) Vice-President:

1. The Vice-President thanked the members for submitting articles, and asked that they continue to do so.
2. He asked that Journal articles submitted by the Groups about the Convention be limited to their own activities; one person has been designated, and will prepare an article covering the general activities of the Convention.
3. He stated that he worked for the members; he asked if his handling of the Journal was "on the right track" as far as the members were concerned. A show of hands indicated unanimous approval.

The report of the Vice-President, Newsletter (Journal) was approved.

F. Report of the Association's Memorial Trust Governor:

1. The Capital Fund continues to grow, and be well managed. A value of approximately 287,000 pounds in 1987 took a dip due to the market crash, but regained its value in 1988; currently, it stands well above that level at 347,000 pounds.
2. Refurbishment of the Memorial Library Room has added a great new look to the room, attracting more and more people to notice and use it.
3. By the time of the Association's 1990 Convention, the Branch Library program should be well under way. There are 4 branch libraries involved, located to serve the areas encompassing each of the WWII 2nd Air Division Bomb Wings. A fine plaque at each branch will announce the involvement of the 2nd AD Association in providing books and other materials on the United States, and on the activities of the 2nd Division in World War II.
4. The Association's Governor reported that the 2nd Air Division Association's American Librarian Fund drive is moving ahead very well, and commended the members, and the Group Vice-Presidents on their abilities to instill enthusiasm to get the fund drive "in high gear." The total fund now stands at \$314,000, well along toward the goal of \$500,000.

At this time in the meeting, several Association organizations sent representatives forward to present additional checks for the Fund:

The Heritage League	\$ 500
467th BG	1,000
44th BG	252
445th BG	200
466th BG	400
93rd BG	1000
491st BG	(amount not announced)

5. Mr. Moyer, Treasurer, presented Mr. Eaton, Chairman, Board of Governors, a check for the Memorial Trust in the amount of \$5000, the income from which is to be applied toward the salary of the Memorial's Library Aide.
6. The Association's Governor presented to Mr. Graham Savill, Chairman of the recently formed "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" in England, a check for \$1,000, to be used by the "Friends" to aid them in funding youth memberships in their organization.
7. Mr. Uttal, 2nd ADA member of the Board of Governors, indicated that after 17 years as representative and Governor, he was resigning the position, and placed in nomination Mr. E. (Bud) Koorndyk, to succeed him. He explained that the Association can recommend the appointment only; the Board of Governors must approve the nomination. Mr. Koorndyk's nomination was seconded, and unanimously approved by the 2nd ADA members in attendance.

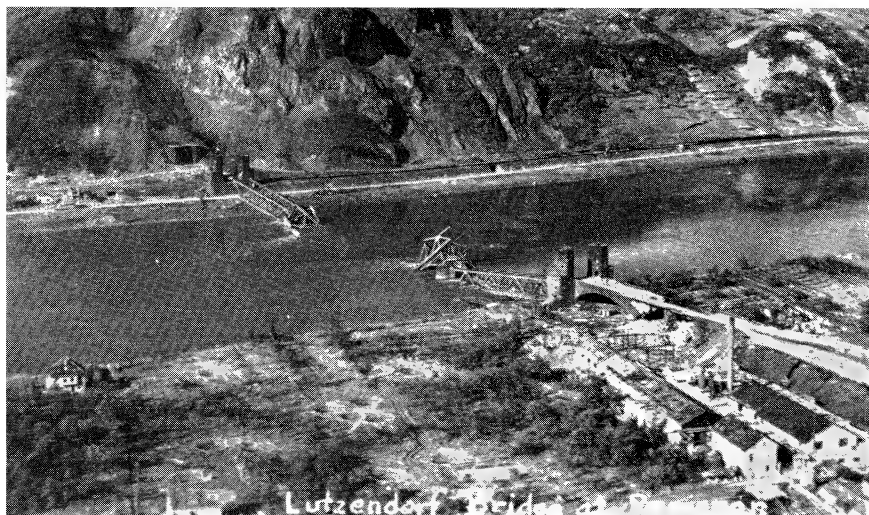
The Governor had no further business; his report was approved in total.

G. Report of the President:

The President reported that the Association was in good hands. The organization is operated entirely by volunteers, and contributions of time and effort by all concerned is substantial. He pointed out the great numbers of areas of work involved in making this large organization "go":

1. Ongoing areas of effort: Support of our Memorial Library; activities to search out new members (our growth rate is over 5% per year); editing and publishing a quarterly Journal; the planning and execution of conventions and get-togethers (note: The largeness and complications of our organization demand that 3 years of annual conventions must be in the planning stages simultaneously); public relations, both internal (audio-visual activities) and external (relations with the

(continued on page 31)



Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen where the Allies first crossed the Rhine into Germany

go back — or wanted to. In this whole area we saw the flak gun emplacements, and some of the guns were still there with their muzzles pointed upwards. To tell the truth, it almost gave me chills to remember those guns a few months before when I'd seen the muzzle flashes and counted the black puffs as the shells went off — until they got too thick to count and the smell of the black powder floated up into the bomb bays.

Downstream we flew over several prisoner camps, and the men looked like ants against the bare, sandy ground. There were too many to even guess at but there were surely several thousand of them. They had a few tents for shelter, but most of them looked like all they had were the clothes they wore. We were keeping our eyes open for the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen as I had a photographer riding in the waist, and he wanted a good picture of it. (Capt. Calvin Horn, head of the camera shop, was the photographer.) I dropped down to treetop level as we saw it coming up, and the picture he got is wonderful. The towers of the bridge at both ends are standing, but appear to have been hit many times and have been well blackened by smoke. It gave us a thrill to see the American flag flying off of the east end; the German side of the river, and to realize how great an action put it there.

After a sharp turn to avoid the hills above the east end of the bridge, we leveled out almost over Bonn and could see Cologne in the distance. We could pinpoint ourselves by the outline of the cathedral at Cologne, and in a few minutes we were over the city. The cathedral was pictured in nearly all of the papers back when our troops first took the city. The devastation in the area around there is almost unbelievable. The main railway station stands only a few hundred feet from the cathedral and is completely destroyed. Not a house is left, including the ones just across the street from the cathedral, and yet the cathedral is but slightly damaged. The houses and buildings are just piles of stone, and just pieces of walls are left. Bomb craters are everywhere, and the only paths through the rubble have

been cut by bulldozers. Burned out tanks could be seen in the streets, reminders of the fighting that took place there.

I dropped low again and made a steep turn around the cathedral at about fifty feet for a good camera shot. Then we headed on up to Dusseldorf on the south edge of the Ruhr, better known as "happy valley" or "flak alley." Many a bomber went down over the Ruhr, and the Eighth AF will never forget the place — ever. It just wasn't healthy.

Leaving the Ruhr and more bombed out factories, the navigator (Arnold Thompson) gave me a course to Antwerp, Belgium and for 40 or 50 miles we rode the border of Belgium and Holland. Again we saw flags in all the cities we passed, and when we spotted a celebration going on in some little Belgian town we circled back over it low and shot a bunch of yellow-red flares just to celebrate a bit ourselves. The people all waved and were apparently having a wonderful time. We kinda felt good about it all ourselves.

At Antwerp the streets were crowded, and a big parade was in progress so we helped that along too with most of the flares we had left. Then we headed home past Walcheren Island which you may remember hearing of. The Canadians and Germans had a big fight there and the Germans blew the dykes, flooding the entire island. Some of the houses on higher ground were apparently being lived in, but most were clear under water. It was mainly farm land and fields are visible under the water. The trees are dead from the salt water and a hundred years will probably not see the land used again.

Actually, it is hard to imagine the destruction we saw on that trip. But for the boys who had worked on the ground during the war, as well as the ones of us who have been over Germany before, it was a memorable trip. We all agreed that V-E Day wouldn't soon be forgotten by us, and for me it proved to be all the "celebration" that was needed.

Home? Well, I'm hoping just like several million other guys that we'll be there soon.

"P-51" Don't Write Home About It

by Charles L. Cooper (445th)

Memory eludes me as to the date, mission altitude or the exact bomb load, but that P-51 I can see as though it were yesterday.

We, of course, were at bombing altitude when our bombardier, Kenneth Branson, released our bomb load — however, one bomb failed to fall. It was left dangling by one end in the bomb bay.

I came off the flight deck, down the catwalk from the front to meet and assist our armorer-gunner, Arthur Fetskos, in getting that baby out of the aircraft as quick as possible and drop in the target area. We sure did not want to carry that load back through the heavy flak areas to England swinging around in the bomb bay. Actually there was not a lot I could do to help Fetskos except try to keep the bomb from bumping the catwalk or bulkhead. It was in the upper rear rack and was hanging by just the rear catch which did not release. This put the front very close to the catwalk. Fetskos managed to effect the release and the bomb fell free of the aircraft. Just as it cleared the bomb bay and Fetskos watched it descend, I saw that "P-51." Drafted out of Fetskos' sleeve pocket of his flight coveralls and suspended, momentarily, in mid-air was his Parker "P-51" fountain pen, almost arm's length from his face. When I got Fetskos' attention and he saw his "P-51" just hanging there he reached out to grab it. At that precise moment the "P-51" dove with great speed groundward behind the bomb.

Fetskos was very proud of his "P-51" and so he wrote the Parker company and told them of his sacrifice and how one of their products had joined the war effort. He never heard from the Parker company but they did discontinue the "P-51" pen. (Maybe too many "P-51s" took flight.)

M/Sgt. Arthur Fetskos, USAF Ret. Merritt Island will verify this happening; however, I wonder who would believe this yarn except he and I. But after all, "we were there."

Caterpillar Association Wisconsin Reunion

The Caterpillar Association of the United States will hold its Fifth Wisconsin Reunion on July 27 and 28, 1990, at the Embassy Suites Hotel, 333 Main Street, Green Bay, Wisconsin. The guest speaker will be Stan Seger, whose theme is "The Ups and Downs of a Caterpillar."

For hotel reservations, call: (414) 432-4555

For information, contact:

LTC Johnny Brown, Commander
P.O. Box 1321 • Kenosha, WI 53141
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This Chrysler Executive's Son Really Gets Around in Air Forces

Submitted by William J. Maguire, Jr.

Reprinted from the Chrysler Tonic, October 12, 1943

Lieut. William J. Maguire, Jr., son of the Works Manager of the Jefferson Plant, is proving himself not only a good soldier but an excellent letter writer, as the following excerpts from a recent letter to his father will reveal. Lieutenant Maguire is now stationed somewhere in England with a Bomber Group. He entered the Army early in 1941 with a Michigan National Guard Field Artillery regiment and was transferred to the Air Corps in 1942, receiving his wings last spring. He writes:

"Time has been flying by very rapidly and it hardly seems possible that three months have passed since I was home last. In that time I have covered an awful lot of miles. Have been all over England and Scotland; all over Northern Africa also. I will mention some of the places I have been in and you can get some idea of the territory I have covered: Marrokosh, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Benghazi, Cairo, the Suez Canal, and a place called Tel-Aviv in Palestine. I had a good look at the route of Rommel's retreat and saw much of the damaged and wrecked equipment from that campaign. After the war, there is a fortune waiting for some enterprising junk dealer in Africa, for the amount of scrap material lying around is enormous, although the British army is gathering as much of it as they possibly can. And some of the cities are a mess!

CITY IS DEVASTATED

"We were located outside Benghazi while down there, a town that had been occupied by the Germans and the British two or three times each, and I believe that there wasn't a single building in that town that had not suffered damage of some kind, either from bombing or gunfire. It was a new and beautiful city, part of the Italian colonial empire built by Mussolini, but at present is nothing more than a ghost town, as all the civilians were driven out some time ago. At present there are quite a few Arabs around, and the Italian civilians were beginning to drift in from the hills and the desert.

"In the course of my travels, I also became entangled in the money exchange problem. I have had to deal with French money, Egyptian, Italian, Palestine, and British Occupational currency, all the time keeping its equivalent value in American money in sight, in order to realize just what I was being charged when I purchased anything. Those 'Wags' would gyp a person out of his gold teeth if you gave them a chance. And believe me, some of the paper money looked like wallpaper; it came in so many sizes and colors. Some of the French Morocco money had been printed in the Philadelphia mint.

"I forgot to mention that my travels have also included the air war over Italy and France, and we did a good job of letting those people know that we had been over. A few days after reaching Africa, we lost my very good friend from the Field Artillery who was my Bombardier. You met him the night he and I arrived in Detroit from El Paso - Pete Tempo was his name. He substituted on another crew on the Ploesti raid, and he was shot down over the



Lieut. William J. Maguire, Jr.

target. That was the most dangerous and daring raid of this war to date, and the results really justified our losses and will shorten the war in this theatre by quite a bit. But I sure did hate to lose Pete - and we are all hoping that he may be a prisoner somewhere today, as the Germans are known to be holding quite a few of our men from that raid. We also lost our radio operator on that raid.

A LONDON HOLIDAY

"I just came back this morning from a two-day holiday in London. In a lot of ways, it is very much like New York, with all the crowds, theatres, shops and the traffic, but the blackout at night doesn't help one bit and if you don't have some idea of where you are going, it is just too bad. There are a lot of good plays on, most of them sold out for weeks ahead, but I was able to see 'Watch on the Rhine' and enjoyed it very much. I also saw a new movie put out by Walt Disney called 'Victory Through Air Power' and it was excellent. It was taken from the book of the same name and mark my words, the picture is bound to create a storm of criticism, but I am inclined to agree very much with the theories put forth.

"Everything in London is jammed. If you wish to go to a show, ride a bus, or eat somewhere, there is a long wait in line. There are no private cars on the streets at all to speak of and taxis are hard to secure. I imagine it is just about the same as Washington. But the real mob scene comes when you ride a train. Returning from London last night, I had to stand in a baggage car for five hours and I had a first-class ticket. That train had fourteen cars on it and it was just as crowded for the whole distance as any Times Square subway during the rush hour. And it is like that on trains over here no matter where a person travels. I must say the British railways are doing a great job. Equipment is in constant use, and I saw a train pull into London last night and before the inbound passengers could get off, the train was loaded already for the trip out. It was like watching a comedy to see those people trying to get on and off at the same time."

Alive and Well

by Clair Rowe (448th)

I was very surprised to see two familiar pictures in the Second Air Division Journal, Spring 1988, page 32. I was the tail gunner on the plane with the hole in the waist and the damaged tail turret. Two people who were even more surprised were Staff Sgts. Patrick Raspante and Horace Gardner. They were the waist gunners who, according to the writer's information, were killed. I am happy to report they are both still alive and well. H. Gardner suffered a broken arm which we presumed was caused by the explosion of the cannon shell twisting the waist gun which he was firing at the time. He also suffered severe frostbite and was hospitalized for over a year.

The mission was flown in the Hamburg area on March 25, 1945 to bomb underground oil tanks. The 448th Bomb Group encountered bad weather over the North Sea and various units became separated. The 713th Squadron joined another group on the way to the target and then left it to strike the assigned target for the 448th. When we left the main force we were attacked by ME262 fighters. Several planes were shot down, including the lead ship. I believe our plane was the only one that was damaged and yet made it back to England. Due to severe damage, our pilot elected to land at the emergency field at Marston.

Our squadron was attacked by the jet fighters just after we dropped our bombs. The first fighter fired on the plane behind and to our left. One engine began smoking and the plane quickly fell out of formation. I got in a few bursts as the attacking fighter made a pass at us. A second jet then began smoking and went into a long glide and was reported to have crashed. A third fighter pressed his attack and fired. I saw the two puffs of smoke from his cannon in the wings, and then my turret was struck and I was blown out backwards into the waist of our plane. At that time, I noticed that both waist windows had been blown out, and there was a large hole in the right waist, and the right waist gunner was lying on the floor. The waist of the plane was filled with smoke from a burning hydraulic line and a box of flares that had been ignited. Sgt. Raspante put out the fire and then I took over the right waist gun. Contrary to your report, I did not shoot down any fighters from the waist position. Our own escort arrived and we were able to get back to England. My injuries were to my right foot, right knee and right eye.

The members of the crew were: Lt. William Holden, pilot; Lt. Harold Bishop, co-pilot; Lt. Ross West, bombardier-navigator; T.Sgt. David Webster, engineer; T.Sgt. Edward Sherman, radio operator; S/Sgt. Walden Walls, nose gunner; S/Sgt. Patrick Raspante, left waist gunner; S/Sgt. Horace Gardner, right waist gunner; and S/Sgt. Clair Rowe, tail gunner.



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Mrs. Phyllis Hunt, Trust Librarian for the Second Air Division Memorial Room, wrote 28 July 1989 to advise that interest from the 44th Bomb Group Memorial Endowment Fund enabled them to add these new books to the library:

Cacutt: Classic of the Air

Meinig, D. W.: Shaping of America, Vol. 1 (Atlantic America, 1492-1800)

While on the subject of our Memorial Room, when we visited it in June '89, I had the opportunity to spend more time there than we normally get on a 2ADA Convention in Norwich. They have a 44th BG memorabilia box which I perused at length and found several items of considerable interest. One offered more details about my crew's plane, "HENRY," serial number J-155CO 44-40279 from the 66th Squadron (QK) with tail fin identification K+. Apparently, it was a 490th BG plane before being transferred to the 44th BG. It was sent to Woodbridge for repairs from 29 Jan. to 14 Feb. '45 and returned to the Zone of the Interior 22 May '45.

Another item that caught my attention was a short note about John E. Butler from Houston, TX. He flew a mission to Magdeburg 6-29-44; he was married 6-29-45 and had bypass surgery on 6-29-83. It was almost your anniversary, John, when I was there, 6-28-89. (I well remember that Magdeburg mission because one of my gunners, Norm Tillner, was seriously injured and had to be replaced on the crew. My diary indicates that it was our 10th mission, heavy flak and we bombed an aircraft factory with 52 one hundred pound incendiaries. The flight took eight hours and we flew it in Crew Chief Mike Curtin's plane, "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle.")

Continuing with the Memorial Room, I received a note from Jordan Uttal in September advising me that he has received 55 checks totalling \$2568 from 44th BG members towards the \$500,000 American Librarian Fund. I have also had cards from several other 44thers advising me that they have sent pledges to Jordan. Our thanks to all of you who have contributed and we hope that many of you sent something along with your dues for 1990 earmarked American Librarian Fund.

I forgot to include this next item in my column for the Fall 1989 Journal and I apologize. Mrs. Flora C. Schatte wrote to me March 20, 1989 regarding a photograph that appeared on page 27 of the Spring 1989 Journal under the heading "Can Somebody Identify This Photo?" She advised that her husband, Wilbur C. Schatte, was on that crew and the photo was taken at Clovis, NM



Leroy Hansen's plane with Wilbert Schatte on board after crash landing in enemy territory (Holland), 13 November 1943.

in 1943. She identified the men as follows: Front row (l-r): S/Sgt. Joseph J. Suzdak, waist gunner; S/Sgt. Dan Henderson, asst. radio op.; S/Sgt. James W. Norton, asst. eng. (deceased); T/Sgt. Schatte, radio op. (deceased); S/Sgt. Boyd D. Baker, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Charles G. Spearman, engineer. Back row (l-r): 1st Lt. Leroy Hansen, pilot (deceased); 2nd Lt. John D. Hanson, co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Charles L. Rouser, bomb.; 2nd Lt. Wilbur J. Pecka, nav. The story of this crew can be found in several write-ups: 2ADA Journal March 1981, page 20, "Survival Was the Name of the Game" by Frank Thomas (453rd BG); "History of the 67th Bomb Sqdn." by Will Lundy, page 152; "44th Bomb Group - Roll of Honor" by Will Lundy, pages 109, 110, 111. William H. Topping was the bombardier on this crew when they had to make a belly landing in enemy territory (see photo) 13 Nov. '43. He replaced Lt. Rouser who was then flying with Lt. Curtis Griffin. We have all the addresses for these men except Dan Henderson. Anyone knowing his whereabouts can let me know and I'll pass the word along to Mrs. Schatte.

Norman Powell in Carmel, ME wrote last July to advise that he and his wife visited the Memorial Room in 1981 when Mrs. Powell had a clergy exchange with a minister from Broadstone, Poole, Dorset, Eng. and they visited it again during the summer of '88 when she was a summer volunteer minister at Iver, Bucks, Eng. Also during the summer of '88, they spent two weeks in Vienna, Austria while attending an International Seminar at Catholic Boys School. In June of this year, they visited in San Francisco with Ray Baker and wife from San Jose. Ray has an interesting photo album of WWII scenes including many aerial photographs that were discarded by the military.

Lewis "Bob" Graham sent word that the "T.S. Tessie" crew held their second annual reunion in Carryville, TN, Sept. 23-30. Eight of the original crew of 10 plus seven wives attended. Bob sent a letter to the local newspaper before the reunion and received some surprising participation from the local populace. Merchants offered special crew discounts in the local mall; doctors and bankers volunteered their Wednesday afternoon for a golf outing at the local country

club; Tenn. House of Representatives Speaker Tom Burnett loaned the group his van for sightseeing; local "Has-Been" flyers at the county airport invited the crew to "hang out" and swap yarns; and so on. Bob sent his best regards to the 68th Squadron reunion that was held at the same time (Sept. 29-30) in Erie, PA.

Bernard 'Barney' Glettler was recently appointed Chairman of Zoning/Planning and the Appeals Board in his hometown and was unable to attend the Hilton Head convention and golf tournament, much to his regret, since he's never been there. Barney also pledged to send something for the American Librarian Fund by the end of '89.

If you're wondering where you can get one of those 8-Ball t-shirts (see Fall 2ADA Journal, page 23), write to R.E. Bottomley, 4509 Morrice Rd., Owosso, MI 48867.

In June, Jim Struthers advised that Alfred Griffith, waist gunner on his crew, died May 1989. Others on the crew are Lyndon C. Allen, Edward Burtsavage and David L.G. Jacobs. All are members of the 2ADA.

Jim Forrest wrote in August saying that he was sending a donation to Jordan Uttal for the American Librarian Fund. He just learned that the co-pilot of his crew, Stanley F. Fransted, died recently. Also on his crew was Bertil 'Big Swede' Carlburg who advised me in September that his beloved wife of 40 years had passed away June 18 and he would be unable to attend the 2ADA Convention and golf tournament in Hilton Head.

Lyle B. Latimer (Joe Herrmann's tail gunner) sent me a report of Memorial Services for Donald A. Maule who died August 26. Lyle said that Roley Arterburn, his co-pilot, was there. The pilot, W.D. Carter, is deceased. This crew was very fortunate to return safely from a mission to Creil, FR 27 June '44 with only Arterburn wounded (lost 3 fingers - right hand - flak). The 506th Squadron lost two aircraft that day and, in all, seven men were KIA and four became POWs. (See Will Lundy's "44th Bomb Group - Roll of Honor" pages 265-271).

Seasons Greetings to all and Best Wishes for a Happy and Healthy 1990.

Sixth Midwest Regional Reunion

by Fern Risley

The Sixth Midwest Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association was held at the historic Dearborn Inn in Dearborn, Michigan, Sept. 15-17, 1989 and was chaired by George Rundblad of the 453rd BG.

Guests attended from Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, Kentucky, Iowa, Ohio and Texas to salute the honor group, the 445th BG, 700th, 701st and 702nd BS. 116 were registered and George says that all 116 showed up. George and Evelyn Rundblad received a standing ovation for outstanding efforts.

On Friday evening an informal reception was held in the Fairlane Room with a brief business meeting. Howard Ebersole of Plymouth, Michigan was the guest speaker. Howard, of the 392nd Bomb Group and also the Yankee Air Force, talked about Yankee AF membership and aircraft on display at the museum in Willow Run which the group toured on Saturday morning.

Joe Dzenowagis of the 467th talked about the video history of the Second Air Division he has produced. The group viewed his video of "Eight Candles for Remembrance."

The Dearborn Inn offered an excellent opportunity to visit the adjacent Henry Ford Museum and picturesque Greenfield Village. On Saturday evening guests attended the reunion banquet in the River Rouge and Fairlane Rooms. Chairman George Rundblad called the evening to order with the pledge to the flag, Wilbur Stites gave the invocation and Bob Suckow of Milwaukee served as master of ceremonies. The group honored the 445th Bomb Group with Bill Dewey and George Collar of the 445th as main speakers.

Dewey told about the Kassel Mission Memorial Assn. formed to fund and dedicate a monument at Ludwigsau, Germany where Capt. Chilton's lead plane crashed on 27 Sept. 1944. The monument will honor 117 Americans and 18 Germans who died in the Battle of Kassel. A book titled "A Reason to Live" written by 2nd AD's Harold Robinson, will help fund the memorial.

A moving account of the mission was presented by George Collar, bombardier, who was shot down on the mission and a POW in Germany until VE Day. Collar also recalled his experiences as a POW.

Aud Risley, 446th, introduced next year's reunion chairman, Paul Steichen, 93rd BG, 409th BS, of Indianapolis, IN. Next year's reunion will be held in Indiana at a site not yet determined.

30 Days in a 1947 Stinson

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)



Neal Fowler and Les Hedrick at their 1947 Stinson. They flew 7,000 miles and took 30 days to visit old friends and former crewmates.

Les Hedrick had divided his WWII combat tour among the 389th, 453rd and 489th Bomb Groups. Until 25 June 1944 he was a flight engineer; after that date, as one of only three survivors from Captain Fern Titus' 453rd crew, he was a POW. His original crew, Lt. Hamby's, also of the 453rd, was shot up, and being low on fuel, headed for Sweden, where they were interned. Les missed that adventure because he had been grounded by the flight surgeon.

Experiences like these develop strong memories, and last July, Les decided it was time to renew some long dormant friendships. He and a long-time friend, Neal Fowler, who is a retired PB4-Y (Navy version of the B-24) pilot, decided to crank up their 1947 Stinson, and do some visiting and sightseeing. They left Camarillo, California, on the 21st and didn't come back until August 19th. Along the way there were stops in Iowa, to see Everett Keys, the top turret gunner on the Titus crew, and in Oshkosh, Wisconsin for the Experimental Air Show. The old Stinson went on display there for five days before the next leg to Ontario, and on to Rhinebeck, New York, "a WW I setting with an 1800' sod strip, with a dog leg of trees on both ends, taking off uphill. Neal got her in and I got her out...From here on all the crew members I visited were from my original crew; I hadn't seen them in 45 years. In Bridgeport we were met by Al (radio operator) and Gloria

Pekar, and Joe (ball turret) and Dottie Cox came over too."

Continuing, and landing in a rain squall, they went into New Jersey for a reunion with Frank Hendershot (navigator) to hear about Sweden. After, a quick and emotional visit with bombardier Len Moyer, in a Richmond hospital in intensive care following a sudden heart attack.

There was some good news and bad news at this point. "Len was the good news. He's doing great. The bad news was the weather that came down on us — 400' and ½ mile, and rain. Four days later we learned that if we wanted to leave Virginia, we'd better head north — so back toward D.C., then west around the heavy stuff to Tri City, Tennessee. There was more rain — 30 miles past Knoxville it was solid, with heavy rain. A 180 back to Knoxville with a pitot tube full of water and 40 mph on the indicator. Yep, I came in a little hot! Took three days to get started again, then went through T-storms, rain and low visibility..."

There was more bad weather along the rest of the trip home — a lot of thunderstorms through Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. The old Stinson plugged right along though "outside of getting washed a number of times."

Finally — home on August 19th, after 7000 miles, no problems with the airplane, and a total cost of \$3500. "A once-in-a-lifetime deal, and Neal and I will never be able to top it."

466th Bomb Group

by Elwood Nothstein

Nearly everyone who served with the 466th in England knew aircraft #42-94979F, aka "Slick Chick." No other aircraft in the group could top her performance. Her first mission was April 4, 1944 and number 117 was on April 24, 1945. That averages out to a mission every three to four days. Much of the credit for this record must go to the crew chief, John Duskocz, and his assistants, Joseph Roth and Peter Miller.



"Slick Chick" — 100 missions completed.
(l-r): Crew Chief John Duskocz, Joseph Roth, Peter Miller, Group Commander Elvin S. Ligon



466ers Meet at Air Show. (l-r): Bill Rice, Jim Aumann, Bill Nothstein, Art Sessa, Joe Arbaugh

John Duskocz was a real case of mal-assignment. He was from the Bronx and actually worked for an airline before entering the service. Following World War II, he returned to the airline and is now retired and living in Port Richey, Florida.

Pete Miller was a butcher and managed a meat market before his service career. After his discharge, he returned to California, Michigan and on to several other states before retiring to Florida. He passed away on June 3, 1989 and his widow, Ileene, resides in Ellentown, Florida.

Joseph Roth was from Connerville, Indiana and was employed as a sheet metal press operator. He served for more than a year in the infantry before transferring to the Air Corps. Upon his separation he earned an engineering degree and applied it in the development of aircraft, engines and missiles. After about twenty-five years he settled in Cincinnati, Ohio and has been there for the last nineteen years.

I found it interesting to hear about this ground crew and learn something about them. They were truly a dedicated trio and

without them and others like them our air crews would never have made it off the ground. I have the addresses of John Duskocz, Joseph Roth and Ileene Miller. If you care to have them, let me know.

An unexpected mini-reunion of several 466ers took place at the WWII Air Show at Geneseo, NY on August 19th. Those present were: Joe Arbaugh (Zanesville, OH); Jim Aumann (St. Mary's, PA); Bill Rice (Perry, NY); Art Sessa (Yonkers, NY); and me, Bill Nothstein (Spencerport, NY). It was reported that George Snowden (Lyn-donville, NY) was also present, but we hadn't located him when the rain started to fall and most of us left. We did get to see a B-24 in flight but were a little disappointed that it was unable to land on the grassy strip.

466th Bomb Group shirts are again available. Anyone who is interested in obtaining one can contact me for a flyer with complete details. The vendor has asked for orders of twenty shirts at a time. If we get together sufficient orders, they could be ready for our next reunion.

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey

October 17, 1989 plus 4 days after the earthquake. So help me God, I hope I never have to experience another earthquake as severe as that one! I told Evelyn Cohen and Dave Patterson that it felt as though a giant hand had picked up the house, gave it a good shake and then a squash at the same instant. Fortunately, no damage was done to the house except that the floor of each room had debris on it, broken or otherwise.

Here is a picture of Jim McCrory and Henry Gendreizig that was taken at the Air Force Academy Memorial. The wreaths represent the the original 492nd Bomb Group as well as the 801/492nd Bomb Group "Carpetbaggers." The wreath cost me \$35.00. If each member of the group sent me a dollar, I would deduct \$34.00 and then give the rest to the Librarian Fund in care of Jordan Uttal. In contributing this

way, I feel that each member would have been participating in the impressive ceremony that was held. Thank you.

My apologies to the 392nd Bomb Group for not identifying Colonel Lawrence Gilbert at the Fort Worth, Texas reunion. C'est La Guerre!

If any of you come to the Bay Area, please visit the General James H. Doolittle Room at the Western Aerospace Museum, North Field, Oakland International Airport. A lot of effort, time and money has been put into this project and it is well worth seeing. I am sure that the General is more than pleased with the results.

Thank you all for your contributions to the Librarian Fund. Every little bit helps.

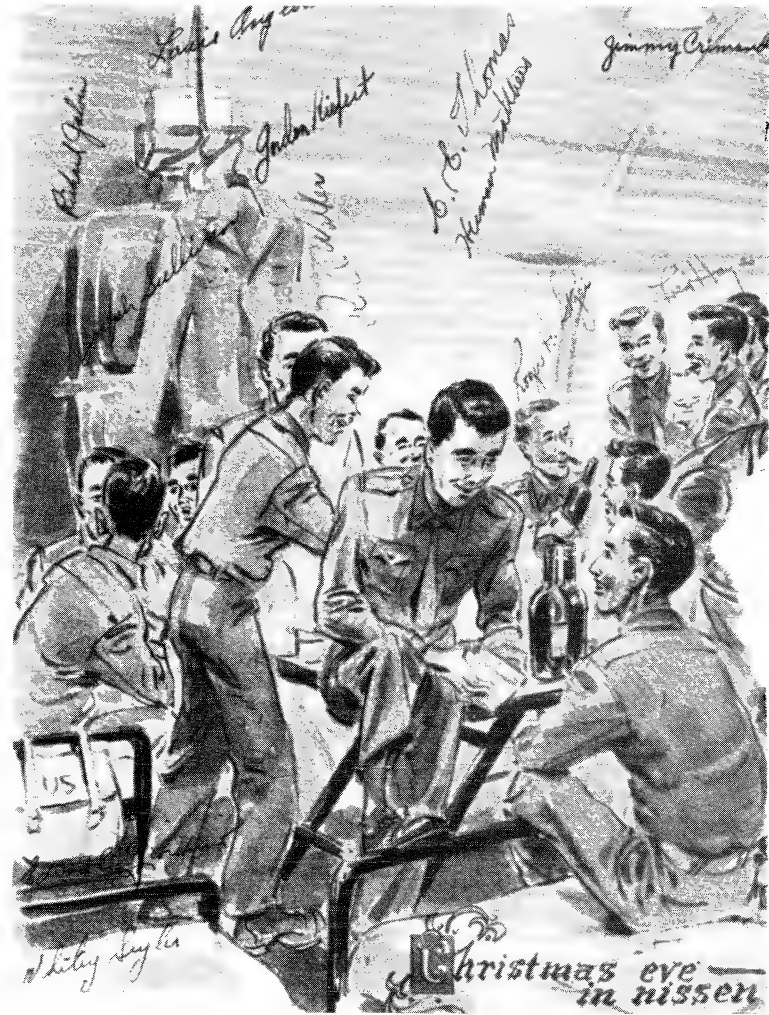
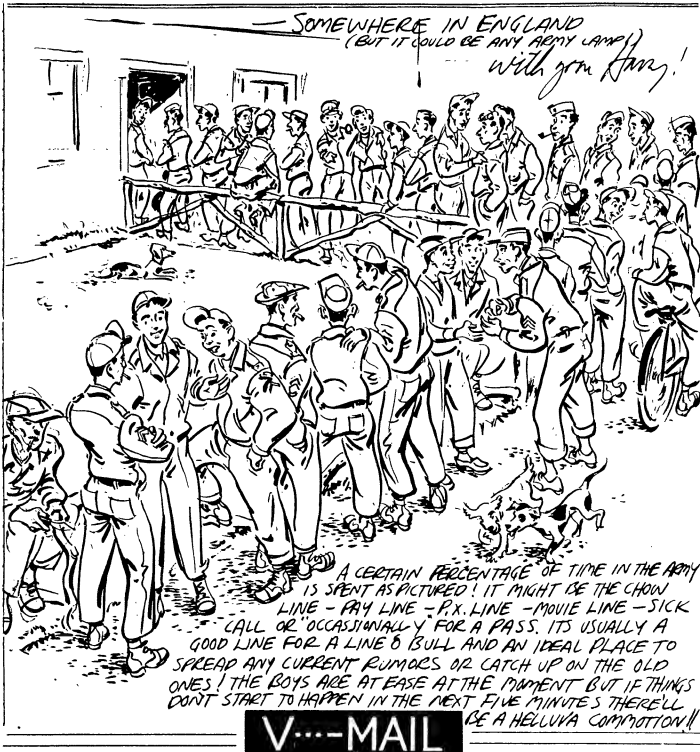
I would like to extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each and every member of the Group.



(l-r): Jim McCrory, 492nd BG and Henry Gendreizig, 801/492nd BG at the Air Force Academy Memorial, Colorado Springs, Colorado, October 1989.

by Harry Tower (93rd)

This is one of those "cleaning out the attic" happenings and I found these V-Mail sketches I had sent to my wife depicting the arrival and settling at our base in England back in '43. (Seems like a long time ago!) Maybe some of the fellows will recall the scenes.





Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

93rd MEMORIAL AND MINI-REUNION

DINNER: I just can't justify in words my gratitude to our chairman, William Doerner and his wife Jo, with the help of Col. Howard F. Bolton (Ret.), and Fred Wrablik, and anyone else who helped that I don't know about. All did an outstanding job on the dedication. There were 93 attendees; 55 members, 34 wives and 4 children or grandchildren. Bill even arranged for his daughter to videotape the ceremony. He sent me a copy, and it is great. He also had a photographer to take a panoramic picture. (I have application forms for anyone who would like one. They cost \$20, postage included). They also arranged for an outstanding Hospitality Room, with Col. Bolton and Fred Wrablik attending to our needs at most all hours. At the dedication we were welcomed by Bob Bobbit from the museum; posting of the colors by VFW Post 3283; invocation by Chaplin Capt. Jerome D. Mueller; History of the 93rd by Lt. Charles Weiss (Ret.), past Vice President of the 93rd; unveiling of our beautiful brass plaque by myself and William Doerner; posting of wreaths for the 93rd BG; Col. Howard Bolton (Ret.), Rufus King for the 328th, Col. Alfred Asch (Ret.) for the 329th, Ray Rhoads, past Vice President of the 93rd for the 330th, and M/Sgt. Joseph Beach (Ret.) for the 409th. I made the presentation of the Memorial to the museum and acceptance by Museum Official Richard L. Uppstrom, Director of the U.S. Air Force Museum, the Fly-By by the 178th Tactical Fighter Group ANG, Benediction by Chaplain Mueller, firing party by VFW Post 3283, Taps by the 661st Band bugler, and retiring of colors by VFW color guard. Everything went off like clockwork. Bill and Jo made all the arrangements for the benefit of the 93rd Memorial at no personal expense to the 93rd and he also donated to the Memorial Fund. That is what I call dedication. I sure hope that all in attendance let Bill and Jo know what an outstanding job they did. I'm sorry that I don't have room in my report to list all the names that attended. Our mini-reunion buffet dinner was attended by around 78, and the ladies were all pinned with a corsage. Our dinner was started by a beautiful invocation written and given by Peggy Weiss, wife of our past President Lt. Charles Weiss. For all members who didn't take notice in my Summer Journal report and those who didn't respond to all my pleas for donations for the Memorial that we dedicated July 28, 1989 at the USAF Museum, Wright Patterson AFB, I want to thank all members who did donate. The final cost for our Tree and brass Memorial Plaque was \$2,087.62, and worth every cent. If you would like one of

the Memorial pamphlets that Bill made up and handed out to those that attended, just send me a stamped addressed business envelope, and I will send you one. I forgot to note in my Fall report that I would be moving to my winter address the end of October; be sure to check this new zip code. 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668; Tel. (813) 862-2309. I must apologize to Ray Rhodes for not introducing him as past Vice President of the 93rd at our mini-reunion dinner. Sorry about that, Ray, won't happen again. To save a little postage, I gave out some of the Last Mission letters that I sent out to all members later. Please forgive me if I also sent you one; everyone wasn't seated for dinner yet when I handed them out so I wasn't sure who received one. I had to go by the names signed in the register book that Bill provided.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

DRIVE: After the Last Mission letters were sent out on September 2, 1989, Jordan Uttal informed me that the 93rd has done very well. We were in 2nd place in responses to this letter by donations or pledges, over all but one Group in the 2nd ADA. That is good news. I just may have been a little hard on you in my reports; in fact I went over this report and made some changes in my criticism that I was handing out to you about donations. Let's keep up the good work and keep sending those donations and pledges to Jordan. We just might become first again. We still have a long way to go for the target we are shooting for. Make your checks out to the 2nd Air Division Association, not the Librarian Fund or Last Mission, and send them to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, Texas 75230, and not to me. I appreciate all the nice comments in letters that I have received informing me that you had sent your donations to Jordan. I would like you to know that I have made my third and final payment for my pledge.

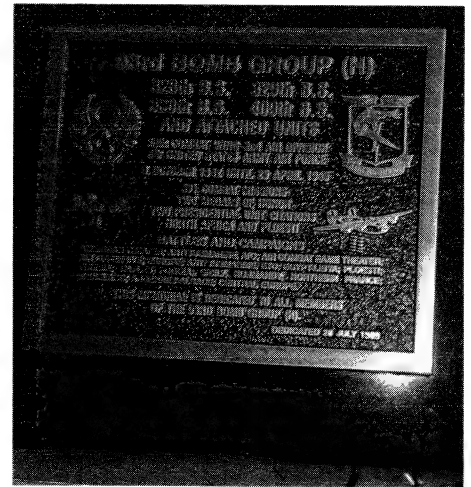
FOLDED WINGS OF 93rd MEN (not members of the 2nd ADA): Francis Doll, 5825 Laramie Circle, El Paso, TX 79924. From sending him an application and addressed postcard, his wife notified me that he had passed away on March 6, 1989. Through my Information Needed notice in the Summer Journal, member Harry Kelleher called and reported that Maj. Byron G. Kuhn who flew on "Liberty Lad" had passed away in the 1970s. I still need information on the other fellows that I asked about. Carl R. Greenstein reported that his co-pilot Brent Blythe Caldwell passed away in the 1970s, and his pilot Gordon (Bud) W. Culham is in very bad condition.

INFORMATION NEEDED: I have a young Frenchman who needs a good color picture of "TEGGY ANN," the first B-24 to fly over France, Oct. 9, 1942. They wish to make an oil painting to honor this plane. Let me know if the star on the side of the plane was circled yellow or white.

DUES ARE NOW DUE FOR 1990: Please get your dues and donation to the Memorial Library Room in to Evelyn Cohen on time, so that I don't have all the extra work of sending out special letters every year and only get a response from half of them. How do you expect me to answer all your letters if I'm doing something else that is absolutely unnecessary. So please pay your dues now, fellows.

MORE INFORMATION NEEDED: Can any of you tell me about the take off mishap, Dec. 19, 1944? The target for the day was Kyleburg (Germany). One of the crew was T/Sgt. Ben Wiegand, and I would like the names of the rest of the crew. Were there any survivors, and what was the name of the plane? Please write and let me know.

ABOUT THE FORT WORTH GET-TOGETHER: I'm sorry that there was nothing in my last report about it. I sent it to Mr. Robertie, but he can only allow me so much space.



93rd Memorial At USAF Museum, Dayton, Ohio.

489th Bomb Group History

The 489th Bomb Group (H) and (VH) history is now available from the publishers. The author/editor is C.H. Freudenthal, Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.), ex-Group Bombardier.

Told in large part through personal recollections, but including mission accounts, Missing Aircrew information, POW, KIA, Evader and Escapee lists, more than 400 photos, selected formation charts, route maps, etc., and much more. Hard-back, 320 pages. Price \$45.00. Contact:

American Spirit Graphics Corp.
801 SE 9th Street
Minneapolis, MN 55414
(Attn: Neal Sorensen)

Ex-Airman in Sentimental Journey

by Si Liberman (466th)

Reprinted from *Asbury Park Sunday Press*,
August 11, 1963

NORWICH, England — Twenty years ago this month the 466th Bombardment Group, a contingent of heavy B-24 bombers and crews, was activated and sent here to bolster the U.S. Eighth Air Force.

Just four months earlier the 8th had launched its first big scale attacks on Adolf Hitler's Germany. When V-E Day came 25 months later, the 8th had missing and lost 9,057 aircraft and 44,472 airmen, more than 90 percent under 26 years old.

I was stationed at a base eight miles west of here as a radio gunner during Hitler's last six months. And one of the highlights of a trip through Europe this summer was to make a sentimental journey with my wife and two children to the 446th Group's old Attlebridge base.

In the spirit of a happy warrior returning to his old stamping ground, I rented a car in London — 110 miles south of here, and proceeded up the coast.

DRIVING ENGLISH STYLE

Driving on the left side of the road — most roads were extremely narrow — was a frightening experience. At least three times during the 10-hour round trip, I had to mount a curb to permit trucks to come through or pass.

Once, as we rounded a traffic circle, only the paint of our five passenger vehicle separated us from another car. None of my 13 wartime missions over Germany were nearly so hectic.

This city of 400,000 was bustling. People were lining up to board the red buses just as they did 20 years ago. New buildings were evident all along Wensum Road, the main business area. The streets were jammed with shoppers, and traffic was stalled at several points. It seemed only the pedestrians and bicyclists were able to move.

Vast sections of the city had been bombed out, but not a trace of destruction is now visible. Even the 12th century Norwich Cathedral, which was burned to a shell by Luftwaffe firebombs during World War II, is rebuilt except for the steeple, and scaffolds around the ancient tower promise restoration is near.

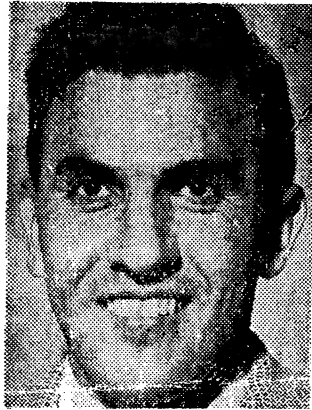
NO MORE UNIFORMS

Samson and Hercules, the old dance hall we used to call "Muscles Hall," still is doing business. Outside were big signs, advertising twist dancing, and by 8:30 p.m. a number of boys and girls dressed in their Sunday clothes — none in uniform as in those old days — began congregating outside.

I asked the porter at the Maid's Head, the 300-year-old inn we checked into, how to get to Attlebridge, the World War II home of the 466th's four squadrons:

"Sounds familiar," he replied. "Let me get the map."

His first map of the small communities in the area didn't show Attlebridge. But a



SI LIBERMAN

30-year-old map he uncovered later did.

"About eight or so miles that way (north-west)," he pointed. "It shouldn't take more than half an hour."

Before taking off on this important mission, I decided to find out who owned the land now, so permission could be obtained to revisit the base. Calls to the Norwich Evening News, area police, Norwich public library, and the nearby Sculthorpe Royal Air Force base brought forth this information:

Attlebridge's population is 82 humans and several thousand turkeys. The area that once launched scores of bombers is now part of Europe's biggest turkey farm.

I couldn't wait until the next morning to visit the farm.

Even if there's not much left of the runways and Nissen huts, I thought, the children, ages 8 and 12, will enjoy the turkeys.

I stayed awake part of the night, thinking, at least it won't be a complete ghost town like some of the other former Eighth Air Force bases we passed on the way here. We had seen rusty Nissen huts almost lost in fields of wheat and weeds.

At Old Buckenham, the 453rd Bombardment Group's old base, the big hangar where so many shot-up bombers were nursed back into flying condition is gone. Nearby decaying concrete is all that remains of one of several runways, and you see a few farming implements and some baled hay.

And outside of Cambridge, home of the famed university, two unoccupied Nissen huts — once racks for an American bomber group — stand as remnants of a one-time busy Eighth Air Force base. A few miles away is the Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial, given by the university as a final resting place for nearly 4,000 U.S. servicemen who died in combat. The 30½ acre site is the only World War II American cemetery in England, and it's about 45 miles south of the Norwich area — from where more than 6,000 Americans flew to their deaths.

Only a half hour away...Memories of those early morning briefings, prayers before takeoff, that last cup of hot coffee, and wondering if and how you will come back. The memories stayed with me most of the night, just like the 24-hour-a-day drone

of aircraft moving to and from Germany during those crucial months did until years after the war.

RECALLS MATES

Wonder what Dick Lester, our pilot from San Diego; Fred Bennett, flight engineer from Shreveport; and good old Joe Kramer, our tail gunner, are doing now?

We were up early the next morning. I phoned the Bernard Matthews Turkey Farm, the owner of the 466th's old homestead.

"I would like permission to enter the farm and see what is left of the old base," I said.

"Impossible, I'm afraid," was the polite reply of Mr. Matthews. "The farm is quarantined because some of the turkeys are diseased. We cannot allow any humans on the property."

"Anyway, sir, you wouldn't see very much of the airfield. We have just started plowing up the last runway. Too bad you have come from so far."

Well — it was a long time ago.

A Final Offering

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

Ten years ago in October 1979, I came across an Army Surplus store in Chicago, and found a hundred round belt of .50 cal. ammunition. Bought it without much thought of what to do with it. Made the first Service Plaque and sent it to Bill Robertie seeking advice as to whether it was a practical idea. Bill advised it was practical, but the price I thought it should sell for was totally impractical. I maintained that \$19.95 was a good price and after making the first 25 at that price, I was \$66.00 "in the hole." In any case, I proved there was a demand for it, and a price correction was necessary. As a matter of fact, it was only after making a price increase to \$25, then \$29.95 and then \$34.95 that I made enough money to "break even" and made \$35.00 profit which I sent to Dean Moyer, 2ADA treasurer. This small profit eventually became \$2,572.

It now appears that this will be coming to an end soon. The shop owner and engraver plans to retire by February 28th and sell off his equipment. I believe that he will stay in business until then and I will make this last effort to honor any final plaque orders that I may receive. Please check the PX page once more and I will make every effort to get it made. Just a little time left to make your decision and send me your request. If I cannot fill your order, I will return your check. All items previously advertised including Altimeter Clock, Desk Model Plaque and Service Plaque (including all models), are still available until the end of December, whereupon this service will no longer be available.

Many thanks to all who have supported this effort over the past 10 years.

Rick Rokicki
365 Mae Road
Glen Burnie, MD 21061

Some Green and White Tales

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)



Col. Frank M. Pearce, 438th Military Airlift Wing Commander, presents the Distinguished Flying Cross to Warren Oppmann, 489th Bomb Group — 45 years after the fact.

RECOGNITION - AFTER 45 YEARS

June 28th was an unusual day for Staff Sergeant Warren "Bud" Oppmann, tail gunner on Captain Jack Pritchard's 846th Squadron crew. He sat through the briefing that morning, learned that the Pritchard crew was to lead the group on a mission to Saarbrücken, and went out to the hardstand to check out his turret.

Shortly before "Start Engines" time, Bud found himself displaced by a Formation Control officer, and without thinking too much about it at the time, saw his mates take off and headed back to barracks. He didn't like being left behind, but this was only their sixth mission, and once the crew was back safely he put the incident out of his mind and went on with the missions that followed. It was not until much later that he learned what the cost of missing that mission would be.

The 20th of September was established as the date by which lead crews had to have completed 20 missions to be eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross. Bud had 19. By November 5th he had completed 26 missions, but when DFCs were presented in November, Oppmann was the one crew member who was not given one. His crew mates, led by Captain Pritchard, protested the decision, but to no avail.

From time to time over the ensuing years, Oppmann pondered the matter, and though the injustice rankled him, he didn't take any action to try to correct the situation. Finally, in 1986, he decided it was time to make the all-out effort. "I don't give up easily," he said. He wrote to the Recognition & Special Programs Branch, Hqs USAF, at Randolph AFB, and was duly advised that the Air Force Decorations

Board, while recognizing his achievements, disapproved his petition. "Significant additional information" would be required to justify reconsideration. His resubmission was countered by an offer of the Air Medal, which Bud declined while continuing to gather more documentation.

Oppmann's final submission to the Air Force, additionally supported by letters from Colonel Chester Morneau, former Group Operations Officer, and members of the Pritchard crew, ended up with the Air Force Board for the Correction of Military Records, which concluded that "Sufficient relevant evidence has been presented to demonstrate the existence of probable error or injustice... We... believe the applicant has provided sufficient evidence to show that he has been the victim of an injustice..."

With this, the award of the DFC was directed, and on June 2nd, once-Staff Sergeant Warren Oppmann was presented with the medal at McGuire AFB ceremonies. "A man of courage is also full of faith." (Cicero)

RETURN TO FRANCE

It started on June 2nd, 1944, with an attack on a German airfield at Bretigny, France. The 489th lost four crews that day: Bebout, Bouchard, Cross and Fierro. John Cunningham was the co-pilot on Chuck Bouchard's 847th crew. With their plane nearly torn apart by flak and fire, he bailed out along with the others, and spent the remainder of the war as a POW. As with Bud Oppmann, John left the service and went on with his life. Now, 45 years later, he and his wife have been invited to return to France as guests of the municipality of Verneuil en Halatte, near the site of the crash and the area where the crew landed. John has accepted this invitation for June 1990. Mr. Gilbert Marionval's letter said in part:

"...I enjoy to have a contact with a survivor of the aircraft 4933 after seven months of research...I would like to know...if you could come for a week (minimum) invited by the municipality and the population of Villers St. Paul, to commemorate the memory of John McGeachie (the radio operator, who was killed by a flak burst) the 2nd June 1990...The mayor of the town gave me an agreement to cover all expenses, including your round trip ticket and...for your wife...Next September I will make a conference at the University of Creil concerning World War II. Would you be able to tell me what happened to the rest of your crew members — were you all taken prisoners? Except J. McGeachie, I only remember that the last of your crew who jumped (probably C.H. Bouchard) was taken prisoner by the Germans. We were there a minute after, but too late to save him, and reasonably no possibility to save by force because so many civilian people were around..."

HEROISM IN THE LINE OF DUTY

A recent newspaper report (AP), says former Sen. George McGovern says he was haunted for 40 years by the fear — which proved unfounded — that he had killed an innocent Italian farm family when he jettisoned a loose explosive from the bomber he was piloting near the end of World War II.

Ray Blanchard, who sent me the clipping, said it reminded him of a similar incident which happened to his crew over Germany. In this instance, five 250 pound bombs hung up in the bomb bay; one of them hanging by the rear shackle only, so that it was swinging back and forth in the bay. Harry Haid, the bombardier, "volunteered to release the bombs manually, since I could not land the plane without risking the release and explosion of the bombs... Thus, 20,000 cold feet above the ground, with a small bail-out oxygen bottle and without a parachute, Harry crawled along the catwalk, with the bomb bay doors open, and released the swinging bomb. Then he released the other four bombs. One of them bounced off a lower bomb and cut the rudder cables. Art Christensen, Assistant Engineer and waist gunner, wrapped the loose cable around his hands and served as my rudder operator, at my instructions, during the home trip and the landing.

On a subsequent mission we took a hit in the nose turret, which Harry Haid was occupying. His left arm was badly injured, and it required 20 operations to give him partial use of his arm and hands. Our crew requested and was given permission to finish our missions without a replacement, in deference to Harry. He clearly deserved recognition for his heroism. However, in those days, we seemed to treat such heroism as 'in the line of duty.' Continuing to return alive was considered an ample reward."

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Ldg. Rd.
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else (Bill Robertie or Group VP) simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the *Journal* will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

name
address
city, state, zip
group

Carnage Over Kassel

by Robert T. Tims (445th), December 1987

The last time I had seen Red Dowling he was bailing out of a burning B-24 over Germany. Now he and I and Adolf Lerch were together again 43 years later. We had something in common, the three of us, we had survived the disaster at Kassel. They say old soldiers never die, they just go to reunions. And that's what we were doing in Pittsburgh, attending the 13th annual reunion of the 8th Air Force.

It was my first such reunion, and as I looked around the lobby of the Vista Hotel that first day, I marveled at the transformation time had worked on the 2500 veterans gathered there. Could these 65 and 70 year old graybeards have once been the keen-eyed young men with fire in their bellies and wings on their chests who flew the heavies and the fighters, fought off the Luftwaffe and, together with the RAF, bombed the Third Reich into rubble?

For most, if not all, of us the air war over Europe was the central event of our lives; the conjunction of our youth and 20th century history would inevitably make it so. We had been part of the mightiest air force ever assembled – or ever would be assembled once the Enola Gay had dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. We had fought the good war against palpable evil. You try to recapture the past as the future gets shorter and the present is simply the sum of everything that's gone before. Your memory becomes your identity. Yes, we were getting older, but for a brief time at that reunion we were young again; it had all happened a long time ago, yet it had happened only yesterday. By the time the reunion was over I would have recaptured the past, or part of it, and tried to put it in perspective. And in the end I would have thought a little, too, about the luck of the draw and the unsung veterans of another, much later war.

We did all the things old veterans or old grads do at reunions. We swapped battle stories and a few lies over drinks in the bar. We went to meetings and bought souvenirs and posters and bumper stickers. We joked again about Piccadilly "commandos," about the green powdered eggs in the mess hall, and about our English hosts, who had opened their doors and their hearts to the lads from America – "overpaid, oversexed and over there." We brought out wartime photos and contemporary snaps of our grandchildren. We watched old combat footage unroll on the screen.

Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, we were under an irresistible compulsion to tell our stories again, not to purge haunted memories, but to rekindle the flame of lost youth. Rheumy old eyes flashed again and quickening hands gestured and described the angle of attack by the enemy FW-190s and ME-109s.

It all came back to me in fragmented but visual images: the beautiful visual run over Politz on the Baltic, the black smoke from the bombed synthetic oil refinery rising to 25,000 feet; the thick fields of flak over Hamburg and Berlin; the "milk-runs," too, over the Pas de Calais; above all, the incredi-

ble bird's-eye view we had of the D-Day armada and the invasion beaches of Normandy at high noon and dropping our bombs on Caen, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, who led that other famous cross-Channel invasion 900 years ago.

And, ineluctable for those of us who had survived it, was the searing memory of the carnage over Kassel: the ten-tenths cloud cover under us as we approached the target in the heart of Germany; the "mickey" operator picking up the wrong town on his radar scope, Goettingen instead of Kassel, a town too far, our group of 36 planes now out of the bomber stream protected by the P-51 fighter cover; and suddenly, coming in at six o'clock low, wave after murderous wave, the FW-190s, over a hundred of them, with their big radial spinners, firing tracers and 30 mm cannon bursts blinking like Christmas tree lights; then everywhere around us burning and exploding B-24s and FW-190s, fire bright orange in the thin air at 23,000 feet, debris and bodies hurtling past, the chutes gently sprouting like white mushrooms below us, one of them Red Dowling; over the steady drone of the engines, the muffled sound of staccato bursts from our own fifties in the turrets and the waist, then a gaping hole in the left wing, the right rudder shot off, a shuddering plane, a feathered prop, and the sickening sight of four more Focke-Wolfs queuing up at three o'clock to finish us off – until out of nowhere to our rescue, like avenging angels, silver-bright at 12 o'clock high, came the four P-38s. And after all that sound and fury and destruction, we could see three lonely Liberators ahead of us and now almost out of sight of our own crippled plane, winging it for home – in one of them Adolf Lerch.

Lt. Dowling was captured and spent the next eight months in Stalag One, a prisoner-of-war camp in northern Germany. The POW experiences he described, full of Yankee ingenuity and gallows humor, reminded me of Hogan's Heroes. Lt. Lerch was one of the lucky ones; only three of the 445th Bomb Group's 36 Liberators got back from Kassel that September day in 1944, and he was flying one of them. He had suppressed the memory of that raid because his good luck made him feel guilty – all those planes, he said, and all those crews. I was even luckier, I suppose; we made it part of the way home and crash-landed in liberated France, the plane tottered, but our nine crew members miraculously unhurt.

The air battle over Kassel was so spectacular that one West German World War II buff, according to Red Dowling, has researched it, interviewed German fighter pilots and American bomber crews who survived it, and plotted on a map the exact crash site of each FW-190 and each B-24. Another chronicler of that and other air battles over Europe was with us at the reunion. Roger Freeman has written three books on the "Mighty Eighth," and I asked him why he, as an Englishman, had done

the definitive study of an American air force. Because, he said, you can't imagine the impression it made on a teenage boy on a farm in East Anglia, in the middle of all those air bases, to watch that mighty air force take off every day with "one helluva roar."

It was flattering and I was suddenly proud to have been a part of it. But by what right, proud? After all, World War II was fought by so many men on so many fields and so many seas that the air battle over Kassel was the merest blip on the screen. All those 2000 bomber raids of the Mighty 8th itself were impressive, yes, but just one of many, many efforts that finally brought the Axis enemy to its knees.

As I look back now, the war in the air was a curious kind of war. For us, compared with the ground forces slugging it out below, it was a remote, even impersonal war – until, of course, you got blown up or had to bail out. For the dogfacs on the ground the target was the enemy soldiers in the hedgerow ahead, for us a pinpointed city on a map. We could see the impact of our bombs on the target below, but we could not hear it or smell it or feel it. We destroyed buildings and factories, but could not see the rubble. We killed or maimed dozens or hundreds of people with each bombload we dropped, but could not see the mangled bodies or smell the blood. Our gunsights were trained on enemy machines, not on enemy soldiers.

Eating and sleeping in England and fighting in Germany, all in the same day, had a subtle psychological impact on us. It was bombs-away over Munich at 11 o'clock in the morning and a pint of bitters at a pub in Norwich at 8 o'clock that evening. Or it was a raid on Berlin one day and a seat in London's Old Vic the next, watching Lawrence Olivier play Richard the Third.

On the first few bombing missions we did not believe we could be killed; on the last few we did not see how we could avoid it. It was like a reprieve each time we crossed the English Channel from enemy airspace and made landfall at Beachy Head, Selsey Bill or the white cliffs of Dover. For us, as for Richard the Second, England was indeed a "precious stone set in the silver sea."

But thousands of our buddies did not make it home again to "England's green and pleasant land." They died over places like Berlin or Schweinfurt or Regensburg, and we honored them at a memorial service the last day of the reunion, redeeming a little of our four days of self-indulgent nostalgia.

There was something else that disturbed my reflections on past glory. Right after the memorial service I happened to walk past a VA counseling center for veterans of the Vietnam War. It made me feel guilty to compare their experience with ours. They and we had risked our lives, but there the similarity ended. We had been privileged to participate in one of the epic events of this terrible century; Ike called it a crusade. We had a united, confident and determined

(continued on page 11)

About the Memorial

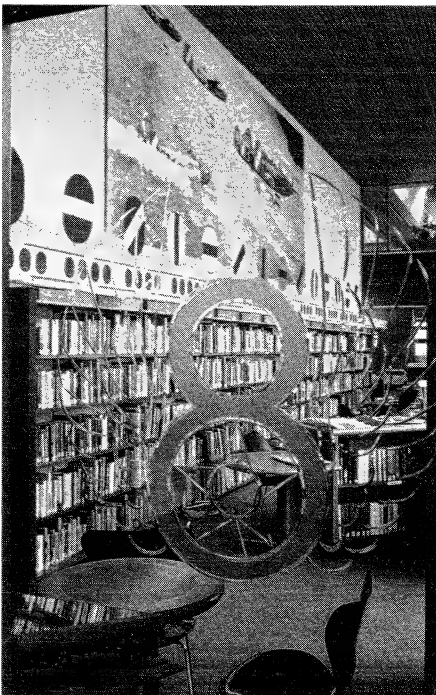
by Jordan Uttal

We are about to bust our britches with pride and gratitude for the tremendous burst of activity and donations which have come in since my last report. Written on 20 July, it appeared in the Fall Journal, and placed us at about \$172,000.00 from a total of 423 checks and pledges which we had received since the end of June 1988.

Between 25 July and 25 August 1989, letters went out from each Group Vice President or Special Project Officer to the members of each group who had not as yet contributed. The replies started to come in on or about 6 August, and up through today, 18 October, we have had an additional 1,122 checks and pledges, more than 2½ TIMES AS MANY AS THOSE THAT HAD COME IN DURING THE PREVIOUS 13 MONTHS!!! The dollars grew from \$172,000.00 to \$254,000.00, a 47% increase. My compliments and thanks to each Group administration.

You will be able to see the details from the box score elsewhere in this issue. However, aside from the good news of the remarkable increases, we must report that over 5,000 members have yet to respond with a check or pledge for the Librarian Fund.

On the other hand, many of you have sent in donations with your dues in the past year, and according to Evelyn, they are continuing to come in. So, however you choose to support this Great Last Mission, whatever, and however you send it your gift will be welcome. No amount is too small. I have acknowledged each check or pledge sent in for the 2ADA Librarian Fund, and the amounts have ranged from \$2.00 to \$15,000.00.



In my last column I said that I wished I had the space to convey some of the many comments from our fellow members. This time I will quote from three of them:

One says, "I am happy to send in my check for the Librarian Fund. Anything less than this perpetual Memorial to those who fell would be a dishonor to our comrades, not the least to those of us who, by the Grace of God, survived the terrible war years. It seems to me, if we do not meet this obligation, we have not completed our Tour of Missions."

Another says, "Another generation in England is now coming to maturity who knows nothing of the terrible times of the countrymen in World War II, and of the part the United States and the Air Force played in their freedom. It is through the records of the 2nd Air Division Memorial and its staff that the men and women of the 8th Air Force shall live on."

And a third says, "Having spent more than 15 years of my post war life in Britain, I have personally witnessed on countless occasions the harvest of good will which our Association (and hence, our nation) has reaped from the establishment of and continuing dedication to the Second Air Division Memorial Room of the Norwich Library. Should we now fail to sustain that dedication, it would be a tragedy indeed. My check is enclosed in the earnest hope that this fund drive will resoundingly succeed in generating the funds necessary to perpetuate a full time American Librarian and British Library aide. I visited the Library just two months ago and found our Memorial Room to be superbly administered by the current incumbents."

So there are but three comments from among the hundreds of personal notes which have come to me with the checks and pledges. I cherish each one.

BRANCH LIBRARIES: As previously indicated, our colleagues on the Board of Governors hope to have sections in four Branch Libraries in operation by the time we arrive in Norwich for the 1990 Convention. There will be one in each Combat Wing area, and there will be a beautiful plaque in each with a most appropriate message of explanation which starts, "This Library contains books donated by the Memorial Trust of the Second Air Division USAAF to honour American servicemen based in Norfolk who died defending freedom 1942-1945." There will be a wing Roll of Honor in each, a map of the area on which the bases are indicated, and selected pictures.

BRITISH HONOR FOR DENISE BRYAN: Our good friend Denise Bryan, widow of one of the founder Governors of our Memorial Trust, Col. Frederick Van Pelt Bryan, Deputy Chief of Staff, 2nd Air Division, was honored last spring with the award, by the Queen, of the M.B.E. (Member of British Empire). She received

this award in appreciation for her work on behalf of the British American Education Foundation which has, over the years, helped place over 700 American students in British schools, many of them on scholarship.

MEMORIAL TRUST FINANCES: As per our by-laws, a report will be given at the Convention in Hilton Head. As you will see from the report in the Spring issue, all is well, or at least the value of our assets continues to increase.

STRICTLY PERSONAL: By the time this reaches you I will have completed 18 years as your representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. I take this opportunity to thank you all, most sincerely, for having afforded me that privilege, and particularly for your support of the many projects for which I have to come to you for help on behalf of our Memorial.

And, hoping this will arrive before the Holidays, I offer my most sincere good wishes for your serenity and joy, and the greatest prize, good health and good spirits. BE WELL!!!

Did You Know?

Submitted by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

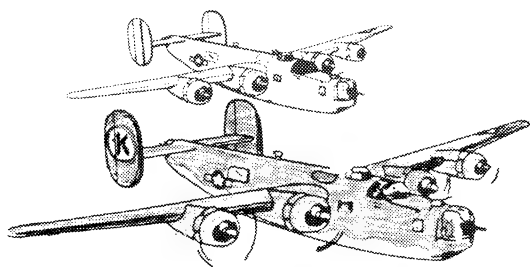
DID YOU KNOW that this Division had a ship which never aborted in 53 missions – the "Duchess" of the 93rd Group. M/Sgt. Herbert F. (Pop) Hastings was the crew chief "extraordinaire."

DID YOU KNOW that this Division had a pilot who in his first five missions never came back in the same ship? Every bomber crashed or was lost, and yet no member of the crew was ever hurt. This pilot was Capt. James of the 389th Group, and on his fifth mission he wound up in Turkey.

DID YOU KNOW that a B-24, "Son of Satan," 392nd Group, received no less than 2500 (they were counted) flak holes on a mission and lived to tell the tale. There were more holes than surface area left.

DID YOU KNOW – 2nd Lt. Gilbert W. Abell's crew of the 392nd was the crew which saw Berlin before London, glimpsing Hitler's capitol through the clouds on March 6, 1944. The "Daily Express," learning of this, promptly invited the whole crew to spend the next weekend in London at the Savoy at its expense. We bet they had a better time in London. Any takers?

DID YOU KNOW – T/5 Angelo Lauri of 1675th Ordnance S & M Co. showed typical Yankee ingenuity by devising a machine to produce Fahnestock clips, which are used for arming wires, to prevent fuses of bombs from being armed before release from the aircraft. His machine, made of old bicycle parts and automobile springs, manufactured in mass production all the clips for this Division.



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: Last August 6th through 9th, I mailed out 621 (of our then 646 members) letters as an appeal for help to satisfy our Group's "fair share" of the funding of the American Librarian in Norwich. Twenty-five of our members had previously given a total of almost \$5,000.00 and they did not receive this letter. Our Group was just about 9% of the total 2ADA membership, and as such, our share of the cost amounted to just over \$26,000.00. I'm very pleased to advise you all that as of mid-October, you have sent Jordan Uttal, Drive Chairman, a total of 181 checks amounting to \$12,012, almost half of our target/goal. To the 181 of you, my sincere thanks for your much needed help. To the 440 who have not as yet sent in your check, please do so as soon as you possibly can...we need help to come up with the balance of \$14,000.00. Check Past President Carl Alexanderson's column on page 9 of the Fall '89 Journal, then respond with either a check or pledge commitment. Don't forget to note or otherwise advise Jordan that you are 458th! Now, to those who have recently joined us as new members, and want to know what this is all about, drop me a card requesting a copy of "Our Last Mission" letter. I'll rush it off to you ASAP.

DAYTON, 1990, 458th REUNION II: As reported in the last Journal, the 458th will hold its second Wright-Patterson Dayton, Ohio reunion in September, 1990. We will send a separate mailing to all members advising of the particulars early enough, so that you can give it some thought about attending. New members who have questions can write or call: Durward "Duke" Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, OH 45439. Tel. (513) 299-7125.

SQUADRON INSIGNIAS: Yes, it's true! I now have 200 Squadron "Patches," 50 each of the 4 squadrons. They are all 4½ inches in diameter (plus whatever the "wing" projections are) and positively the ultimate in reproduction! All are 85% embroidered and 100% satisfactory, beautifully done replicas of original 752nd, 753rd, 754th and 755th Bomb Squadrons of the 458th Bomb Group. Through the willingness of three of our long time members, **Dario DeJulio**, 752nd, **Bob Henn**, 753rd, and **Gerry Allen**, 755th, original Squadron Insignias, it is now possible for you to have this "patch." I must say again, if you want one or one of each, you MUST act promptly, or risk the possibility of "missing out" on this offer. The total cost averages out to \$8.50 each. Remember, when these 50 from each squadron are gone, they're GONE! I do not plan to reorder again, since this has proven to be much costlier than I originally anticipated, but very much worth it quality-wise. If I have any left, I will certainly bring them to the Dayton reunion. Because of the considerable monetary cost, I cannot hold any in reserve as I did with the "458th BG History III" for new, future members. So, again, if you want your squadron (or one of each squadron), DON'T WAIT! Cost includes postage.

NORWICH REUNION, 1990: The July 25-31 Convention in Norwich, England is fully subscribed, and any questions regarding this event cannot be answered by me, but should be addressed to Evelyn Cohen.

TAILWINDS

Received a telephone call from **Graham Savill** (our 458th "right-hand-man on the scene in Norwich") advising that he and June will be attending the Hilton Head Island Convention. He will get us up to date on the latest efforts regarding placement of our Memorial we had in the original Horsham St. Faith passenger terminal. In addition, some info regarding our upcoming Norwich Reunion.

Received dozens of letters regarding the Library funding. Just no way I could answer them all except by expressing my thanks in this column. Essence was their sincere effort to support it financially. One of our members gave \$1,000.00 and others gave \$500.00. One of

our long-time members sent Jordan a check for \$104.58 with an explanation that since I mentioned that an average-per-458th member was \$34.86, he was paying for 2 of the 3 members who generally fail to respond to this sort of an appeal.

Duane Fair plans to bring his A-2 Bradley Associates jacket to Hilton Head and we will sell chances to raise money, all of which he will donate to the Library Fund. Duane has previously contributed...**"Wally" Wallace**, past 458th Vice President, is the Editor of "Windsock," a National Fraternity of Military Pilots Newsletter in San Antonio. **Dick Bateman** requested a copy of the 458th Roster, found **Veto Stasunas** and **Len Abramowitz** with whom he had flown and renewed old-time friendships! A new and up-to-date 458th roster will continue to be available for \$3.50. Make check out to me, since I have to get it reproduced and mailed...**Bard Suverkrop** re-joined us after a short absence and sent me names of former crew members, as did **Joe Kennedy** and **Bill Griffiths**. As a result we've added the following to our roster: **Steve Greco MI**, **James Hiner MN**, **Tom Polliard CA**, **George Schott WV**, **Robert Schauseil FL**, **Jacob Pearce NC**, **Fred Massaro CA**, **Odis Taylor MD**. I called Odis as a result of getting his name from **Lionel Gourdault**, who had written an interesting story to me. Others I forgot to include in the last Journal: **Stewart Nelson NH**, **Don Atkinson NJ**, **Matt Davan NY**, **Elmer Humphreys CA**, and **Ben Costello FL**...**Bill Eagleson** (453rd) sent me a photo of the restored B-24, "All American" which he flew as a waist gunner in a flight over the Boston area...(our "domicile" from 1958-1964 while still with United Airlines). In receipt of two letters from **J. Dillen** of Belgium who requested information on "Little Lambsy Divey" and its demise in Antwerp, its crew, survivors, photos of crew and aircraft, if any, etc. He is researching wartime history. If you can help, drop me a card and I will put you in touch with him...Sad to report that **Don Jamison**, **Gene Gabriel** and **Harold Smith** have made their "last flight" and are listed in Folded Wings. I've written to their widows and expressed our Group's sympathy to their families.

Aviation Dollars

The following Aviation Dollars are available from the Gander, Newfoundland Chamber of Commerce. The coins are either uncirculated or proof quality.

SERIES I

The Hudson Bomber

SERIES II

The Liberator

SERIES III

The Flying Fortress

SERIES IV

The Catalina Flying Boat

SERIES V

Special Edition Coin Featuring Insignia of the 101st Airborne Division of the U.S. Army and a Screaming Eagle Encased By a Shield. Designed to pay tribute to the U.S. soldiers who lost their lives in the tragic Arrow Air crash at Gander in Dec. 1985.

SERIES VI

Hawker Hurricane Fighter

SERIES VII

DeHavilland Fox Moth VO-ADE

SERIES VIII

Harrow Inflight Refueller G-AFRH

\$4.00 each in Canadian currency only, postpaid, from:

Gander and Area Chamber of Commerce
ATTN: Colleen Hiscock
109 Trans Canada Highway
Gander, Newfoundland
CANADA A1V 1P6

Financial Report

Second Air Division Association

June 30, 1989

Balance June 30, 1988			105,480.53
Receipts: Membership Dues	75,913.60		
Colorado Springs Convention Fees	7,055.00		
Interest Income	4,461.20		
Computer Receipts	379.79		
Proceeds Colorado Springs Convention	21,709.90	109,519.49	
Receipts and Balance		<u>215,000.02</u>	
Disbursements:			
V.P. Journal:			
Postage	2,442.80		
Auto Expense	976.46		
Film & Developing	179.60		
Telephone 5 months	268.75		
Supplies	132.53		
P.O. Box Rental	75.00		
Rent	7,200.00	11,275.14	
Journal:			
Postage	2,546.00		
Overseas Postage	1,224.60		
Printing	18,915.10		
Composition	7,799.87		
Label, Insert, Del.to P.O.	903.00		
Bulk Mail Permit	60.00	31,448.57	42,723.71
Membership V.P.:			
Postage	3,842.81		
Printing Sups	1,202.13		
UPS Charges	65.16		
Rent	4,800.00	9,910.10	
General Expenses:			
Videos (Henry)	169.78		
50th Anv. B-24 Expenses, Ft. Worth	2,621.72		
Computer Exp & Sups	825.41		
Computer Program D Base	135.00		
Panasonic Dot Matrix Printer	720.00		
Computer Space Rental	1,000.00		
Donation to WAC Memorial in DC	1,000.00		
Cryptography	12.45		
Bank Charge for Deposits	15.40		
Uttal Trip to Bd of Governors Mtg	302.80		
Exec Bd Expenses, H.H. April 1989	12,680.01		
Memo Books to Library (Ken Darney)	100.00		
Schwab Pre-Inked Stamp	20.52		
Vice Pres & Officers, Postage	2,988.96		
Vice Pres & Officers, Printing	806.54	23,398.59	
Transfer to American Librarian Fund		<u>18,000.00</u>	
Total Exp. General Fund			<u>94,032.40</u>
Balance General Fund June 30, 1989			120,967.62
2 AD Memorial Library Fund			
Balance June 30, 1988	20,953.27		
Receipts-Donations June 30, 1988 to June 30, 1989	29,109.75		
Balance of Library Plaque Fund	543.20		50,606.22
Balance Cash on Hand, All Funds as of June 30, 1989			<u>\$171,573.84</u>

Note: Please note that this report does not include the money being collected for the American Librarian Fund. Jordan Uttal and I are keeping a running account of the money in that fund, and we have agreed to have Jordan make all releases of the amounts. This will avoid a lot of confusion, as the balance changes hourly.

Dean E. Moyer, Treasurer
Second Air Division Association

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

HONORARY PRESIDENT

JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230

□ □ □

OFFICERS

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□ □ □

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28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801

389th BG.....LLOYD E. WEST
Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575

392nd BG.....JOHN B. CONRAD
2981 Four Pines, #1, Lexington, KY 40502

445th BG.....CHARLES L. WALKER
1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632

446th.....WILLIAM F. DAVENPORT
13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705

448th BG.....LT. COL. LEROY J. ENGBAHL, (Ret.)
1785 Wexford Dr., Vidor, TX 77662

453rd BG.....MILTON R. STOKES
P.O. Box 64, Westtown, PA 19395

458th BG.....E.A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21061

466th BG.....ELWOOD NOTHSTEIN
40 Meadow Dr., Spencerport, NY 14559

467th BG.....G. "JEFF" GREGORY
3110 Sheridan Dr., Garland, TX 75041

489th BG.....JAMES DAVIS
2519 Shell, Midland, TX 79705

491st BG.....HAROLD FRITZLER
1130 S.W. Chestnut Drive, Portland, OR 97219

492nd BG.....E.W. (Bill) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022

□ □ □

HERITAGE LEAGUE

President.....MRS. KURT (VICKI) WARNING
2736A N. Dayton, Chicago, IL 60614

□ □ □

JOURNAL

Editor.....WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, Mass. 01938

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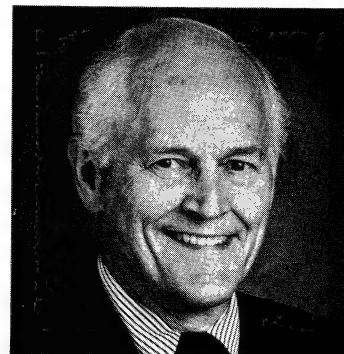
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President's Message

Let's Look at Our Wake.

[Wake (wak) n. a track or course of anything gone before.]

by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain



Riding one day with my brother-in-law in his boat, we were beyond sight of land. For some time, I noticed he periodically looked aft (excuse the Navy term). Each time he did so, I followed his gaze. But, to my non-nautical eye, there was nothing there. Finally, I said, "Jack, why do you keep looking over your shoulder?" He responded that the wake he left behind was a good measure of how he was handling the helm. Since then, I have felt this basic helmsmanship lesson applies, as well, to everyday life. To know how well we are staying the course requires an occasional look back to see how straight is our path. Now is the time to glance back on the past 15 months to appraise our navigation between the 41st and 42nd year posts of our 2ADA life.

Unfortunately, deadline tyranny forces me to write this 30 days before my term as your president expires and 60 to 90 days before you read it. So, what you read may be old hat unless you missed the Hilton Head Island Convention. Even then, you may have missed the message, so I repeat it here briefly by a glance back at our "wake" toward Colorado Springs. There, we set some courses of action to further the purposes or objectives of our Association. They were outlined in the Fall '88 Journal. For convenience, they are repeated below along with a necessarily premature assessment of our progress.

2AD MEMORIAL ROOM: Support the establishment of a full-time American Librarian and a full-time library aide. Requiring an estimated \$500,000.00 capital fund, we hoped for full subscription by our 1989 annual meeting. **STATUS:** After a slow start, the response has been truly gratifying. Today, the fund is 60% subscribed by about 18% of the membership. New commitments come in every day. This is excellent progress and gives us confidence that, ultimately, we will achieve our goal.

LONG RANGE PLANNING: Work is essential, as a minimum, to wrap up the affairs of our "last person" Association. We hope for such a plan to be presented to the Executive Committee in November 1989. **STATUS:** Much work has been done to develop appropriate long term goals. It appears the goals will have been selected by the annual meeting. A plan to achieve them will follow.

AWARDS: To recognize our many hard-working volunteers, we are structuring an awards program with the hopes of implementing it at the 1989 Convention. **STATUS:** Our First Annual Recognition Night will have been held following the buffet dinner on November 3, 1989. We will have honored certain Group Vice Presidents for performing services vital to their Groups and to our Association. We will have presented new honorary membership certificates to special people. We will have presented a number of newly designed 2ADA awards to some of our volunteers long overdue for recognition. I hope this will become an annual tradition.

PRESS RELEASE PROGRAM: A further measure to raise the Association's profile, recognize achievement and increase membership, which we hope to have in place by the 1989 annual convention. **STATUS:** We are highly confident that this will have been achieved.

B-24 FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY: Enter an information/recruiting booth at the Fort Worth Convention Center for the entire period of the celebration during May 17-21, 1989. **STATUS:** This was accomplished as planned and was reported in our Fall 1989 Journal. Our presence there was so successful that we also participated in the First Flight 50th Anniversary Celebration in San Diego. As a result we have at least 60 new members from Fort Worth and 26 from San Diego.

These ambitious activities were all over and above the rather substantial ongoing level of effort needed to make our Association the great one that it is. Six professional class Journals have been produced; membership has grown steadily at an annual 5% net rate and has been efficiently processed; near simultaneous planning continues for three conventions spanning three years; daily to weekly international communications go on with the Trust Governors on matters vital to the Memorial and its future; regular stewardship is applied to our Association's financial affairs; and, our administrative, data processing, audio visual and public relations activities enjoy constant coordination and attention. Many organizations approaching our size have paid full-time Executive Directors and staff to run their day-to-day affairs. Ours is done with volunteers who at best are reimbursed for their expenses. We have a good operating team arrangement. Let's hope we can maintain it for the future. With good planning and execution, we can.

I never anticipated that being your president would be as busy as it has been. At the same time, I never anticipated that the job would be as satisfying as it has been, either. My only regret is that I leave with a number of important things remaining to be done. But, that is as it should be if we are taking a sufficiently long view of what we must do. Thus, the formation of a long range analysis and planning function two years ago. Also, I am more firmly convinced than ever that the affairs of your Association are in good hands. The wake is straight and the course is clear, so, I am optimistic for the future.

Thank you for the confidence you have placed in me. I gave it my best shot and will continue to do so in whatever capacity is appropriate. My wife "Mike," who has been helpful in more ways than you can imagine, joins me in wishes to each of you for a joyous Holiday Season and a healthy and prosperous New Year. God Bless.

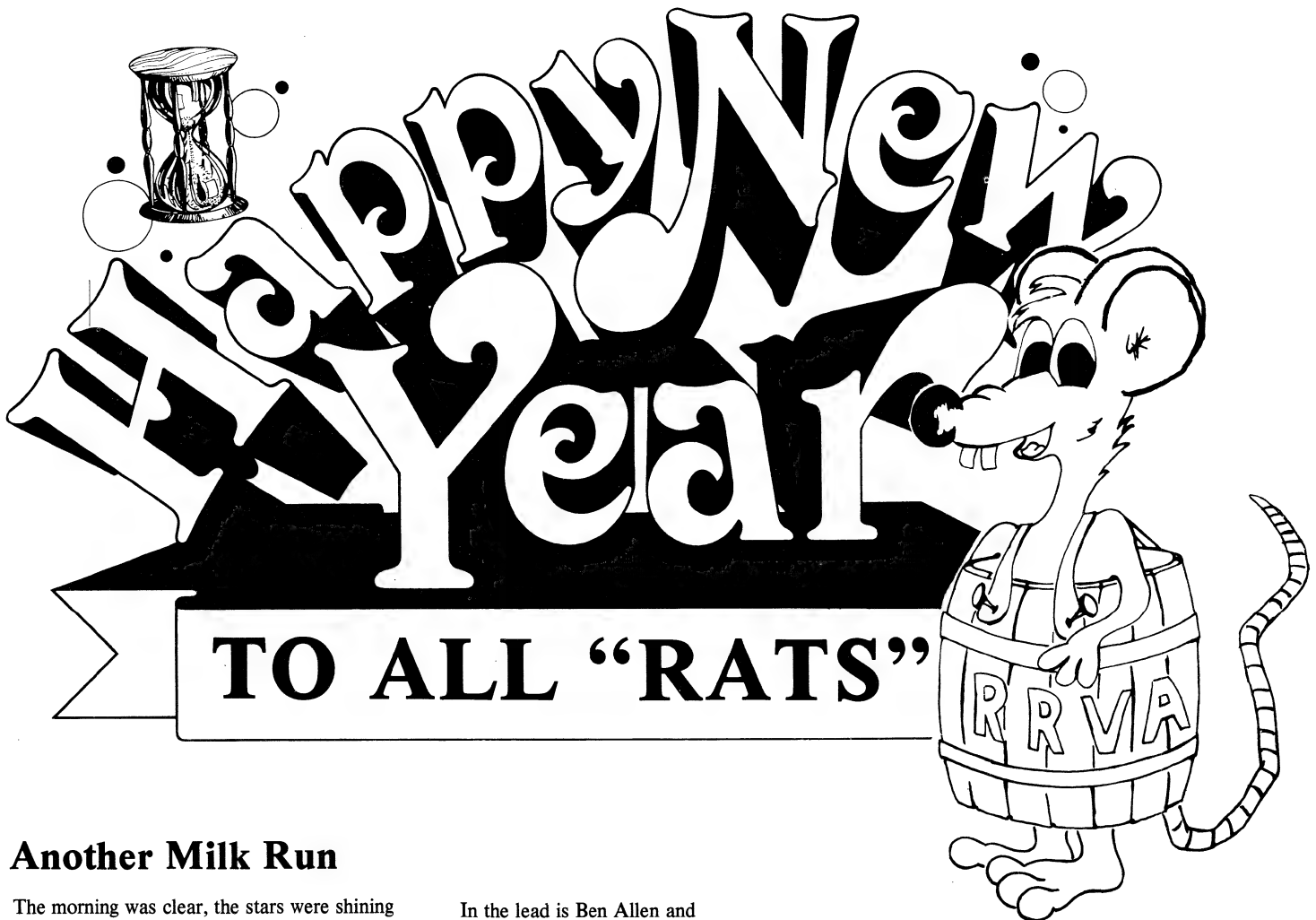


MIG SWEEP

#68

RED RIVER VALLEY FIGHTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION

WINTER 1989/90



Another Milk Run

The morning was clear, the stars were shining
Out on the ramp the 5's were reclining.
The crew chiefs were working without much spunk
Trying to shake off last nights drunk.
Out came the pilots in groups of fives,
with helmets and chutes, and pistols and knives.
Armed to the teeth these warriors of space.
Everyone — a potential ace.
They were all thinking in the early mush,
I'll abort early and avoid the rush.
But the ground crews are watching,
and all goes well,
They all taxi out, grumbling like hell.
Out to the runway and all get ready,
The hands on the throttles are sure and steady.
Throttle outboard and A/B light,
Water injection brightens the night.
Off in the dark with a roar they went,
and woke up the specialists asleep in the tent.

In the lead is Ben Allen and
on his right wing is Tate,
Tidwell and Ekman are coming up late.
Head for the tanker to fill up with gas,
Hope in the dark they don't bust their ass.
Upon the target and over that ridge,
Down in the valley there should be a bridge
Allen says "Follow me you bum!"
Tate says, "I can't! I'm chewing my gum."
They bank to the left then whip to the right,
Around the ridge and in for the fight.
But then to their surprise, a sight they did see,
A big silver streak just over the trees.
With a little ole' driver just shaking his head,
They knew in a moment it was "Nasty Ned."
Allen said to Tate, "say I thought he was spare!"
"He musta snuck in while we were up there!"
The bridge it was gone and so was the town,
For Ned had been busy for miles around.

The smoke from his engine gave signs of A/B,
As he nosed her up and out over the sea.
They heard him exclaim as he tooled out of sight,
"I'll have to re-adjust these braces,
they're too damn tight!"

By S/Sgt. Kellum Miller
562 TFS
Crew Chief on F-105s

WE GET LETTERS

Dear Fellow Yankee Air Pirates,

Nancy and I got out of Beijing two days after the shootout in Tiananmen Square. From our two rooms in the Jianguo Hotel we watched the pro-democracy demonstrations of April and May build, and then on the weekend of June 4th we watched the Tanks and Armored Personnel Carriers (APCs) roll over the barricades erected by the students and their supporters. From our balcony we could see tracers arcing through the night sky as the troops opened up on the students still in the square that night.

On Monday morning, June 5th, I walked down to the CITIC Building, about two blocks from our hotel, and checked the status of our office. On the way there I passed several areas where the hastily erected barricades had been destroyed by the tanks, and in front of our office building there was a burnt out bus. The local people were staying in except for a few courageous souls that wanted to see what was going on out on the streets. Troops and the Armor were evident at every major intersection.

After checking the office I went across to the Noble Tower to see if we could get a seat on the United Airlines flight to Tokyo on Wednesday. As of that Monday morning the U.S. Embassy had not given any orders or suggestions to evacuate. The United office was jammed with people and it would have been impossible to even get to the counter. Around the corner on the same floor was the Thai Airways office. There wasn't a crowd in the Thai office, and when I inquired about flights to Bangkok I was told I could get two seats on the Tuesday flight, the next day. The U.S. Embassy had now posted signs in the hotel suggesting that Americans should remain indoors. (The order to evacuate the Americans did not come from the Embassy until Wednesday; the day after we had left.)

We never felt there was any danger to the foreign community except perhaps a stray round from some indiscriminate firing. One European was hit in the leg in front of our hotel on Monday evening we were told. I had managed to get a lot of video tape of the demonstrations and even of the tanks rolling by on Saturday night, Sunday morning. At one point there was a rumor that the troops were searching foreigners rooms for film and videos, but they never got to our hotel.

The Lido Hotel and Apartment complex on the road to the airport was considered to be a safe area. On Monday most of the Americans, and other Westerners, tried to make their way out there from wherever they were living in town. Transportation was difficult because there were no taxis running, and the majority of company drivers had not reported to work with their cars. Nancy and I managed to catch a ride with the GE Engine representative who we ran into in our hotel lobby late in the afternoon. We had our "Bug-out" packs made up, but when we

knew we had about 30 minutes to pack more we threw together another two large and two small suitcases of clothes and miscellaneous junk. We later wondered why we grabbed some of that stuff.

On Tuesday, June 6, we left the Lido for the airport several hours in advance of our flight. The airport scene looked like something out of WWII. The Japanese had brought in several extra flights for their citizens. The Canadians were well organized with a control desk and someone to take care of them. The Swiss were the same. Cathay Pacific had flown an extra aircraft into Beijing to take Hong Kong and British citizens out on a hand baggage only basis. For an airport that has trouble just handling the normal flow of tourists the situation was chaotic. Several nationalities were leaving on the Thai flight to Bangkok, and, to top it off, a tour group showed up right in the middle of all this for the Thai flight and felt they should jump the line and be taken first. Lines to the counters were crossing each other, only half the customs people were at work (we got out without even going through the customs inspection), and even the immigration booths were only partially manned.

We finally managed to get through the line and get our boarding passes. I lost my cool a couple of times, but Nancy was great. Our old friend Archie Loper met us in Bangkok and took us to the Rama Gardens Hotel where we relaxed for a couple days before leaving for the States.

Looking back at the incidents which caused our hasty departure from Beijing we can reflect that perhaps we acted hastily. The Americans weren't really in danger unless they got involved with the street action. The order from our company to evacuate was for real of course, and I'm sure in our best interest, but we left in such a hurry that we had this feeling we had forgotten to do something.

Nancy was deeply concerned for her students at the Peking Medical University Hospital and the Nurses Academy. Many of her class had been in the square throughout the demonstrations taking care of the hunger strikers. On the Monday morning after the shootout, before we left the Jianguo Hotel, she called her friend, Madame Chen, at the academy to ask about her students. Mdm. Chen was the only one that had made it into work. She is 65 and the head of the Nurses Association. While Nancy was talking to her there was some popping noises in the background. Nancy asked what the noise was and Mdm. Chen told her the army was shooting into the windows of the building and she was talking from under the table. The academy was about four blocks from our hotel.

We arrived in Seattle from Bangkok on June 8th. I called into the company and they

suggested I should take my home leave and then come on back to the office. During the course of the next couple weeks I talked to the office quite often as to future plans, etc. It became apparent fairly soon that there was talk of a reduction in force on the international staff, and since my expertise was China I was perhaps surplus to their needs. (The U.S. Government had placed a ban on doing any defense related business in China, and that included my Black Hawk program.) I decided to take the bull by the horns and went back to Connecticut to talk to the new VP of International Business.

There was never any suggestion that I would be laid off, but it was apparent everyone would be more comfortable if I sought a position in the Support or Programs groups working out of the main plant.

Since we had just leased our home in Connecticut for a year, Nancy and I really had no place to move back to there. All our furniture was in storage, and we would have required a fairly large home to hold everything.

I decided that if we could strike a deal I'd take early retirement. I was just turning 58 and would have 11 years with the company in September. I would take half pay for 18 months as a retainer for being available as a consultant on the Far East. Sikorsky would move my furniture to Oregon that was presently in storage. Our household goods in China would be shipped to our Oregon address. We signed an agreement to that effect, and I was retired from Sikorsky on September 16th.

My agreement with Sikorsky is on an as needed basis and is non-exclusive. They have options on half my time, but I can work other projects as well. I have already been offered a retainer by another company to cover the Far East for them. Seems I am in business as a consultant.

The leaving of China in such a hurry still haunts us and I feel Nancy was more affected than I was. Her students meant a lot to her and she feels as if we have deserted them. She also feels bad about not being able to say goodbye properly. We have heard from some of them, and from some other friends who have gone back, or never left. Life in China is taking on all the aspects of the Cultural Revolution again and it is worrisome.

It will take time for the unrest in China to settle down. They have been hurt badly by all the foreign business going out and not getting hard currency from the tourist trade. I expect I will make a trip back someday to settle the Sikorsky accounts with the Peoples Liberation Army, but that is out there in the future sometime. In the meantime I will work on the second book, "The Code Goes On" which covers my Evergreen and Sikorsky "international adventures."

Next summer Nancy and I will drive back to Connecticut to sell the property there. Right now we have no plans for any extended trips.

Continued on page 11

River Rats Reunion Reservations

Fill out completely!

**Reservations Necessary — Reservation Deadline: 10 April 1990
10-14 May 1990**

Name _____ Indicate Name Tag Names Below:
Address _____ First _____ Last _____
City/State/Zip _____ First _____ Last _____
Home Phone _____ Information: (702) 458-8759 Contact Name: Larry Beasley
Office Phone _____ Make Check Payable to: Rats Reunion '89
No. of Persons Attending _____ Send to: RRVA Reunion
No. of Rooms Required _____ 2970 Carnelion St., Las Vegas, NV 89121

RECEIPT OF MONIES GUARANTEES RESERVATIONS! (All activities must be paid for in advance.)

Please select activities you will attend:

EVENT No. of Res. x \$ - Amount

WED., 9 MAY - No activity scheduled

THUR., 10 MAY

*Registration () @ \$30 _____

Hosp. Suite () @ \$ 5 _____

Vegas Show () Pay at Door

FRI., 11 MAY

Hosp. Suite () @ \$ 5 _____

Golf () @ \$30 _____

Handicap(s) / _____

Symposium () No Charge

Flight Suit Party () @ \$25 _____

**Guest Cost () @ \$35 _____

SAT., 12 MAY

Hosp. Suite () @ \$ 5 _____

Tennis () @ \$25 _____

Nellis Tour () No Charge

EVENT No. of Res. x \$ - Amount

Dinner Party () @ \$32 _____

Entrees

Beef/Veal Combo ()

Orange Roughy ()

Veg. Plate ()

**Guest Cost () @ \$46 _____

SUN., 13 MAY

Hosp. Suite () @ \$ 5 _____

Mothers Day Luncheon () @ \$12 _____

** (2) Guest Cost () @ \$17 _____

MON., 14 MAY

Hosp. Suite () No Charge

Champagne Brunch () @ \$11 _____

**Guest Cost () @ \$12. _____

*Required for all Rats and Spouse/Friend, and guests if attending more than one days activities.

**Pro-rated cost without registration charge (event and libations only.)

All event charges include Open Bar/Beverage Service as applicable.

**RESERVATIONS OR MONEY CANNOT BE ACCEPTED AT REUNION UNLESS EMERGENCY SITUATION!
Monies due 10 April**

Please fill out entire form!

No. _____ HOTEL RESERVATIONS
(Single or Double Occupancy) \$60 + \$4.20 = \$64.20
Sahara Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada

(Please DO NOT call hotel. The committee is handling all hotel reservations. Confirmation post card to follow receipt of Activities money.)

Please check reservation nights:

_____ Wed., 9 May
_____ Thurs., 10 May
_____ Friday, 11 May
_____ Saturday, 12 May
_____ Sunday, 13 May
_____ Monday, 14 May
_____ WE HAVE OWN ACCOMMODATIONS

Credit Card Number/Expiration Date:

_____ / _____

American Express _____

Visa _____

Master Card _____

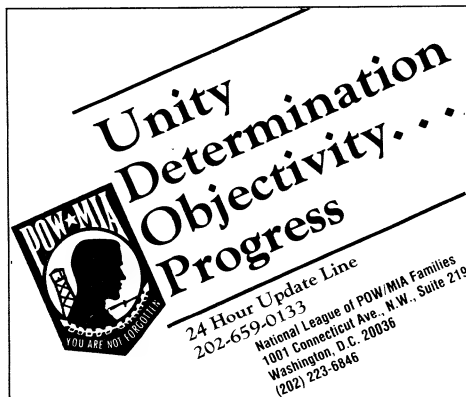
Diners Club _____

Payment to be made on check-out date to hotel. Thank you.

Approximate arrival time and date _____

★ LOST RATS ★

LTC Earl D. Aman
 Capt. Nicholas W. Anderson
 LTC Roger Ayres
 Maj. Charles K. Bergman
 Capt. Charles M. Biddulph
 Col. Harvey D. Bradshaw (Ret.)
 Maj. Michael Bumpas
 BGEN James L. Colwell
 Capt. Jori N. Cromwell
 LTC Elvis E. Crooks (Ret.)
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 David W. House
 Maj. Robert M. Hudson
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 Capt. Michael W. Jones
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 Maj. Robert O. Krueger
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 Col. Bill M. Latulipe
 Col. Warren R. Lilly (Ret.)
 Maj. Alfred R. Morrison
 Maj. Robert L. Nida
 Col. Howard W. Nixon (Ret.)
 Col. Michael B. O'Brien
 Herbert E. Porter



Col. Grady H. Reed, III
 Capt. Richard G. Tangeman, USN
 Col. David F. Tippet
 BGEN Richard Toner
 LTC Victor L. Tucker
 Maj. Samuel R. Vaughn



THUMBS UP - THUMBS DOWN

Thumbs Up - To walls that have come tumbling down.

Thumbs Down - To dumb reasoning.

Thumbs Up - To you who continually lend your support.

Thumbs Down - To the non-participants.

Thumbs Up - To the '90s.

Thumbs Up - To northern Virginia basket painters! (If you need one let me know.)

Thumbs Up - Congratulations and thanks to Co. John Verdi, USMC (Ret.) for his great book, *First Hundred, A Memoir of the Korean War, 1952-1953*, and for sending the profits to the scholarship fund.

And from the mailbox...

Thumbs Down - To Texas Air's Francisco Lorenzo. He's right down there in 'Hanoi Jane's' neighborhood in a lot of peoples book. - Roger T. Horrell

Thumbs Down - To media cartoonists who always point the finger of guilt at the USA. - Ken Anderson

And finally...

Thumbs Up - To all of you, your health, happiness and well being as we enter the last decade of the century.

RIVER RAT OF THE YEAR

I NOMINATE _____

FOR THE 1990 RIVER RAT OF THE YEAR AWARD BECAUSE: _____

Signed _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

Give complete description why you believe your nominee should be named "River Rat of the Year."

1990

"River Rat of the Year"

Nomination Instructions

Who is the best River Rat you know? Who, in your opinion, most exemplifies the ideals of the Red River Valley Association.

In 1984, the National Board of Officers voted to recognize an outstanding member of the RRVA, who has set an example for all to be proud of. The first recipient of this annual award was Manny Simpson, ex-Marine, fighter pilot, prominent attorney and legal counsel for the RRVA. Subsequently, honorees were 1985 - "J.D." Davis and Frank Street, 1986 - Bob Gadd, 1987 - Frosty Sheridan, 1988 - Bob Ettinger, and 1989 - Bob Fair.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1990 "River Rat of the Year." Your nominee must be a current member of the RRVA (dues paid) who has upheld the ideals and goals of the RRVA, as they are outlined in the By-Laws.

If you know someone who you feel should be recognized, please submit their name and your reasons for nominating them NO LATER THAN 1 March 1990 to:

RRVA
 6237 S. Greenwich Rd.
 Derby, Kansas 67037

Flak & Light Stuff

River Rat History

It is hoped by the time you receive this issue of the MIG SWEEP, you will already have in your hot little hands, your copy of the River Rat History. Now if you don't have it, chances are, you opted not to participate in the project. Some of this may be our fault for the way it was originally presented. And for that we apologize. It is not a "year book" or a "who's who among Fighter Pilots." What it is, is the story of the Rats from the inception through the present time. There are several parts to this story, and that is partially why the thing took such a long time to become a reality. There is the history of the association, a synopsis of the air war, and trust me, this was the most difficult part to get on paper, there are war stories and photos, and yes there are some biographies from some of the players. The project took hundreds upon hundreds of man hours, and I won't kid you, frustration that was probably comparable to combat. (Well not quite.) All that aside, as we go to print, so is the "history" as well. It is hoped the book will be mailed in early January. We don't think you will be disappointed with the results. The book will be made available to libraries throughout the country, and if you didn't order one, but would like to have one, contact the Country Store) address on page 2). The cost is \$45 plus shipping. Many members have ordered it simply to give to their children to let them know "what daddy did in the war." Several of you have asked if there is going to be a second volume. At this time no decision has been made, but there will certainly be discussion on it. If you didn't get into the first edition, and think you might be interested why don't you drop me a line and let me know so that the board can give it consideration. Meanwhile, Happy Reading.

River Rat Flag

As of October 1989, the River Rats are now in possession of their own flag. Long overdue, but we have it and it looks great. The only way you are going to get to see it though is to come to a reunion. This item will not be in the "lending closet." The Country Store is thinking about looking into the possibility of having some desk sets made with the American, POW/MIA and the Rat flag. It would give a special touch to your office. Again, let Archie and Sue know if you are interested.

National Office

At the mid-year meeting of the board of officers, it was determined it would be in our best interest to install a fax machine in the national office. That has now been completed and I am already wondering how I got along without it. For your information the number is 316-788-2214. Please make a note of it should you have something that needs to get here in a hurry. My personal thanks to the board for making life a little easier.

Passing Through Albuquerque?

Any of you traveling the east/west Interstate 40 and happen to be hungry going through Albuquerque... find a phone book and look up the address for the nearest "LePeep" Restaurant. Hospitality should be true Rat fashion as the local franchiser is Rat Ron Tingley. Maybe they even have cholesterol free eggs, and Ron would probably appreciate your business.

Solicitations

It has come to our attention once again that some solicitations are being made off River Rat rosters. The national board wishes to advise all of you this is being done without authorization or permission of the organization. Along the same lines, many of you have asked us when we are going to update the membership roster and send it out to the members. Solicitation is the reason there will no longer be a membership directory available. Even though in the past we have said the list could not be used for sales or any other type of solicitation, it has been abused. Alas no directory.

From time to time, however, there may be a mailing to the entire membership, offering an item. (For example - if a second volume of the Rat History becomes a viable project.) If this happens, the mailing will come out of the national office. No list will be given to vendors or private individuals for any reason. This has been done at the request of the majority of the membership and we will make every endeavor to comply with your wishes.

Pima Air Museum

Some years ago the Tucson River Rats started a project at the Pima Air Museum. We published requests for items to be put in a display to tell the story of the Rats. We have learned the display has never been finished to the satisfaction of the Museum so we are asking once again for your help. They need photographs (with explanations), patches (identified) and other items that may be of interest. All items are on loan and you can have them returned to you at any time. One of our members in the local area, Bob Bush has volunteered to work on the display to bring it up to speed, but he cannot do it without your help. Won't you please lend him a hand? You can contact him at (602) 742-2709 evenings, or send your items directly to him at 9111 N. Oracle #172, Tucson, AZ 85704. Thanks much.

Reunions

Hopefully we are getting our act together in planning reunions! And planning is exactly the word. Again, we are calling for your comments and suggestions. Here is the schedule to date:

- 1990 - Las Vegas, Nevada, 10-14 May, Sahara Hotel, Larry Beasley, chairman.
- 1991 - San Antonio, Texas, 18-21 April, Menger Hotel, Phil Combies, chairman.
- 1992 - Las Vegas, Nevada. Dates, site, chairman tbd. (This will be the Silver Anniversary celebration of the Rats.)

● 1993 - We are accepting proposals. Received to date: San Francisco and Chicago.

Those of you who attend the reunions know they are always a lot of fun. What you may not know unless you have served on one of the committees is how much work they are. We are deeply indebted to the guys and their ladies who give so much of their time and talent so the rest of us can sit back and enjoy it. If you are in an area that would be a good reunion site, why don't you talk it over with other Rats in the neighborhood and consider hosting one of our get-togethers. You would probably enjoy it.

Vegas '90

Speaking of reunions... 1990 looks to be every bit as good as past reunions in Las Vegas. Of course our Rats there are now well seasoned in "how to," but it is always remarkable how they are able to pull everything together in such a professional way. When it came down to making the decision on a date, it was a tough call to make. As mentioned elsewhere in this issue, the Vegas hotels are no longer interested in weekend convention business, for several reasons. 1) They have so many weekend gamblers, they couldn't care less about a crowd who has activities other than the gambling tables; 2) We are a small group. Perhaps if we were bringing in several thousand participants, it might be somewhat easier, although doubtful; 3) Money is the bottom line, and they aren't going to get rich off the Rats. So that makes it all the harder for Larry Beasley, Dale Leatham and the rest of the committee... not to mention the fact that this year's reunion falls over Mothers Day weekend. But it seems like this crowd has thought of everything, or at least tried to. A special luncheon will be held on Sunday to honor all the ladies... and if what they are hoping for in the way of entertainment works out, it will make last year look like amateur night.

Joe Stockett is going to be in charge of the symposium and is already getting the program lined up. We are also trying to make arrangements with the Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii (CIL/HI) for a special briefing on how they are investigating crash sites, and identifying remains. I had the privilege of attending one of these briefings last summer and found it to be incredible.

We are going to try something new this year hoping to help you cut your costs. The "west coasters" don't have as much of a problem with air fares as the rest of us. One of the things we have learned is if you fly before noon on Thursday and after noon on Monday, you can get some tremendous reductions on Super Saver fares...sometimes several hundred dollars. So, with that in mind we are going to start the festivities one day later than usual and go into Monday. There are other benefits from this plan. If you have ever tried to depart Las Vegas on Sunday, you know what a zoo the airport is. We think this plan will be a lot easier on you.

Continued on page 10

WE GET LETTERS...

Continued from page 3

On September 5th, I went into surgery to remove a growth in my ascending colon. Luckily it was found to be non-malignant. The doctor had tried, but couldn't get the polyp with a snare, base was too big.

I expect to get active in this consulting business the last part of September. Nancy is going to a nurse's re-entry course to get her Oregon RN License back. If I'm going to be in the house most of the day, she wants out.

I guess that's enough for now. If you're ever near Klamath Falls we'll go up to our cabin and catch some fish, or watch the Otters playing in the snow.

Ernie Brace
1649 Austin St.
Klamath Falls, OR 97603

P.S.: I bought up the remaining hard cover copies of my book, A CODE TO KEEP, the publisher was about to wholesale, and will mail them to anyone for \$12.00. \$5.00 off the bookstore price. That's my fishing equipment money.

Enjoyed your article on Bob Pardo, something you didn't mention was that Bob also has credit for a MIG. In the Spring of '88 we proudly put the F-4 he flew that day on display in the Air Park at Chanute AFB, IL. Bob and his family were there — a great day. Also — Rob Nolan — one of your scholarship winners — is a sophomore in the ROTC program at Notre Dame and doing great. In a couple years we'll have him flying for the Air Force.

Howard T. Hanson, Colonel, USAF
Commander

I would like to thank you once again for the scholarship assistance you have granted me this fall at the University of Iowa and next spring in Moscow. I am still awaiting confirmation of acceptance into the USSR program...

Thanks,
Brad Cuthbert

To all River Rats...

Happy Holidays and long life and happiness in the '90s. Don't believe the reports of the media. San Francisco, bruised, battered and bent, but still more or less together.

✓ Six
Donald G. Richardson

On behalf of the Blackburn family and Poway High School, I would like to thank you and the members of The Red River Fighter Pilots Association for giving Jon's scholarship to the memorial fund in his name for Poway High School. The total of the fund is such that it will enable us to give several scholarships in Jon's name. It gives us some solace in knowing that his spirit will live on to

help other worthy young people obtain an education.

Our sincere gratitude to all of you for your work, caring and generous contribution.

Sincerely,
Carleen L. Blackburn

Dear Patti,

I have been a member of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association since its inception and believe in those programs related to the POW issues, the scholarship program, and the opportunity to share memories of combat in Southeast Asia.

My one complaint is the continuing reference to Jane Fonda by the association and the efforts to keep this hate program alive. I am personally disgusted with her actions during the conflict, but over time have decided to put that behind me and focus on the virtues of the future. I think its time for the Association to do the same — focus on the positive things we can do and stop focusing on the hate campaign.

Sincerely,
Don L. Anderson
Colonel (USAF-Ret.)

Wendy and I are enjoying Okinawa. I am flying Learjets for Flight International, which is a lot of fun, especially for an ex-backseater. The majority of our pilots are retired Air Force and Navy aviators. In addition to our operation here on Kadena AFB, we have several operations in the States, including Alaska, and in Naples, Italy. I was hired in part due to the kind efforts of a fellow Rat, Jack Doub. There also are a few flying positions for electronic warfare officers. If you know of anyone interested in a flying job with us please have them write to me and I will do whatever I can to help.

Sincerely,
Warren Thurn
PSC-1, Box 21632, APO S.F. 96230

I was enraged by the editorial cartoon in the LA Times (Nov. 17, 1989). I have always agreed with the River Rat idea of "FONDA" bashing, and long before I joined the Rats, I told a number of her sympathizers that we should drop her over Hanoi without a "chute." But "Conrad" and his disgusting leftist commie cartoons are still doing this country dirty in the same way Fonda, he, and their ilk during the Vietnam war. I called the LA Times... and protested in the strongest non-propane terms, my outrage at this

**Nominations for
Vice President and Treasurer
must be submitted to the
National Office
not later than 1 February 1990**

pointing the finger of guilt at the USA, again, for the obvious communist aggression in Latin America. He deserves not only a "Thumbs Down" but any pressure we can bring to bear to get him out of the "Times" for good. We have only one major paper in LA now and we can't afford to have an uncontested attitude like "Conrads" poison the public's mind.

Best regards,
Ken R. Anderson, USAF

I want to let you know how truly thankful I am to you and your organizations generosity. The scholarship awarded to me has greatly helped lessen the burden on my family, and helped to insure my attendance at the Eastman School of Music.

It is reassuring to me to see that others recognize and care for young artists' needs in meeting the high cost of quality education. Again, thank you.

Sincerely,
Michael Steadman

The Scholarship Fund is one I admire for all the good it does in behalf of our pilots siblings.

Your support of the league is outstanding. Best wishes and warmest regards.

George Shine

I wanted to send a little help for the Rat's Scholarship Fund. Keep up the good work!

Best,
Dick Simons

Please accept this small donation towards the scholarship fund from QVVA.

As a member of RRVA, I'm only sorry that I did not get a contribution sooner. Hopefully the next time it will be much bigger.

✓ Six
John P. Rowan, Treasurer
SGT. USAF Security Service, 1967

The Friends of Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., has agreed to take us under its umbrella as part of their IN TOUCH project. This relationship will allow "They Were Our Fathers" to share the visibility and recognition that the Friends already enjoys.

Although we lost our fathers in a turbulent and controversial conflict, it is important that we not become a political voice. Our commonality lies in the losses we suffered and in the pride of knowing that our fathers served this country well in making their supreme sacrifice.

Please help in passing this information to those who need it. Anyone can reach "They

Continued on page 12

RED RIVER VALLEY ASSOCIATION

(RED RIVER VALLEY FIGHTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION)

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Derby, Kansas 67037

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IN THIS ISSUE —

- ★ Reunion Registration
and other information
- ★ The '80s
- ★ A Phantom Pharewell
- ★ We Get Letters...
- ★ And Much More

90
LTC CHARLES W GETZ, RET
105 BRAEMAR DR
HILLSBOROUGH, CA 94010

Remains Returned from Southeast Asia

Following is a list of those whose remains have been returned from Hanoi and have been identified at the Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii (CIL/HI), from September through November 1989.

The RRVA extends its heartfelt sympathy to the families of these brave men. It is with great sadness and sincere respect we add their names to the River Rat Honor Roll:

Lt. Col. Robert Bush, USAF
MIA 3/24/66 NVM
LCdr. Wilmur Cook, USN,
MIA 12/22/67 NVM
Maj. Charles Honeycutt, Jr., USAF
MIA 11/10/67 NVM
Col. Jerdy Wright, Jr., USAF
MIA 3/7/66 NVM
Col. Samuel C. Maxwell, USAF
MIA 9/12/68 NVM
Capt. Larry Trimble, USAF
MIA 4/15/72 NVM
Maj. David B. Williams, USMC
MIA 5/3/72 Over Water
Col. Floyd W. Richardson, USAF
MIA 3/3/67 NVM
Col. Charles D. Roby, USAF
MIA 3/3/67 NVM
Col. James C. Hartney, USAF
MIA 1/5/68 NVM

Lt. Col. Gordon Blackwood, USAF
MIA 3/27/67 NVM
Capt. Daniel L. Carrier, USAF
MIA 6/2/67 NVM
Lt. Col. Robert Irwin, USAF
MIA 2/17/72
Maj. Larry Martin, USAF
MIA 7/15/68
Lt. David Kardell, USNR
MIA 5/9/65

The number still prisoner, missing and unaccounted for is now 2,323.

The '80s Gone but not Forgotten...

Continued from page 10

In summary, it was a very good decade. Slow at the start, but finished in grand form. There have been some memories made, some disappointments, happy times and some that were sad. We lost some dear friends, many of our MIAs cases have been resolved and we pray their families and loved ones have at long last, found peace. The organization is strong with good leadership. It will only stay that way with your support. We still have many things to accomplish and a lot of "our kids" still need our assistance both financially (scholarships) and with moral support. The young guys are craving to know "what it was like." You are the only ones that can pass on that knowledge. Don't be hesitant to share it. Should you be called upon for help, be it for a local or national project for the Rats, please say yes. It may take a bit of your time, and maybe even a few bucks, but in the long run it is hoped you will feel a tremendous satisfaction in knowing you helped make the Rats a truly credible organization.

Wishing you and yours the best of the '90s.

WE GET LETTERS

Continued from page 11

were our Fathers" by writing to the Friends of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, 1350 Connecticut Ave., NW, Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20036. Look for more information in coming months.

Sincerely,
Tony Cordero

P.S. We are considering changing the name of "They were our Fathers" to something more definitive such as "Children In Touch" or "Sons and Daughters In Touch" or "Children of the Wall" or "Daughters and Sons of the Wall." I'd appreciate your ideas.

Flak & Light Stuff...

Continued from page 9

While still on the subject of reunions, we want you to know we are actively planning for the RIVER RATS SILVER ANNIVERSARY that takes place in 1992. Every effort will be made to locate our "lost" Rats as well as those who are eligible for membership, but never joined. If you can help us in this matter, we would be most appreciative. Also, if there is something special you would like for us to consider as part of the program/activities, do not be bashful. Let us know. We want this to be a party like no other and we need your cooperation.

Nominations

On page 7 you will find the nomination form for the 1990 River Rat of the Year. Many members are deserving of this recognition and you probably know one of them. Please take a few moments to give this some thought, then send your nomination to the national office. Deadline for nominations is 1 March.

As mentioned in the fall Mig Sweep, nominations are now being accepted for the offices of Vice President and Treasurer. Nominees must agree to serve by contacting either Bob Connelly, Chairman/Nominating Committee or the national office. The term for Vice President is as follows: 2 years as Vice, 2 years as CINCRAT and 2 years as Ex Officio. Seems like a long time, but this person gets the opportunity to wear several hats during that time. All past CINCs have said time passed much faster than anticipated.

The term for the Treasurer is two years, unless re-elected by the membership. Duties include keeping all financial records and reports for the association as well as yearly audits, etc.

Please send your nominations right away to Bob Connelly, address on page 2 under National Board of Officers. **NOMINATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY 1 February 1990.** Ballots will appear in the Spring issue of the Mig Sweep.

Last Blast!

As we enter the '90s many challenges face all of us. Things "ain't what they used to be," but that isn't to say they can't be better. The Rats have come a long way in ten years... you will go further... God willing. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who took the time for a quick phone call or a short note to say hi, and also for all the encouragement you have given through the years. Mostly, I would like to thank you for your patience and your friendship. You are all very special people and I look forward working with you this next year.

Have a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.

6✓12
Patti

The '80s Gone but not Forgotten...

Continued from page 8

- A computer became part of the national office equipment (thankfully).
- Dave Harwood started the task of research for the River Rat history for his paper at Comand and Staff College.
- Thirty-three scholarships were awarded.

1986

- The annual reunion was held at the MGM Grand Hotel in Reno, NV. Bill Elander was the chairman and was assisted by Jack McEncroe who made all the arrangements for Tanya Tucker to give a benefit for the scholarship fund. General P.X. Kelley, Commandant USMC was our honored guest, and who made his unforgettable entrance atop "Big Bertha" the elephant. Shades of Thailand.
- Bob Connelly took over the stick as CINCRAT.
- Work was started on the Rat display for the Pima Air Museum in Tucson.
- Bob Gadd was named River Rat of the Year, while Lou Drendel and Squadron Signal Publications were presented with the Association Award.
- A River Rat coin was presented to each of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Chairman, General John W. Vessey, by Bob Connelly, Rick Gibbs, J.D. Franks and Dave Gray.
- Several Rats enjoyed skiing Breckenridge as the result of a raffle.
- Thirty-nine scholarships were awarded.

1987

- John McCain introduced legislation to obtain a Federal Charter for the organization. Kris Capling, Ken Cordier, McCain and Patti Sheridan testified before the legislative committee only to learn later we were turned down. This was due in part to lack of interest and support from the membership.
- The Austin Rats started their annual tradition of a Valentines Day dance for all Texas Rats.
- The reunion was held at the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel with featured speakers, the Voyager Crew — Dick Rutan and Jeanna Yeager. J.D. Allen served as reunion chairman.
- Frosty Sheridan was named River Rat of the Year, and The Adolph Coors Company was named to receive the Association Award.
- In November, some forty-two members/wives experienced a super vacation by joining the RTB '87 (Return to Thailand). They visited former bases (Korat, Takhli and Udorn), the Bridge on the River Kwai, Chang Mai, Pattaya Beach and were hosted to a most elaborate dinner cruise on the Chaopya River by Joe and Joy Dulin. It was impressive. One participant went on to Hanoi (solo) and had the nerve to wear his River Rat T-shirt to the war museum. S.H.! (Story in #63 and #63 again issues of Mig Sweep.)
- Jack and Anita hosted the sixth annual "CRO-AN" golf tournament at Steamboat Springs, CO.
- The River Rat Memorial was proposed to the general membership.
- Thirty scholarships were awarded.

1988

- The reunion was a joint River Rat/Nam POW combined meeting held at the Crystal Gateway Marriott Hotel in Washington, D.C. and was the second largest reunion of the organization. There was a POW Medal presentation at the White House, a brief ceremony at "The Wall," General William Westmoreland was the keynote speaker. All this was headed by Ken Cordier, reunion Chairman. Dean White moved into the CINCRAT position and the Country Store made a nationwide tour enroute to the party.
- River Rat of the Year was Bob Ettinger, while the National League of Families was honored with the Association Award.
- The national office moved back to Kansas.
- Vice-President Bush dedicated the River Rat Memorial at the Air Force Museum, Wright Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio on National POW/MIA Recognition Day, 16 September.
- The national board of officers released a statement regarding Jane Fonda's apology.
- Forty-three scholarships were awarded.

1989

- Rats returned to the Sahara Hotel for their reunion. Bill Sparks was the chairman of the event. His daughter, Peggy entertained both Friday and Saturday much to the approval of all attending.
- Bob Fair became River Rat of the Year and the Association Award went to our good friend and talented artist, Keith Ferris.
- Our River Rat Flag found a permanent home in the Country Store, and will travel to all future reunions.
- Last but not least, the long awaited River Rat History has been completed, published and will soon be distributed.

Continued on page 12

A Two Way Street?

THE LETTER...

The reason I do not plan to renew my membership is... Mig Sweep seems to be an Air Force publication. Those of us who flew off the "boat" are ignored. You have a great group, the concept is outstanding. However, for the USN types - well we seem to be ignored.

Thanks for the invitation.
Paul D. Haglund
A-4 Pilot, USS Hancock
SEA 65-66

THE RESPONSE...

Dear Paul and other Navy Rats:

While your observations are correct, you have not been intentionally "ignored." The RRVA was/is designed for all the Services. I can't think of anything we would rather have than participation by ALL of you. Unfortunately, we cannot seem to motivate you enough to help us out. There are, at the present time, four members of the USN/USMC on the national board of officers. The president of the Nam/POWs (all of whom are Rats) is also Navy. These guys are continually searching for ideas that would encourage you to be active in the organization. Additionally, we have discussed this with the editor of "The Hook" who has been very cooperative in sharing thoughts.

You are right, there have been no articles about the Navy or Marines. There have been articles about the Air Force, but most articles are about people - River Rats, no matter what Service affiliation. Please understand it hasn't been for lack of effort. In the ten years the Mig Sweep has "lived" in Kansas we've begged, cajoled, harranged, and done everything but stand on our heads to get the Navy involved. All to no avail.

You may not be aware that most articles printed in the Mig Sweep are submitted by members of the Association. EVERYONE is invited. And as far as the Navy being ignored, one has only to look at the scholarship recipients over the years to see the Navy **has not** been overlooked. Additionally, the Navy's Top Gun Program was given the River Rat Association Award in 1985.

We are always open to your comments AND your criticism. However, if it is the latter, we sincerely hope it will be constructive. We know there is room to improve. Our Secretary for Navy/Marine Affairs, Jack McEncroe would be happy to discuss these matters with any of you (address on page 3).

So Come On Navy... send your stories and photos (they will be returned), and we will publish them. You are valued members of this organization.

Editor

The '80s Gone But Not Forgotten

It's amazing how time flies when you are having fun! And the Rats did that during the decade. But on top of that many things were tried. Some were accomplished, others were not. What is certain is that there was a tremendous effort by many to further the organizations credibility and insure that others would know more about the association. Here, then is a brief synopsis of some of the highlights of the last ten years.

1980

- Reunion - Vegas V held at the Sahara Hotel. Honored guest was general John Singlaub, USAF (Ret.)
- Bob Gadd took over as CINCRAT
- Twelve scholarships were awarded.

1981

- The Reunion was held at the Sheraton Crest Hotel in Austin, Texas. A film crew from the television show "Real People" was on hand to produce a piece for one of their upcoming programs. Bob Fair was the reunion chairman.
- Twenty-one scholarships were awarded.

1982

- We returned to the Sahara Hotel for Vegas VI. John Piowaty moved into the CINCRAT position.
- Thirty scholarships were awarded.

1983

- A River Rat plaque was placed in the Trophy Room and a wreath placed at the Tomb of the Unknown at Arlington National Cemetery by CINCRAT Piowaty with many local Rats in attendance. Piowaty also addressed a special mid-year meeting of the National League of Families who had gathered for the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Paris Peace Accords. The tenth anniversary of Homecoming was the theme for the Real Reunion at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. Among many special guests were Air Force Chief of Staff, General Charles Gabriel, entertainer - Fred Travalena and the producer of Real People, George Schlatter.
- P.M. Magazine-Spokane did a special piece on the Rats and more specifically Rat/former POW Jerry Driscoll.
- Thirty-five scholarships were awarded.

1984

- Several Rats joined together to help former 13th TFS mascot, Eldridge who had found a home in the Phoenix Zoo.
- Local Rat chapters were becoming very active with fund raisers such as golf tournaments and other activities, but perhaps one of the funniest stories to go into print was that of "The Road to Rhubarb Pie" the tale of the Spokane Rats on a rafting adventure.
- A final farewell was given to one of our best friends the F-105 at the "Thud Out" at Hill AFB, UT. Hundreds of Rats were in attendance to pay their final respects.
- The Green Oaks Inn at Fort Worth, TX was the headquarters for the reunion. Mo Baker and his crowd showed us all what real Texas hospitality is all about. Ross Perot was the keynote speaker and was subsequently given the first "Association Award." He asked that the USAF Rescue and Recovery Service share the honor with him.
- Manny Simpson became the first recipient of the "River Rat of the Year" award.
- Larry Pickett became the CINCRAT.
- Bob Connelly, Frank Street and Patti Sheridan were invited to ceremonies at the White House for National POW/MIA Recognition Day. Connelly later addressed the National League of Families.
- Lou Drendel completed the painting "River Rats" which was reproduced into the litho that is given as the Association Award.
- Forty-two scholarships were awarded.

1985

- Reunion Headquarters was the Hacienda Hotel in Las Vegas. We were honored by two guest speakers, The Honorable Richard L. Armitage, and Congressman John McCain.
- The Association Award was presented to the Navy Top Gun Program and the River Rat of the Year award was shared by Frank Street and "JD" Davis.
- The River Rat coin came into being, as did the magnificent bronze sculpture by Bill Klesert, entitled: Fighter Pilot - Nam.

Continued on page 10

A Phantom Farewell and Phly Away!!!



On 30, 31 March and 1 April 1990, the 184th Tactical Fighter Group of the Kansas Air National Guard, Wichita, Kansas will host a farewell for their F-4 Phantoms. A tremendous program is being planned as we go to press with this issue of the MIG SWEEP. Those plans include the following:

- An F-4 "fly in" by several F-4 units around the country
- Phantom Society conference
- Special barbecue and beer call on Friday
- Dedication of #271 (Mig Killer) which will go on permanent display
- Last Fly-By
- Static Display with photo opportunities
- Vendors (all those things you just gotta have)
- Plus a whole lot more

Anyone who has flown/loved the F-4, former members of the 184th, former students and enthusiasts are invited to attend.

Like many other things, another era is ending. It is hoped you can attend this memorable weekend and pay your respects to a phond friend.

For further information contact:

Major J.R. Maxwell
177th TFTS
KANG
McConnell AFB, KS 67221
(316) 687-7855
Autovon 743-7855

YOKOTA RATS

SITREP

As far as the Yokota Rats are concerned, we are just getting airborne. Our original 12 members are expanding, hopefully to reach the 40-50 level. This is about right for Yokota since we are not a fighter base but rather airlift (Tooey)!

Nonetheless, we have some very dedicated officers that are most supportive of the Rats tenants. As you know, the number of Vietnam Veterans within the Air Force continues to dwindle. Therefore, the preponderance of our Rats have not been "downtown" but respect those who have. Yokota has a number of POW/MIA markers and dedications (since the F-105s were here) and we have undertaken the project to provide upkeep for same.

We were very pleased with the Rat scholarship fund raiser this year. I'm hopeful that next year it will lead all the other units. The Lady Rats were also most supportive of this effort. The crux of our fund raiser centered on selling photographs to the Japanese during the Yokota AB Open House. You will note the photos are taken by a Japanese Zero.

This particular Zero is one of three still remaining in "flyable" condition here in Japan. This Zero was manufactured in 1944, flown to Guam, and shot down the same year. The aircraft was gunned down by US Forces during an air-to-air engagement. The aircraft was crash-landed on Guam by the



YOKOTA RATS — Left to right, back row, Bill Elliott, Keith and Pat Connolly, Anita Cummins, Bud Voss, Tom Storey, Kip Attlee; Front row, Rich Plewes, J.J. Cummins, Ed Joyner, Jerry Becker, Charlie Bergman.

pilot who was subsequently captured. The Zero still carries the strafe holes in the engine cowlings.

At any rate, we had fun at this year's fund raiser. Hopefully next year's will be even better. We are asking that the contribution be accepted in memory of those noted (see contributions - page 4).

Finally, I'm not sure what is really happening in the states concerning the rights of those individuals to "burn" or "desecrate" our flag... particularly those who refer to the

flag as "just-another-piece-of-cloth." At any rate, those of us overseas are hopping mad at the lack of respect for old glory. We still have flag-draped coffins of POW/MIAs returning monthly.

Perhaps the Rats could grab this cause and let other influential people know... "We care."

Cheers,
Keith B. Connolly, BGEN, USAF
Yokota CINC RAT



TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS THANK YOU!

Yokota AB, Japan - Rats
In memory of:
 Lt. Col. Jack Ward
 Col. Don Kilgus
 Gen. Jerry O'Malley
 Capt. Roy D. Bratton
 Capt. Laurent Gourley
 Capt. Roger Behnfield
 Lt. Col. David F. Gray \$2,500.00
 (\$413.97 - *in memory of Don Kilgus*)
 Manny Simpson 853.00
 Steve Ritchie 500.00
 Col. John Verdi, USMC (Ret.) 412.20
 J. Tucker Marston 100.00
 Lt. Col. Ron Prudence 100.00
 Barry D. Johnson 100.00
 Col. Howard C. "Scrappy" Johnson,
 USAF (Ret.) 100.00
 J. Frank Street 100.00
 American Airlines Foundation
 (Matching Funds - Street) 100.00

Dick Simons 100.00
 George W. Shine 100.00
 Hugh Morrison 55.00
 Tom and Candace Goldman 50.00
 Clarence T. Lowry 50.00
 (*in memory of Don Kilgus*)
 Ben and Joan Pollard 50.00
 (*in memory of Col. Don I. Williamson*)
 A.E. Staley Mfg. - Tim Nash 30.00
 Jack Kull (*in memory of all*
FAST FAC'S lost in SEA) 25.00
 William D. Patton 25.00
 Vietnam Veterans of America -
 Elmhurst, NY 25.00
 Bob and Kay Reed 25.00
 (*in memory of Ray Lewis*)
 Capt. Benjamin Woodworth, USN (Ret.) 20.00
 George De Giovanni 20.00
 Robert W. Lewis 20.00
 Lt. Col. Richard L. Martindell 15.00
 George Wildeboor 15.00
GRAND TOTAL..... 9,728.20



FOR SALE
Apple Valley, California
 Home 2,375 sq. ft., on 1 acre
 \$175,000
 Contact: Jack Adams, 1326 Standish St.
 Arcadia, CA 91006.
 Tell him Don Richardson sent you.

★★★ AIRFARE DISCOUNT ★★★

American Airlines has once again approved special discount fares for the River Rats to Las Vegas. This offer includes travel between 7 May and 17 May 1990. This special fare is available by calling the American Airlines meeting service desk, toll free, seven days a week from 0700 until midnight. Dial 1-800-433-1790, ask for Star File #SO1Z2V2.

Your best chance for saver fares is to fly before noon on Thursday and after noon on Monday.

★★★★★

The Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association RIVER RATS REUNION Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada

Once again the River Rats will return to Las Vegas for their annual reunion. The Sahara Hotel has given us the best rates for rooms, libations, and food. Those of you who attended last year will agree the food was some of the best we have had. We are fortunate in that the popularity of Las Vegas has grown tremendously in the last several years and the hotels no longer need or want weekend convention business, nor do they encourage it. That could possibly change some time in the future due to the fact that one very large hotel has just opened, another is scheduled to open in the spring, and yet another is on the drawing board and isn't too far off. For now, we have to try and make the best plans possible under some difficult circumstances, primarily trying to keep costs down for you.

You WILL NOT receive a separate registration form in the mail!

We have had a great deal of success with the plan that was started in Washington, D.C., that of advanced/paid reservations for the reunion. Like we said last year, if it ain't broken, don't fix it. With the exception of a few emergencies, this plan worked splendidly. No hassle upon arrival, and those who had to cancel at the last moment only lost their registration fee. Believe it or not, there were no complaints and the planning was significantly easier for everyone. We thank you in advance for your cooperation.

Deadline for returning your activities signup sheet and hotel registration form together with pre-payment for all activities will be 10 April 1990. You will pay your hotel bill when you depart, but all reservations must be made through the registration chairman, Bill Sparks. When you arrive at the hotel, register with the Sahara for your room. River Rat registration will be a simple one-step check in to pick up your name tag and verify your event attendance. No lines, no waiting, no multiple stations, etc. As in the past, dues will be collected

if you are not current. Signs will guide you to the check-in station.

The major benefit of all this, is that check-in and registration will be quick which means you can proceed immediately to having a good time. The other "beni" you will realize is lower costs. If we have an accurate count on who will attend what event, we don't have to build a "fudge factor, thus keeping the prices at a minimum.

REFUNDS

Please do not worry about paying up front and then having to cancel. If you notify us not later than 1 May, we will refund the entire amount of your check minus the registration fee. This fee will only cover pre-paid items such as name tags, mementos, band, transportation (Nellis tour), postage, printing, security and all those other things we have to contract in advance for.

PLEASE NOTE —

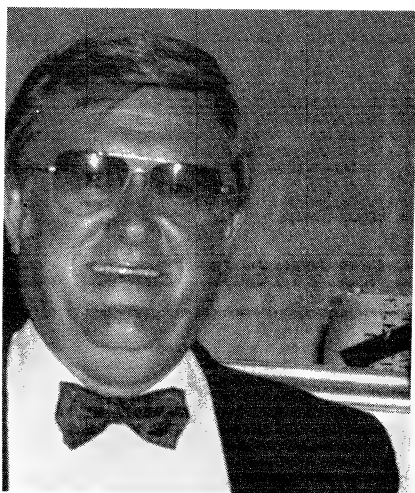
This year all meals and liquid refreshments associated with individual events are "at cost," which means they are cheaper than last year. If you are planning to bring a guest(s) for any **single** event, ie: Saturday banquet (does not include spouse/friend) the cost of that person(s) meal/libations will be somewhat higher,* if your guests will be attending more than one event, a registration fee will be charged.

The per day fee for each individual at the Hospitality Suite is set at \$5.00; this is roughly the cost of one call drink with tip at any of the major strip hotels.

Be sure to get 10-14 May marked on your calendar now... and don't just look at the registration form, get it filled out and send it along with your check to Bill Sparks. See Flak & Light Stuff for further information on events, etc. See you in May!

**But no registration fee will be charged.*

FROM THE CINC...



Dean White

1990 — Where does the time go? It's hard to realize that it has been 23 years since this organization was founded. Where were you 23 years ago? Where will you be May 10-14 in 1990? I hope you'll be in Las Vegas at the 1990 Reunion! We'll be at the Sahara again, and judging by the last reunion it should be an event you won't want to miss. The Nellis Pack has worked very hard, and the plan looks Sierra Hotel!

More about that later; but while we're on the subject, start now to plan your schedule to include the 25th Anniversary Reunion. It will be in 1992 in Las Vegas (hotel and exact time to be determined). I have contacted the NAM/POWS and invited them to join us. Paul Galanti tells me they may have found additional prospective Rats as a result of Nick Rowe's funeral. If you missed the Washington, D.C. bash, then this is your chance. Start now to make your plans to attend.

Each year we select one of our members to be honored as River Rat of the year. Basic criteria for the award is sustained service to our organization. Obviously, the National Board can't be everywhere and know who's doing what, so we need your input! Tell us who you think should be honored as our outstanding member for 1990. Drop a line to me or Patti, outlining your candidate's qualifications. Don't put it off. We want to hear from you!

This spring we will be selecting our next Vice-President. When the ballots come out, please vote and send in your choice. We also need volunteers to take over the local Cinc Rat positions. At the risk of upsetting a few people, how long has it been since you changed leadership at the local level? Maybe new blood will revitalize your local pack. We need more local activity; once a year reunions just don't sustain this organization and our scholarship fund. We are more than a group of unruly fighter pilots having a good time. Ask any of our "Kids" and you'll know what I mean. Patti will gladly send you all the

known Rats in your area. Who knows, you may find a new golf or fishing partner...

I realize that sometimes I sound like a preacher or a nagging wife, but I honestly believe that the RRVA is too valuable to too many to let it stagnate as many other military organizations have done. We still have a job to do, and it can't get done by a handful of the same people year after year. We need local participation - how about you?

Finally, this thought — "The only people who really fail are those who never try."

Have a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year!

✓ Six
Dean

★ FINAL SWEEP ★

LTC. Roger S. Cooper, USAF (Ret.)
6-30-89

Col. Richard P. High
Date Unknown

LTC. John H. McKillop, USAF (Ret.)
9-3-89

Col. Charles W. Reed, USAF (Ret.)
7-9-89

Maj. Phil Mortensen, USAF (Ret.)
12-6-89

WELCOME LIFE MEMBERS

Pat Hughes
Erica A. Lamb

Can you help?

Information requested about **Major Eugene "Gene" Odgon Conley, USAF, 355 TFW.** Lost at railroad yard near Hanoi on 21 January 1967 while flying an F-105.

Please contact David Conley, 3551 Blossom Street, Kissimmee, Florida 34746-8915.

**DEADLINE FOR NEXT
MIG SWEEP
1 February 1990**

Don't forget...

**VALENTINE'S DAY
14 February**

Do something nice for someone!

NATIONAL BOARD OF OFFICERS 1989 - 1990

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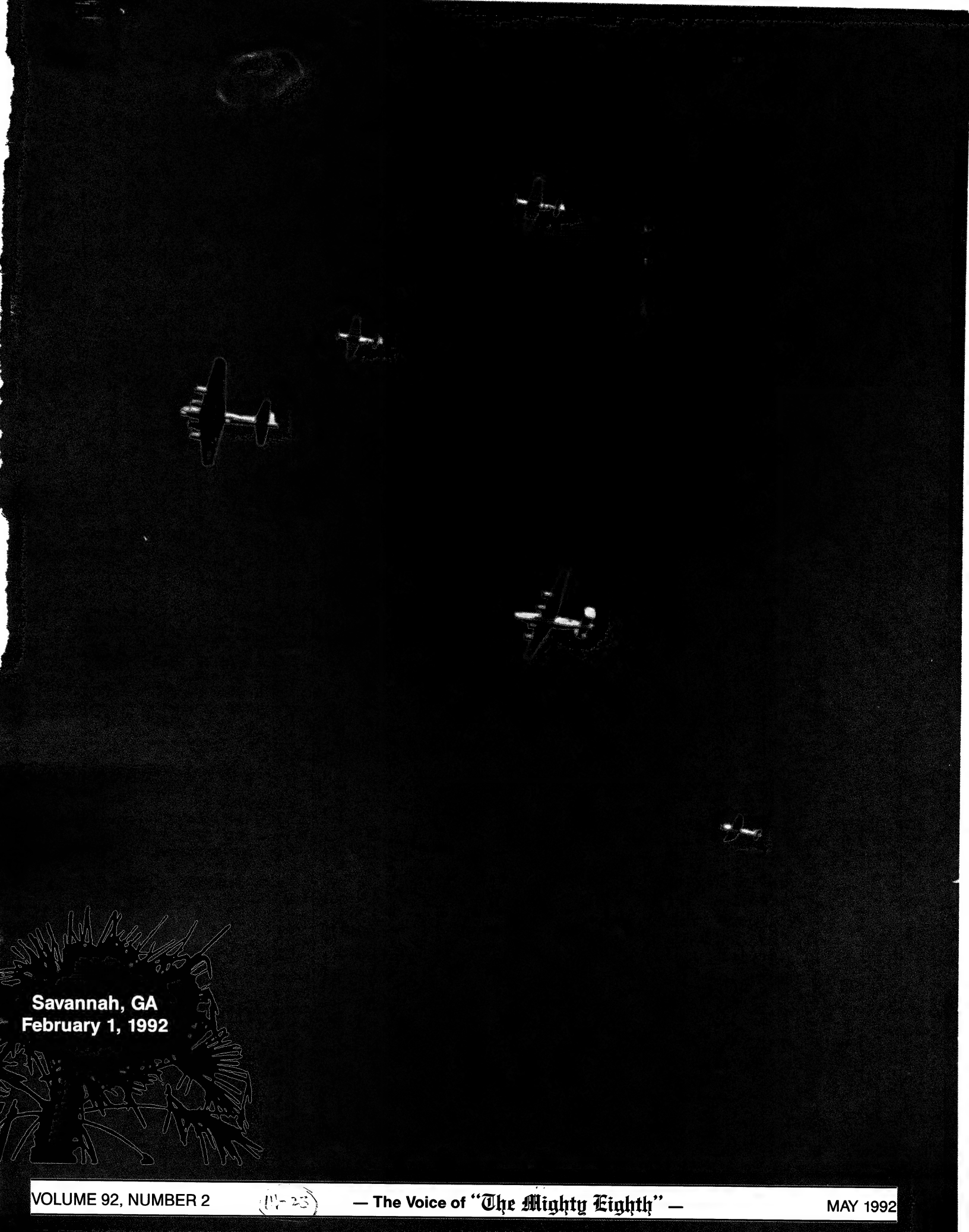
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FAX (316) 788-2214



Savannah, GA
February 1, 1992

President's Message

Cooperation — this is a key word and function that, along with Communications, will assure present and future success of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society.

We have achieved a lot of cooperation in communications between the Society and State Chapters and Wings. Two pages of this magazine are devoted to the news of Chapters and Wings — their meetings and other news items they send in.

We would like to achieve this same cooperation with our Units by devoting a section to their activities as well. When informed, we list *all* 8th Air Force reunions and individual letters and obituaries, regardless of their origin. Many units that do not have a newsletter use the Eighth Air Force News to communicate with their members. Please send your news to Editor Jim Hill.

Cooperation in communications also leads to cooperation in membership. All members of our State Chapters and Wings belong to the 8AFHS. With cooperation of our Units and Affiliate Organizations, we would like to reach the goal of having all unit members also belong to the Society. At present, at least 30% of every Unit are not Society members. We would like to narrow this to 10% during the coming year. Contact Ed Kueppers or myself concerning how this can be done.

Cooperation leads also to increased organizational strength and services to everyone. Look ahead just a few years and you can foresee possible difficulties in holding Unit reunions, establishing and maintaining Unit memorials and museums, enlisting able and willing officers, and finding editors and publishing and archiving assistance. Many groups already experience difficulties in these areas. Close ties with the 8AFHS will support your members even in difficult circumstances. Our 17,500 members provide a large pool of leaders and workers.

LOUISVILLE '92

Membership Report

By Edward A. Kueppers,
Membership Manager

The first three months of 1992 saw the addition of 450 new members to our Society. Once again, 80% came from the WWII ranks, 10% are Associate Members, and 10% are known as Subscribers.

Associate members are Members who have served in the Armed Forces of the United States, whereas Subscribers are those who have never served in the Military.

We must make that distinction for I.R.S. purposes, as they require that 90% of our membership be in either the regular or Associate category.

State Chapters continue to increase with Colorado recently added. Gene Person informs me that ten new State Chapters will be in place by the end of the year. Good work Gene, along with help from Eric Hawkinson.

"Snowbird" address changes are coming in slowly. As you'll recall from the last column, giving us both of your addresses will assure that you will receive your newsletter. We deleted "Return Address Requested" from the last newsletter, which means that all undeliverable letters are not returned but end up in the dead letter office, saving us a substantial amount of return postage. Please tell anyone who says he didn't get his newsletter to contact our office.

Our 1-800-833-1942 number is still working out well; however, please confine your calls to business only. War stories should be mailed to our office so we can read them when we're not so busy.

The AARP has informed us that they misunderstood our request for an advertisement in *Modern Maturity*, and that they will accept our ad. Therefore, we will be placing an ad shortly. The circulation of that bimonthly publication is approximately 25 million.

Thanks to all who sent letters to AARP. You helped clarify a misunderstanding.

Some Life Members have sent annual dues to our office. The mailing label on the newsletter shows your membership number. If LM appears on it you're OK for life. However, if you want to make a donation to the Society of \$10.00, we'll make good use of it.

Heritage Center in Savannah

By Lewis E. Lyle

The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center has reached a new plateau on its road to success. On March 1, 1992 the temporary office was relocated to a building 1/4 mile east of the construction site. This move provides the veterans and friends traveling along I-95 easy access to the office, staff, and site. We are in process of setting up a display area in one of the rooms of the office so the veterans will have a taste of what the Heritage Center will be like when complete.

In order to continue the progress made to date, the Heritage Center Board of Directors is considering making a feasibility study to aid in planning and directing the final phase of the fund drive. This is the next logical step following the nation-wide direct mail campaign. The direct mail campaign has been very successful in informing the veterans about the Heritage Center and broadening the "grass-roots" support.

All in all the Heritage Center is progressing at a good pace. A competent and professional staff is in place, the Board of Directors was increased by five members during the past year, and more veterans are being made aware of the Heritage Center on a daily basis. All of this means great things will be happening at the Mighty Eighth Heritage Center in the next 12 months.

Thursday the weather was not favorable to us as it was constantly raining and 'put a slight damper' on our activities. By evening things had cleared up a bit and the attendees had two choices of things to do. Over 100 joined the Georgia Chapter in a "Cook-in (was originally scheduled to be a Cook-out) at the Radisson..hot dogs with all the 'fixins'..while over 100 chose a boat ride to old Fort Jackson including an oyster roast and chicken dinner sponsored by the Coastal Heritage Society. This included a Civil War re-enactment and the firing of cannons by Society members.

Friday, Hunter Army Airfield had an "Open House" including helicopters on display and also provided transportation to Ft. Stewart to view the 24th Infantry Division Museum. The weather in the area had cleared and enabled 2 P-51's and a P-47 to fly into Savannah and their arrival caused a great deal of excitement when the roar of their engines were heard. From 6:30-10:30PM another Gala Event was held in the Civic Center Arena emceed by Henry Hughey. After the invocation, pledge of allegiance, and a welcoming speech by Georgia Chapter President Mell Pelot, a very impressive and dramatic memorial candle lighting ceremony was conducted. Many VIP's were introduced, and recognition was given to special groups such as POW's, WACS, ground crews, support groups, fighter pilots, bomber crews, Purple Hearts, etc.. public recognition that was long overdue and well deserved! Short speeches were delivered by Russ Abolt, Harry Moses, Robert S. Johnson, and "Kitty" Hulings (cheered by her 13 WACS who were present). We then held our raffle drawing...Jim Tollerson won the beautiful 'wall hanger' with the 50th logo (made and donated by Dorothy Kenney), George Lawson won the \$400 redwood swing (built and donated by 'Mac' Mashburn) and one of our new Chapter members, James P. Atwood, was the grand prize winner of the USAir round trip ticket for two to London! Jim Sedlack and his 17 piece NOSTALGICS, starring the beautiful and talented vocalist Nancy Wilson, delighted the crowd with music of the '40's for the balance of the evening. The dance floor really got a workout!

Saturday, the final day of our Celebration, was beautiful..sunny but cool. By 11:30AM hundreds of people were lined up on both sides of the Savannah River in anticipation of the well advertised mass formation and flyby of the WWII warbirds. At 12:45, better late than never, cheers were heard when the B-17, B-24, 2 P-51's, and P-47 made 2 passes overhead at low altitude. They then broke formation, and in single file came down the river about 50 feet over the water and made several passes to the delight of those assembled included all the photographers! It was a spectacle to behold and brought cheers and tears...a sight such as this may never be repeated in our lifetime! We owe a great debt of gratitude to those who piloted these planes for they provided us with the 'thrill of a lifetime'. What a climax to a wonderful week of celebration and remembrances of a period in our lives that we can never forget!

Saturday evening The Georgia Chapter of the 8thAFHS had a Banquet and Dance in the Radisson Plaza ballroom attended by over

400 and we were privileged to have as our guests several of the 8th celebrities. Our new officers for 1992 were installed by Past National President George Lawson, plaques of appreciation were presented to outgoing officers, and special 50th Anniversary gold plated belt buckles were presented to Bill Lawley, "Gabby" Gabreski, Bob Johnson, Steven Miller, and Tom Hulings for being 'our friends'. Our new President Robert B. Shearer accepted the gavel of office from Mell S. Pelot and conducted most of the program. Of course, the NOSTALGICS provided the music for dancing and brought the evening to a close.

During the week we also scheduled five 3 hour movie shows in the Civic Center Theater, each one consisting of WWII films and celebrity speakers. These were well attended and offered the viewers an idea of what the Mighty Eighth did in WWII and gave them the opportunity of meeting many of the heroes of that era. We also had memorabilia displays in the Civic Center and the lobby of the Radisson Plaza for all to enjoy. The new model of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center was on display and received a great deal of attention...and many pledges were made towards its construction.

AT OUR 50th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION WE MAY HAVE ESTABLISHED A RECORD FOR THE GREATEST ASSEMBLY OF V.I.P.'S, WWII CELEBRITIES, AND DISTINGUISHED GUESTS IN HISTORY!

General Russell Dougherty
Major Gen. Ramsey Potts
General Robert T. Herres
Lt. Gen. Gerald Johnson
Lt. Gen. E. G. "Buck" Shuler, Jr.
Lt. Gen. Martin J. Ryan
Major Gen. Lewis E. Lyle
B/Gen. G. Dennis Leadbetter

Col. William R. "Bill" Lawley..Medal of Honor recipient
Lt. Col. Frank R. Beadle...Bombardier on the "Butcher Shop", dropped 1st bomb on 1st 8thAF high altitude mission of war
Lt. Col. Levon L. Ray..Navigator on "Butcher Shop" on above mission to Rouen
C. E. "Bill" Winchell..Waist gunner on original "Memphis Belle"
British Consul Barry Holmes
Steven Miller..son of our beloved Glenn Miller
Col. Francis S. "Gabby" Gabreski..Top living fighter ace in the U.S.
Robert S. Johnson..2nd ranking 8thAF WWII fighter ace
Jeffrey Ethell..well known aviation writer and Korean jet ace

Nationally known aviation artists:
Sam Lyons, Jr.
A. Ric Druet

World War II Warbirds:
Bob Collings Foundation...B-17 "909"
" "B-24 "All American"
Charles Osborne...P-51 "Hurricane"
" " ...P-47 "Big Ass Bird"
Bob Tullius (Va)...P-51

Minutes of Mid-Year 8AFHS Board of Directors Meeting — 4/3/92

1. Murray Fein reported on reunion arrangements, as included in the mailer sent to all members.
2. Art Swanson made financial report (available on request).
3. Swanson reported on PX financial status and announced two new products — grave markers and A-2 jackets.
4. Ed Kueppers reported that 450 new memberships have been received this year and discussed recruiting methods.
5. Jim Hill reported that he will continue to use the 48-page format. Color does not add significantly to the cost of 18,000 copies. Postal rates and mailing methods were discussed. 23 pages of society business in the next issue.
6. Gene Person reported that the goal of 30 chapters has been met and that the goal for this year is 50 chapters. He discussed methods of chapter promotion and growth. It was decided that the UDC will recommend chapters and wings to the Executive Committee for approval.
7. A motion was passed that the recently published policy for conduct of Board members be distributed to all present and prospective Board members.
8. Fred Dundas reported on reunion arrangements for Louisville: color guards, bands, bugler, and programs.
9. Pete Petrillo presented the recommendations of the Bylaws Committee. They were accepted and will be distributed at the annual reunion and upon request.
10. The Board passed the first budget ever prepared as a guideline for the business of the Society.
11. The Memorial Committee discussed the ceremonies and annual placing of wreaths at Cambridge. It will be continued.
12. Fred Dundas gave a detailed discussion of the financial structure of the Life Membership Fund and how it could be drawn down most economically. A detailed report was distributed for study.
13. Pete Petrillo discussed Long Range Plans for reaching new members. Hawkinson discussed the "One in a Million Plan."
14. Over the years \$40,000 has accumulated in the 8AFHS Memorial Fund from contributions of members. This amount was transferred to the fund for the 8AFMMF Memorial Control Tower to be built at the USAF Museum in Dayton.
15. The officers' job descriptions prepared by Eric Hawkinson were accepted as written.
16. The Life Membership Committee was designated as the Trustee for the Life Membership Funds. Other recommendations of the committee were deferred until next meeting.
17. A unanimous vote of thanks was given to Lou Lyle for his service on the Board and on behalf of the Heritage Center.
18. A unanimous vote of thanks was give to Jack Ilfrey for his long and devoted service to the Board.
19. Salaries of staff were discussed and some were adjusted.

Minutes of Mid-Year Meeting of the 8AFMMF Board — 4/2/92

1. The passage of three interim mail motions was confirmed: appointment of Ed Kueppers as Secretary replacing Bob Vickers; approval of Memorial Control Tower Project; nominations for 8AFMMF Board.
2. Excess research grant funds of \$11,500 at Wright-Patterson was transferred to the Memorial Control Tower Project.
3. Sherm Small reported on the status of the Memorial Control Tower Project: site, planning meetings, design report, drawings, model, fund-raising brochure, publicity.
4. Ed Creeden reported on the 8AFHS calendar project and recommended that it not be pursued. It was cancelled.
5. It was decided to make inexpensive machine prints of the entire Woolnough print collection and deposit them in the Archives. Hill will explore the possibilities.
6. The 1992 Reunion's Air War Symposium will be organized by Ralph Patton of the Escape and Evasion Society. \$3,000 was voted for travel expenses of the participants.
7. Bob Vickers presented the B-24 Panel Exhibit. \$9,000 was allocated for placement of a duplicate at Duxford.
8. A discussion was held on the policy to be followed on control of articles lent to museums by MMF. The MMF Executive Committee will rule on a case-by-case basis.
9. The 8AFHS Archives project at Penn State is well underway. A complete inventory of holdings is available and work is being processed and made available rapidly. The sum of \$600 was allocated to the purchase of a TV/VCR combination set for the Archives area at the Penn State Library.
10. The handling and disposition of the Missing Air Crew Reports was discussed. It was decided that Hill will be responsible for the collection and control of all microfiche, computer discs, and hard copies. He will coordinate the collection with Bill Adams. The microfiche reader will be sent to Bill Adams for use in research.
11. The "Mighty Eighth Theater" at the annual reunion continues to be a success. Over 800 people attended the last one. Expenses were \$320 for a room for the projectionist.
12. Lou Lyle reported on the Heritage Center at Savannah. They have set up a new office at the site and are considering a feasibility study on fund raising, which is to be paid for by the Savannah business community.
So far the Heritage Center has not received as much support as hoped. They have raised over \$300,000, but expenses have been over \$250,000.
13. \$1,000 was allocated to the reprinting of the Robert Neary book of POW camp drawings, to be sold through the PX.
14. The third and final payment of \$10,000 was sent to the EAA Museum at Oshkosh for 8AF exhibits placed there.



Attention All Hams!

Would you be interested in setting up an 8th Air Force Ham Radio Network? This could have some very interesting spinoffs; for example, we will need expert advice and assistance to obtain and set up authentic facilities and equipment in the 8AF Control Tower at Dayton. Contact Ed Cooger, POB 475, Washington, PA 15301 (412-663-5313).

A Personal History Lesson

My grandson who was studying WWII in school asked some questions and I gave him a few souvenirs. His teacher asked me to do a presentation and my son set up his VCR and taped the flying scenes from "Memphis Belle" and dubbed in my pictures, souvenirs, and myself narrating. I took the kids through Gunnery School, RTU, England, and a "Mission to Berlin." I took about 45 minutes, as I talked too much, but my memory was on automatic. The kids really enjoyed it and I have another interview coming up soon. It felt good to talk about it for the first time to my family. I had just locked it away. I couldn't even watch the fireworks on the Fourth of July. I can't believe how little they have in the history books about WWII.

Zane H. Cassell, 148 Florence Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17112. (Ed Note: What a Super Idea!)

Missing "Jack the Ripper" Crewmen

Please inform if you know the location of Asst RO James O'Donnell or TG Glenn C. Wilson. We've been trying to locate them for years.

William Leasure, RD#1, Box 11, Homer City, PA 15748.

Did You Know?

That the "Memphis Belle" was not the plane that completed 25 missions first? A whole bunch of news writers, magazine writers, etc., hung around England just waiting to make a big deal out of the first bomber crew to complete its tour. . . . and then they seemingly forgot that the 97th was the first bomb group over and flew alone on the early raids across the Channel. In Africa, the "Berlin Sleeper" of the 340th squadron (#124370) had about 36 missions flown by the time the "Memphis Belle" hit 25; so they really deserved the honor. "Berlin Sleeper" was recognized as the first B-17 to complete 100 missions. The crew that flew on its 100th didn't get to fly it back to the states. A fresh crew from the U.S. that brought the 340th a new plane got that honor.

(From the B-17 Flying Fortress Assn Newsletter, "Echoes from the Past.")

Operations "Arc Lite" and "Bullet Shot"

I'd like to correspond with 8th AF SAC personnel who participated in these two exercises in 1965-70 and 1972-73. Don't want a reunion, just correspondence.

Thomas W. Young, 830 W Amsden St, Denison, TX 75020-7929.

A Family Affair

I'd like to locate my father, who was an American Airman in East Anglia in WWII. He left the country in July or August 1945 without knowing I had been conceived. My mother, Pauline Riley, of Felix Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, can remember only that he was an officer named "Jimmy" based near Ipswich.

Paul Riley, 52, Maldon Road, Colchester, Essex, CO33AG, England (UK) 0206-46877.

"Hell's Henchmen"

Researcher would like to hear from any crew members of this B-17 of the 401BG.

Mike Merryman, 2613 Foron Road, Centralia, WA 98531 (206-736-2055)

SSGT Harold L. DeLay, 1918893

Request information on my uncle, who was a waist gunner on a 448BG B-24 named "Lady from Bristol" #42-52100, crew 43. On Feb 25, 1945 the plane was hit on a mission to Furth, Germany, and last seen lagging and los-

ing altitude over Amiens. The body of one of the crew members was found buried on the coast near Paris Plage. The rest were MIA.

Theresa L. Jones, HQ USAREUR, CMR 420 Box 1952, APO AE 09063.

Airmen Memorial Museum

Our collecting efforts are selective but very ambitious. The museum galleries have been renovated and feature new exhibits that are unique, including an Orderly Room and a display of WWII color photographs. We also publish a newsletter.

Call 1-800-638-0594.

Know Olen C. Patterson?

I would like to get in touch with someone who knew my husband in England. He was a TSgt in the 813th Bomb Squadron. Members of the crew were Gold, Cozby, Carmell, Davis, Foulkes, Prochaska, Rodpwicz, Dowden, and Mason.

Lucille Patterson, 400 S. Belle Dr, Midwest City, OK 73110

C-47 "Gremlin's Castle"

Requesting pictures of this aircraft and information on its history and location. It was part of the 441st Troop Carrier Group, 99th Troop Carrier Squadron, and flew in the first wave carrying paratroops into Normandy on D-Day. Its pilot at one time was Mr. Homer Ache.

Robin Mitchell, 123 Gotham Hill Dr, POB 375, Marshfield, MA 02050-0376.

Wanted: Anti-Aircraft Guns

Does anyone know where and how we can obtain German ack-ack guns for a permanent display?

JWH

Wants Navigator's Manual

I'd like to have an original WWII Navigator's Manual.

Write to Thomas W. Qualman, 3120 Waterfront Drive, Chattanooga, TN 37419.

"Mighty Eighth Theater"

At the New Orleans Reunion I ran the "Mighty Eighth Theater" as a volunteer. It was a tremendous success, as over 800 people came in and watched at least one movie. It was a thrill to meet so many of you. I look forward to other reunions, and to continuing to be a historian of the 8th Air Force. Thank

a 44E cadet and 8th AF P-51 pilot. Last known address was RD2, Jacksonville, Alabama. You're my last resort.

E. C. Turner, 356FG, Box 709, 71 Kattelville Rd, Binghamton, NY 13901.

Know of Johnny Godfrey's Kite?

Looking for photos or accurate information describing Johnny Godfrey's P-51B Mustang (serial number, markings, etc.) at the time he flew as wingman to Don Gentile during 1944 operations with the 4th FG, 336th FS, Debden, England. Need it for an art project. Any additional insights or comments regarding specific missions, dates, etc. will be greatly appreciated.

Please forward information to Avant-Garde Publishing, POB 809, Midway City, CA 92655.

Heroes

As part of the 1991 305th BG Reunion we visited the 305th Air Refueling Wing at Grissom AFB. We met a number of the young men who fly the "giants of the skies" that refuel other planes in the air. Many of them had just returned from Desert Storm and we were in awe of them and their accomplishments. We learned later that they were in awe of us and hated to see us leave. They were our heroes; we were their heroes. How odd!

Driving home through southern Indiana we came upon a huge pile of pumpkins which we photographed. One of the locals saw our 8th AF sticker and said "I want my nephew to meet you. He's only eight but he knows a lot about WWII and airplanes and someday wants to fly the F-14." They found the lad and, sure enough, he knew more about B-17s than I did. Imagine that—a boy of eight a buff on WWII. I know he will be a fighter pilot someday. Watch for his name somewhere down the road—Eli Myers!

Rev. William E. Foose, 305BG

95th BG B-17G 231924Q

I am trying to locate crew members of this plane that was shot down near Salwedel, Germany in May 1944. It belongs to 95BG/334BS Horham. It was shot down by Sgt Schmidt of Sturm Staffel One of the Jagdgeschwader Udet Wing. This unit was to ram the bombers if they couldn't knock them down with gunfire. Sgt Schmidt was KIA shortly after. I would also like to hear from fliers who witnessed rammings by

FW-190s.

John M. Gray, POB 422, Waverly, OH 45690.

482BG B-24H 42-7672

Information needed on the crash of this plane on 23 Jan 1944. It was piloted by Capt Avendano. Also need photo of this plane or another of 814BS.

Write to Ken Wells, Steeple House, 113 Hay St, Steeple Morden, South, Cambs, SG8 OPD, England.

USAFE NCO Academy Graduates

Am anxious to correspond with graduates of this academy of APO 207, Freising, Germany, especially those of Class 57-D, and EM who served in 7th AF (SEA) and knew USAF General John D. Lavelle (1917-1979).

Thomas W. Young, Sr., 830 W Amsden St, Denison, TX 75020.

Return to Husband's Base

Thank you for your offer of membership which I gratefully accept. My daughter, granddaughter and I just returned from England where we visited my husband's base at Mendelsham with the 34th BG. We photographed old quonset huts, the debriefing shack, traces of old runway, and the old church which he said was a landmark on take-off. We hunted for the railroad tracks he used as a guide for landings but they had been replaced long ago. We lunched at the Magpie Inn, a very old pub where wonderful people too young to remember war hunted for memorabilia for us. The pub figured in so many stories Bob used to tell, most of them funny. Surely laughter was a blessing those days. The people we talked with were proud of Roger Freeman, a local boy who became famous (I thought he was American). He apparently has interviewed nearly everyone in the area or so they claimed. I must order his books at the earliest opportunity. You can tell how significant Bob's war experiences are to our family and were to him. We will appreciate keeping in touch through the Historical Society.

Mrs. Robert E. Billman, Akron, OH.

Know MSgt Robert E. Brown?

I am searching for Master Sergeant Robert E. Brown, who was stationed at Watton air base in Norfolk in WWII. He could have been with the 803rd RG or 25th BG, and left England in 1945.

Please contact R. W. Walden, 16 Peckover Way, Kings Lynn, Norfolk,

PE303UE, England (Tel 0553-671769).

B-17 Crash in Buckinghamshire

I would like to have details and the name of the brave American pilot who was killed in a crash after he deliberately avoided a house directly in line with his landing approach on a Saturday morning at precisely 8:10 a.m., rest of date uncertain. The B-17 crashed and exploded between the villages of Princes Risborough and Longwick, which are directly northwest of London.

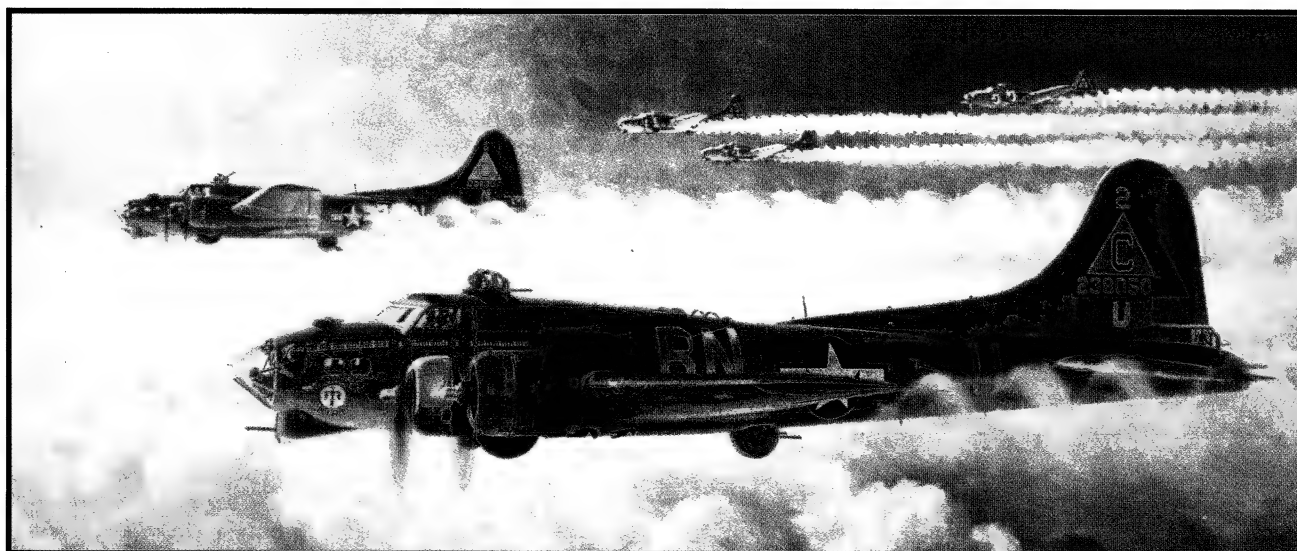
Please write to Mrs. M. Knopp, 43 Gatensbury Pl, Clifford Rd, Princes Risborough, Bucks., HP17 ODE, England.

Dit Dit Dit Dahhhh

When traveling in England and on the continent, why not bring back Winston Churchill's famous "V For Victory" sign. (It would probably not be smart to use it in Germany, though.)



Can anyone tell me the origin of this small wooden carving? I bought it in 1991 at an Anglican Church auction in Central Pennsylvania, but no one knew anything about it. It is beautifully detailed and carved out of mahogany, about 4 inches high. It must be WWII vintage. JWH

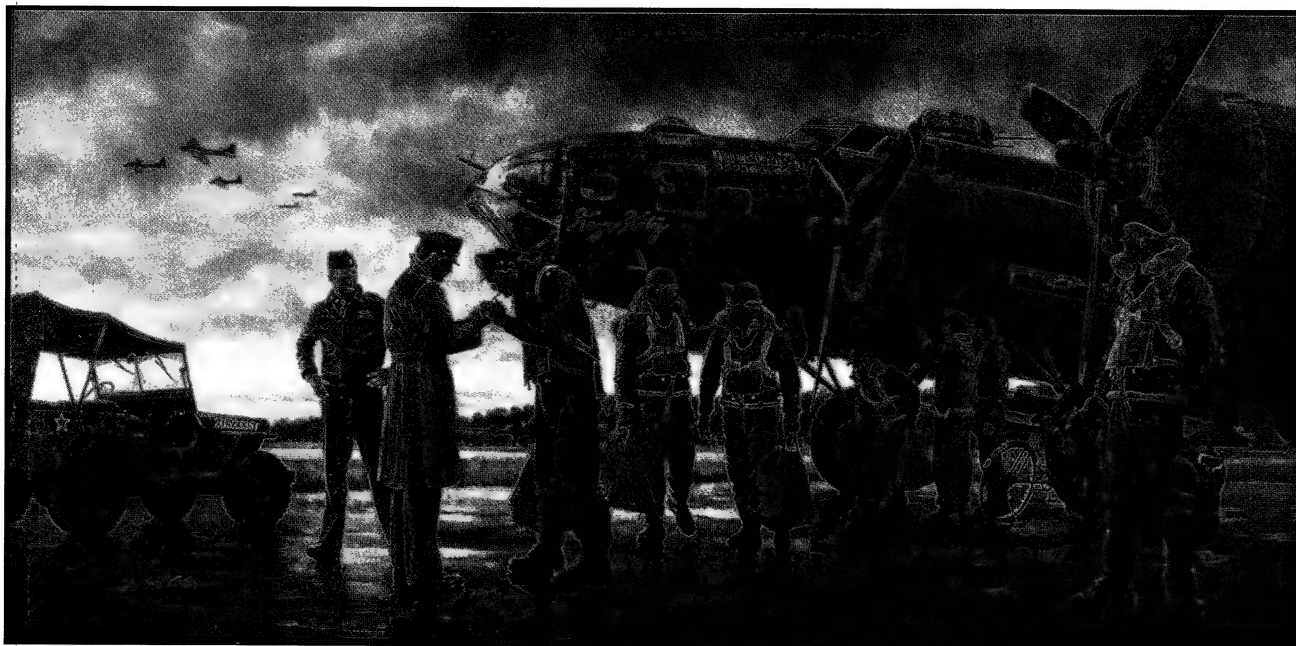


SCHWEINFURT AGAIN!

By Keith Ferris

Five B-17Gs of the 303rd Bomb Group pull contrails above 28,000 ft on their way to Schweinfurt on 9 October 1944. This was Mission #80 for “Thunderbird” (foreground) and her second to Schweinfurt. All 37 of the 303rd aircraft that were dispatched returned safely.

© Keith Ferris 1991



COMING HOME/ENGLAND 1943

By Gil Cohen

Gil Cohen’s “Coming Home/England 1943” won the Best of Show for the 1990 ASA exhibition at the Colorado Springs Fine Art Center. Released as a limited edition print, the run sold out in less than a year and is now available only on the secondary market. The original work is owned by Dr. Harry Friedman and was kindly loaned for the London show.

© Gil Cohen 1990

National Capitol Area Chapter

This chapter was incorporated in the District of Columbia in April 1991. It serves Maryland, the District, and Northern Virginia. They have four meetings a year, rotating between geographic locations, including Andrews AFB and Bolling AFB. Next meeting is scheduled for May at the Fort Myer, VA Officers Club. Officers for 1992 are Pres. James S. Clements, VP Marbury L. Councell, Secy Charles Morris, Treas Lowell Overly, Directors John R. Parsons, John W. McCollum, William S. Rader, Ralph B. Adams.

New Jersey Chapter

The first New Jersey Chapter meeting for 1992 was a Dinner Meeting in Fort Monmouth on April 11 with a POW Symposium. Also scheduled are a Dinner Meeting at Picatinny Arsenal on July 18 featuring Keith Ferris in a program on The Air Force Today and in the Future. The Fall Meeting will be held on Oct 4 with a Luncheon Meeting in Fort Monmouth with Speaker Gen. Michael Jackson, USAF Ret., 56th Fighter Group of the 8th AF.

New Mexico Chapter

The regular Spring Dinner Meeting was held April 10 at Kirtland AFB Officers Club with a sit-down dinner. Guest speakers included Desert Storm veterans. The regular Fall Dinner Meeting is scheduled for Sept 11 at Kirtland AFB Officers Club. Officers will be elected at this meeting.

New York Chapter

The New York Chapter now has 225 people enrolled. The NY State South Wing will hold its Spring Meeting at West Point May 23, Noon to 5 p.m. The guest speaker will be Col. Norman E. Schaefer, who was CO of the hospitals in Desert Storm. The Chapter has computerized its membership roll and is also using the computer to produce its newsletter.

North Carolina Chapter

Raleigh was the site of the 1992 NC Chapter Annual Reunion on April 10-11. We mourn the passing of Roy Frazier, who served in the 361st Fighter Group. The 8AFHS was represented by a delegation of Eastern Carolina Wing at his funeral on Jan. 6.

Ohio Chapter

The Annual Memorial Day Meeting will be held May 16-17 in Columbus, Ohio. Again this year we will have our seek, find, and signup of new members. The last two years were a big success as we signed up many new members. The Chapter was saddened by the passing of our treasurer, Lt. Col. Charles J. Ivan. Chuck will be sadly missed by us all.

Pennsylvania Chapter

Since the chapter was formed last May, the Board has met regularly at the Historic Strasburg Inn, setting up policy, gearing up for a newsletter, and establishing priorities. The Constitution and Bylaws were submitted to the membership for review and approval. The Pittsburgh Wing was formed January 8, 1992 at a luncheon meeting at the Radisson in Monroeville with an attendance of 94. David Inman was elected Wing Commander and Ralph Patton volunteered to assist. On March 26 Director and 8AFN Editor Jim Hill

organized an 8th Air Force Roundtable in State College to celebrate the 8th 50th Anniversary. He reported an attendance of 63, including one 15th AF veteran, two Korea War veterans of the 8th, and one marine. They showed the "Start Engines" tape, shared a delicious 50th Anniversary birthday cake, and had a great time "hangar flying." They are planning another meeting soon. A statewide Reunion "Wing-Ding" is planned for May 22-24 at the Hershey Motor Lodge, Hershey, PA. The facilities are outstanding, so it promises to be a fine weekend. A fine program is planned, including a CIA speaker on Military Intelligence.

South Carolina Chapter

A total of 55 persons attended the latest monthly meeting, the second highest total so far. The large turnout was undoubtedly partly due to the guest speaker, Col. Ralph (Doc) Watson (Ret.), a WWII P-38 and P-51 fighter ace. Membership is now 99. Elected were: Pres. Bud Porter, VP Joe Rosenbloom, Sec/Tr Bob Evers, and Directors Tim Taylor, Bob Kieffer, and Cliff Tichenor.

Tennessee Chapter

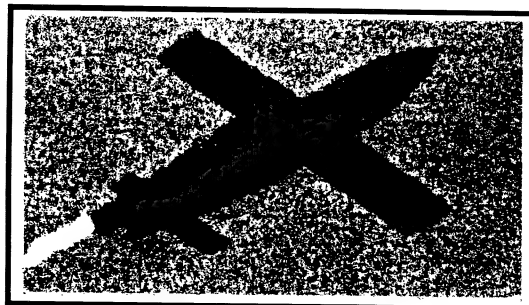
The Annual Tennessee Chapter Reunion was held in Chapel Hill at the Henry Horton State Park Resort on April 10-11. A highlight of the meeting was a tour of the Jack Daniels Distillery in Lynchburg. (We understand that detailed plans to make sure no one was left in the distillery went a-rye.) Another meeting is planned for August in Memphis, with possibilities to include Graceland, Mud Island, the great American Pyramid, a Duck Boat Ride through Downtown, and the Peabody Hotel. A meeting survey will be sent out soon. The new 1992-93 President is John Harold Robinson, 3336 Chancellor, Memphis, TN 38118 (901-363-0897).

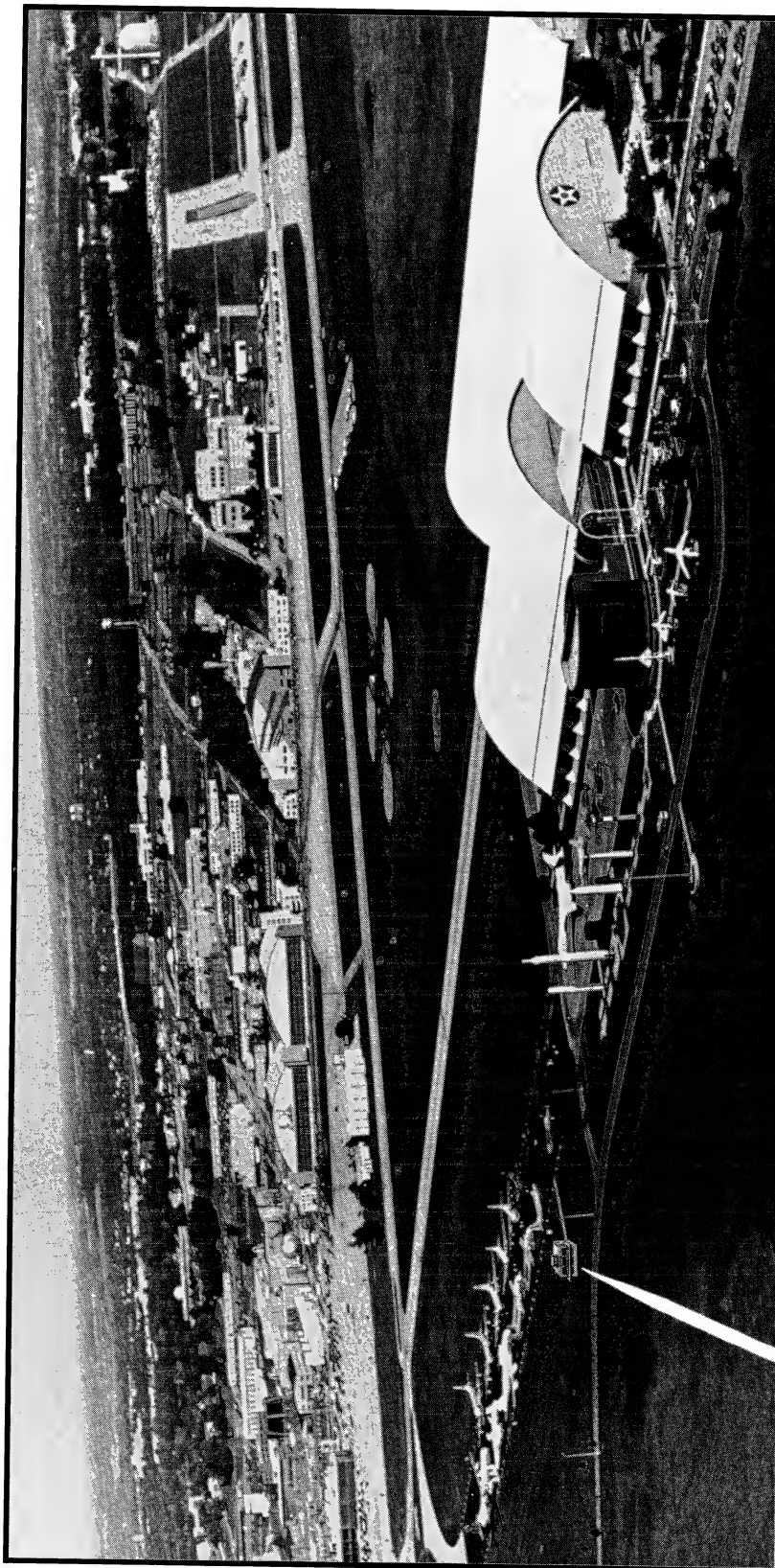
Texas-Dallas/Fort Worth Chapter

The 1991 Xmas Party was held at the Officers Club of the Dallas Naval Air Station at Grand Prairie on December 19th, with 67 members attending. It was decided that the installation of officers and directors will be held at this annual December event. A dinner meeting was also held at the same location on February 27, 1992, when W. O. (Doc) and Chuckie Hoppers, owners of the B-17 "Chuckie" discussed the issues in "warbird" preservation and the vintage flying museum they are working to build at Meacham Field in Fort Worth.

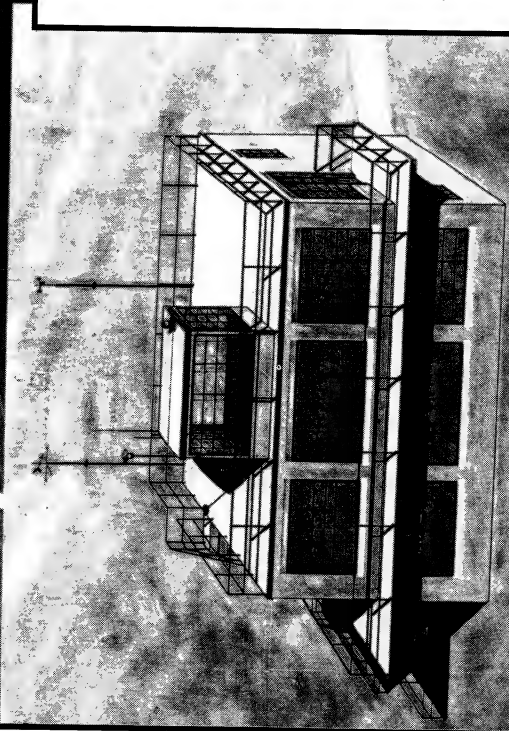
Other States

The following states are in the process of forming chapters: North Dakota, Valley Chapter of Texas, Oregon, New Hampshire, Kentucky. The Committee has also sent out letters to eight other states. If your state is among the missing, come on — JOIN UP.





LOCATION OF 8TH AF WWII RAF-TYPE CONTROL TOWER
 Representatives of the Eighth Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation met recently with USAF Museum staff and representatives of the state of Ohio to plan construction of a typical WWII RAF-type 8th Air Force Control tower. The tower will complete the 8th Air Force complex at W-P, which presently includes a WWII Nissen hut and briefing room, an 8th AF monument, memorials of various groups and units, and extensive displays of 8th AF aircraft, equipment, and memorabilia inside the museum. The tower will be authentically furnished and will include a WWII ETO map display and lighted displays of unit insignia, aircraft markings, etc. As shown in the photo above, the tower site is ideal — along the sweeping drive leading to the museum, and next to the static displays of aircraft, rockets, and missiles.



The Eighth Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation (8AFMMF)

The 8AFMMF is a separate tax-exempt organization established by the Society in 1976 to perpetuate the history of the 8th Air Force through educational means.

This mission is accomplished by establishing 8th Air Force exhibits at major museums such as the USAF Museum at Dayton, OH; the Imperial War Museum at Duxford, England; the Confederate Air Force Museum in Midland, TX; and the EAA Museum in Oshkosh, WI. The Foundation has also established an 8th AF document collection at the USAF Historical Research Center at Maxwell AFB, AL; has established the 8th AF Archives at The Pennsylvania State University in State College, PA, and sponsors the 8th AF Photograph and Print Collection which numbers in the thousands, including many films and videotapes.

At the 8th AF reunions the Foundation conducts the annual Air War Symposiums, the "Mighty Eighth Theater," and various other displays. It has made grants to assist in the publishing of the biographies of Generals Spaatz and Eaker.

The 8AFMMF is funded out of 8AFHS dues and private donations. It has sponsored many worthwhile projects since 1976, as shown in the following chronological list.

1976 —

8AFMMF was founded and incorporated.

1977 —

8AF Collection established at USAF Historical Research Center, Maxwell AFB, AL

Roger Freeman brought over from England as distinguished guest for Third Annual 8AFHS Reunion, St. Louis, MO

1978 —

8AF Photo Collection established at Library of Congress, Washington, DC (4,000 photos deposited)

1979 —

8AFMMF BOD appointed Connie Richards, Bedford, England to acquire Podington Airfield wall painting. It is now displayed at the USAF Museum in Dayton

1980 —

8AF Exhibit dedicated at Duxford Airfield, England. Donated to Duxford a Norden Bomb Sight, parachute harnesses, K-4 gunsight, reflex sight stabilizer, B-7 gun mount, uniforms, and many photos

Gave \$500 to Duxford for B-17G restoration

Gave \$500 to predesign work of 8AF Unit Locator Maps

Gave \$5,000 for 8AF Unit Locator Map at Duxford

Gave \$75 as initial outlay for Photos in Pubs Project

Gave \$100 for 8AF prints bought for US Army Art Collection titled "Life Collection of Art from WWII"

Gave \$3,000 to Missing Air Crew Project (MACR)

1981 —

Gave \$3,500 for "The Eighth Air Force Bibliography" by Kenneth Werrell

Held first 8AFMMF Symposium, "The Fighter War," Roger Freeman, Moderator

Authorized \$5,000 for B-17 restoration work at Duxford

Gave \$350 additional funds for Photos in Pubs Project

Donated \$2,000 for parts for B-17 restoration, B-5 Drift-

meter, eyepiece missing, autopilot with box mount, two interior lamps, one ball turret control box mount, assorted upper and lower turret parts, B-17 tail wheel, airspeed indicator, artificial horizon

1982 —

Donated \$400 to 8AF for exhibit at Fort Belan, Wales
Gave \$2,500 to 8AF biographical project, "8AF Commanders and Staff Officers," by Russell Strong, 306BG
Found more B-17G parts: Mark II Astrocompass, C-1 autopilot control panel, formation stick, swivel chair for navigator in nose of B-17, upper turret cover

1984 —

Gave \$7,500 for 8AF Unit Locator Map at CAF Museum

1987 —

Gave \$3,000 for 8AF Posters designed and bought (20,000)

Gave \$50 for Memorial Day wreaths bought annually

Started WWII 8AF Museum Artifacts Collection: clothing, radios, sextants, B-17 clocks, maps, ball bearings

1988 —

Gave \$7,500 for 8AF Unit Locator Map at CAF Museum
Authorized \$14,000 for construction of 8AF Group Insignia Display at Duxford Am. Air Museum in Britain

Gave \$8,200 for 8AF Unit Locator Map at USAF Museum

1989 —

Gave \$400 for update of *8AF Bibliography (1991-90)* for reprinting the 8AF Album by John H. Woolnough
Allocated \$1,800 for display facilities for Keith Hill paintings at Duxford

1990 —

John H. Woolnough Library donated to 8AFMMF
8AFMMF Photo Collection donated by John H. Woolnough (6,000 negatives, prints, indexed)

Allocated \$30,000 to 8AF Exhibit in EAA Museum, Oshkosh, WI (Three installments of \$10,000 each)

Gave \$8,200 for 8AF Locator Map at EAA Museum, Oshkosh

Allocated \$5,850 for bust of Gen. Ira Eaker at EAA display

Gave \$18,000 for First 8AF mission to Berlin display,

donated by Denny Scanlan. Electronic, audio, visual

Gave \$4,000 for Bits, Pieces Project by Paul Andrews. It

is a computerized database of all aircraft in 8th AF

Brought Keith Hill and wife to Las Vegas Reunion

1991 —

Gave \$1,000 for book on Heavy Bomber Losses in the 8th AF, by William Adams. Lists all 4-engined a/c lost

Gave \$20,000 for P-47 restoration at Duxford, to be part of 8AF Exhibit. Duxford paying \$180,000

1992 —

Authorized \$250,000 for 8AF Control Tower Project at USAF Museum in Dayton, funds to be donated. Completion date Summer 1993, Ded. Oct. 1993

Gave \$1,000 for establishment of 8AF Archives at Penn State University

\$600 for TV/VCR set to be donated to 8th AF Archives Area at Penn State library.

scheduled. Since I was behind him, I took position on his wing and together we moved toward the B-24s that followed the B-17s.

A new flock of German fighters turned their attention to the B-24 group. A vicious attack sent dozens of the bombers spiraling down, some seemingly undamaged, others trailing smoke or flames from burning engines.

My new wingman and I flew toward the rear of the German formation to attack from that angle. To our right and ahead a flight of four enemy fighters suddenly turned toward us. The leader fired a burst at my new wingman and the P-47 exploded in a ball of fire. The German must have been a seasoned veteran. He had fired a 90-degree deflection shot that scored a direct hit. As they passed in front of me I fired at the leader, but he was out of range. I was closer to the second German and fired a long burst, but again I missed — insufficient lead caused my tracers to curve well behind him. I rolled in behind the fourth fighter and fired a long burst. Most of the bullets went wide, but I did see pieces fly off his plane just as my guns sputtered to a stop. I was either out of ammunition or, most likely, had overheated the guns and they jammed.

Unarmed and alone, I decided to get the hell out of there. I popped the stick forward, pushed the throttle to the firewall, and headed down. Looking behind, I could see all four of the Germans behind me, the lead ship with its guns blinking like little white lights. Their number four man was still in the flight so my bullets had not damaged him much; but at least I was drawing four of the enemy away from the bombers. A P-47 could outfly any German plane and I soon left them behind. At 8,000 feet I dove into the top of some clouds and safety and chopped the throttle to slow down, but my momentum carried me through the cloud layer and I broke out at 3,000 feet.

I considered my situation. If I continued a course home at this altitude, I would be crossing over a thousand flak guns on the way to the Dutch coast. In addition, at this altitude I would be no match for the lighter, faster, German fighters. To climb all the way back up to the safety of 30,000 feet would consume too much gas, which was now close to 100 gallons. Also, the 70-mile-per-hour tail wind that had carried us into Germany would now work against me going back at that altitude.

To my right I could see the North Sea — this would be my safest course. I turned toward it, and when I was 20 miles at sea rolled over to a westerly heading. The return heading that I had written on my hand was now blurred with perspiration. In back and to my right I could see Helgoland. Without referring to my map, I estimated that my correct heading should be 260 degrees. I changed to that course, trimmed my plane, and leaned the fuel mixture as much as I dared without overheating the engine.

I had to fly the most direct route home. To do this I needed to contact the controller in England for an exact fix on my position so they could plot a course to my home base at Raydon. I knew I was probably too far away and too low

for my signal to be picked up, but it was worth a try.

I pressed the mike button. “Raindrop, this is Jockey four two requesting a homing, over.”

Silence. I tried again, “Raindrop, this is Jockey four two, transmitting for a fix: one, two, three, four, five, four, three, two, one. Do you read me, over?”

It was useless — I was much too far away to be heard. I scanned my instruments and settled down for a long, white-knuckled flight back to England.

Suddenly: “Jockey four two, this is Raindrop. Your steer is three one zero. I repeat, your steer is three one zero. Please acknowledge.”

I thought, “Don, old boy, your luck is with you today!” The British must have put a controller on a ship in the North Sea to save the butt of dummies like me who didn’t conserve their fuel.

But wait a minute! I didn’t have to look at the map to know that a heading of 310 degrees would take me north of Scotland and out into the Atlantic.

I pressed the mike button: “Raindrop, please recheck my position.” Again I gave a long count.

He replied, “Jockey four two, I repeat, steer three one zero!”

I hesitated, unsure about what to do — I had to be sure. I pushed the mike button again. “Vas ist sie vornommen?”

“Heinrich.” came the reply, and the transmission abruptly stopped.

I sat for several minutes. If the course I had received hadn’t been so far off I might have fallen for it. I transmitted again, “Where did you learn to speak such good English, Heinrich?”

Silence for a minute, then: “I went to high school in Orchard Park, New York. I lived with my uncle before the war. I came home to Germany to be with my mother when the war started. I plan to return when we win the war.”

I couldn’t think of anything to say, so I remained silent. After a couple of minutes he came back on: “Your heading is two four five degrees, and you are one hundred and sixty-five miles from Raydon. Good luck, Yank!”

I did not respond; nor did I change course. I didn’t make it to Raydon, but landed at the emergency strip at Wood-bridge with less than ten minutes of fuel remaining.

I survived another forty missions after that one, and survived the war. I often wonder if “Heinrich” was as lucky, after giving aid to the enemy.

3th AF NEWS, May 1992 (92-2)

(OPTION) TOUR - WEDNESDAY

Many treats on tap! Breakfast, then board bus for a guided trip to picturesque **BARDSTOWN**, one of USA's oldest communities. Quaint streets, shops, many heirloom buildings; even a 1779 operating tavern! At **My Old Kentucky Home** stately plantation, inspiration for Stephen Foster's immortal ballad, costumed guides will show off the rare furnishings & formal gardens. A gift shop, too.

Let's listen to the wonderful sounds of true BLUEGRASS by seven very talented brothers, sister & cousin known as The Herde Family. They've played for KY Derby patrons & the prestigious Bourbon Ball. Their dynamic presentation will have us hand-clapping, foot-tapping, & bouncing in our chairs. **NOT TO BE MISSED!!!**

Louisville - KY Derby Museum - Churchill Downs

MEMORIAL SERVICE & RECEPTION - THURSDAY

MILITARY BAND CONCERT - THURSDAY

UNIT DAY & SYMPOSIUM - FRIDAY

"CALLING ALL LADIES" MORNING CRUISE - FRIDAY

50TH ANNIVERSARY A TIME FOR REMEMBRANCE



An Invitation

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society

*requests the pleasure of your company
at the eighteenth annual reunion of*

The Eighth Air Force.

*A memorable visit to Louisville, Kentucky
renewing friendships and engaging
in prolonged sessions of hangar flying*

with your comrades.

*Family Members
&
Friends Welcome*

RESERVATION FORM

PLEASE PRINT (include 1st & last name for name badge)

Name(s) _____

Addr. (incl. ZIP) _____

Tel: () _____

My 8AFHS Memb. # _____ Check ☐ () if Life Memb. WWII Group _____

MEALS/EVENTS SECTION

Choice #1 per person \$152 \$ _____

Choice #2 per person \$128 \$ _____

Choice #3 Individual Events

(FRI. DINNER & SAT. BANQUET ARE INCLUDED IN #1 & #2 ABOVE.)

Fri. Rendezvous Dinner per person \$28 \$ _____

Sat. Banquet & Dance per person \$35 \$ _____

(OPTION) Wed. Golf per person \$55 \$ _____

Golfer(s) & hdcp. _____

(OPTION) Wed. Tour per person \$26 \$ _____

(OPTION) Thurs. Tour per person \$10 \$ _____

REGISTRATION FEE per person \$25 \$ _____

(NOTE: No fee for guests under age 19)

Reg. Fee incl. Unit rebates, Symposium,

8AFMMF memorial plans, 8AFHS postage, etc.

ENCLOSE FULL PAYMENT (Payable to: 8AF REUNION)

NOTE: For Banquet, check ☐ entrée choice & note # of pers.

☐ () heart rib roast # _____ ☐ () Atlantic swordfish # _____

HOTEL RESERVATION SECTION

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

CHECK ☐ () Choice #1 THE GALT HOUSE 'Bedroom'

1st night deposit (\$72) requested. Single or double occupancy.

CHECK ☐ () Choice #2 GALT HOUSE 'EAST 'Exec. Suite'

1st night deposit (\$82) requested. Single or double occupancy.

ENCLOSE DEPOSIT WITH RESERVATION when remitting by check or money order. Make payable to: THE GALT HOUSE. Mail to address below.

OR - If using credit card, complete: C.C. Holder _____

C.C. Company _____

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____ Card # _____

TO: 8th AF REUNION, PO BOX 1304, HALLANDALE, FL 33008-1304

TEL: (305) 456-2260

A sergeant shouted "Schnell! Schnell!" as the men straggled from their barracks loaded with possessions which they strapped to bicycles and carts. It was obvious that they were abandoning the camp.

Corporal Grable-Hayworth stood amid the as yet uncoalesced company formation. As she conversed, she occasionally glanced our way. Missing — we never knew why — were the two dowdy Luftwaffette censors.

At first we hesitated to cross the warning wire that stretched around the inside periphery of the compound six feet from the barbed wire fence. Then someone daringly stepped over it to the fence itself and called out to a guard he knew by name, offering him a cigarette. The guard broke ranks (such as they were) and came to the fence to accept it. While this was going on, a bottle of schnapps was being passed around between the men. Knowing we were watching this collapse of discipline, Corporal Grable-Hayworth admonished the guards sharply; then, this failing, she tried to intercept the bottle, rather like a child grasping for a toy held away by deriding older siblings.

We had by now moved without harm across the warning wire into the forbidden territory next to the fence. Because the American Red Cross had been generous, we had cigarettes to spare; so we called to the guards to come and get them and they did.

To the Corporal this was a more serious breach than the schnapps bottle. She rushed over to interpose herself between us and the men. We then began throwing the cigarettes over the fence. The guards, having now completely broken ranks, scrambled about picking them up.

The Kommandant, witnessing all this, finally bellowed out a command, and the men quickly cowered back into formation. Corporal Grable-Hayworth deliberately smashed several unretrieved cigarettes and then stood next to the fence to address us.

"Why do you do this?" she said, her pretty face flushed in fury. "Why do you do this mean thing?" That choice of words — 'mean' — was one that I have wondered about many times since. We had done much meaner things, like bombing her cities. Was it simply her limited English vocabulary? Had she the greater choice of words to draw upon from her own language, would she have used an adjective more precisely descriptive? Whether she intended it or not, I concluded that she had chosen well. What we had done was indeed a mean thing, perhaps the meanest thing of all — the stripping away of their dignity.

Finally the Kommandant and the two officers climbed into the staff vehicle and drove away. The sergeant gave an order in a casual tone and the men began to walk away, pushing their bicycles and carts. Already they were a refugee band. Only Corporal Grable-Hayworth, taking position beside the column, marched.

A Time for Remembering... Cadets Turned Gunners

By John E. Keller, 486BG/833BS

Remember the song, "Be kind to your washed-out cadet, for he may be an aerial gunner"? Imagine, they even had a song about us. This little story may bring back memories to many ex-veteran-aerial gunners. It may also prove to be interesting to the officers who flew with us as well as to the ground crews who serviced our aircraft. However, the tribute 46 years later is to the thousands of 8th Air Force veterans like myself who ended up as gunners.

Shortly after graduating from high school in 1943 at age 18, I entered the Air Force. The war was in full swing. My basic was taken at Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis. I was qualified as a cadet in the CTD (College Training Detachment) program and sent to the University of Missouri. We even logged some hours in those old yellow Piper Cubs.

About six months later we were shipped off to SAACC (San Antonio Air Cadet Center) to await entry into pre-flight school. Then it happened! Thousands of cadets were "washed out" of the cadet program. They called it "eliminated without prejudice for the convenience of the government." Those words are etched in my mind.

In short, the Air Force had so many pilots, bombardiers, and navigators that they didn't know what to do with them all. Thousands of cadets on their way to becoming "officers and gentlemen" instead became gunners on B-17s and B-24s. Fortunately, many of us were able to remain in the Air Force as flying personnel. Others I understand were parceled out to other branches of the service and assigned to various duties.

It was simply a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time; or was it? The fact remains that both you and I survived "the big one." So maybe when all was said and done, we were in the right place at the right time.

This, my fellow comrades, is how a good many of us became aerial gunners. I feel certain that this will jog a few memories; still others may scratch their heads and say, "I didn't know that!"

(ED: That's what we called "The fickle finger of fate." The worst example of this that I heard of were my high school classmates who were ripped out of the ASTP program, and without combat training were thrown into the front lines during the Battle of the Bulge. You can imagine the results. Some "convenience.")

Saga of the Crew of "Jack the Ripper"

Prologue by Editor Jim Hill

Sometimes editors get lucky.

Too often the knowledge of past events is formed from images planted by the media — movies like "Twelve O'Clock High," "Command Decision," "The War Lover," or "Memphis Belle." People often think of the characters of those movies as the ones who did those great deeds and made those critical decisions. In time the events take on the character of fiction, with few recorded facts or memories. Occasionally, however, we hear from someone who was there, who was and is in full control of his faculties, and who has proof — one who speaks "with authority." Bill Leasure is such a man.

In a letter in our previous issue (92-1), Bill gave his authoritative account of the "Frank Armstrong Story" that formed the basis for the movie "Twelve O'Clock High." After receiving his letter I called him, because he obviously had first-hand knowledge of the "early days" of the 8th AF; and an indefinable "something else" kept piquing my curiosity. I pondered his name and looked at his envelope, which was postmarked "Homer City, PA," which is not far from my home, and his letter stated that he and his crew returned from combat in February of 1943. February of 1943! — that's when I was in high school. Then I remembered. When I was a junior in high school, an 8th Air Force navigator who had just returned from combat spoke to our high school assembly. That speech was one of the reasons I joined the Army Air Corps six months later.

I phoned to verify that he was the one, and to probe further. Why did he return from combat that early, and how many missions did he fly? He responded to my prodding by telling me "the rest of the story," which follows.

The Story As told by Bill Leasure Navigator of "Jack the Ripper"

I graduated from navigation school at Mather Field near Sacramento, CA, and joined the 91st BG in July of 1942 in Walla Walla, Washington. There our crew was formed, with Bill Crumm as our pilot. Six of the first B-17F models were assigned to the 91st BG in August 1942, and we were assigned to one of them which we named "Jack the Ripper." Others were assigned to Bob Morgan ("Memphis Belle") and Red Cliburn ("Bad Penny").

We proceeded to staging bases at Bangor, Maine; Gander, Newfoundland; and Prestwick, Scotland, where we landed on September 30, 1942. We were stationed first at Kimbolton, then flew into Bassingbourn on October 14, where we were assigned to the 91st BG, 324th BS. We thus became part of the four "Pioneer" groups (91st, 303rd, 305th, 306th), which had been designated to determine whether the air war over the Continent could be conducted in daylight. The British had tried daylight bombing, then switched to nights, believing that the losses in daylight were prohibitive.

Our first raid was to Brest on November 7; the second to Abbeville on the 8th; and the third on the 9th at 10,000 feet to St. Nazaire where we were badly hit. We landed at Exeter with two men wounded and a badly damaged ship. In the period from November 9 to December 6, when our ship was out for repairs, I flew two raids with Jones and Flanagan over St. Nazaire and Lorient. Over the period from 11/7/42 to 2/4/43 I completed the following 13 missions, the crew 11:

11/7/42 Brest 11/8/42 Abbeville
11/9/42 St. Nazaire 11/17/42 St.
Nazaire (not with crew) 11/22/42
Lorient (not with crew) 12/6/42 Lille
12/12/42 Rouen 12/20/42 Romilly-Sur-
Seine 12/30/42 Lorient 1/3/43 St.
Nazaire 1/23/43 Lorient 1/27/43
Wilhelmshaven 2/4/43 Emden

On our mission to Emden on Feb. 4, 1943, of 39 B-17s that went over the target, 5 were missing in action, and there were many wounded on returning aircraft (Freeman — 13% plane loss, 17% personnel wounded or missing).



Crew of "Jack the Ripper" in England in December 1942. Peggy, "The Georgia Peach" was Rufus Youngblood's high school sweetheart who later became his wife.

Kloth had modified a B-17E, Serial # 41-9112 to include changes felt to be desirable for operations against Germany, particularly a modification to include twin .50s in a chin turret firing directly ahead. This was the forerunner of the B-17G model.

Starting on the 11th we flew the southern route — England to Marrakech, Africa; Marrakech to Bathurst, Africa; Bathurst to Natal, Brazil; Natal to Belem, Brazil; Belem to Waller Field, Trinidad; Waller to Morrison Field, West Palm Beach; then to Bolling Field, arriving on February 20. We were given a 10-day leave, reporting back to Washington on March 1.

We spent two days in interviews in Washington. Bill Crumm, Mark Gilman, and I spent the better part of the first day in the War Room of the Pentagon, answering questions from General Arnold and his staff.

Although we were impressed by the fact that we were talking to the Commanding General, we did not realize until later the critical significance of the meeting. At that particular time the American and British high commands were debating whether the U.S. Air Forces could survive the high losses of daylight raids. Later, when it was announced that U.S. forces would bomb during the day and the British at night, we recalled certain points that were emphasized during the interviews.

They asked us whether we thought daylight bombing could be sustained with the current losses — 7% to 10% per raid. According to their calculations, the Pioneer groups would be depleted by April 1943. Until February, the 91st had received only four replacement crews. The killed and wounded were replaced with in-place ground personnel.

During intensive questioning by General Arnold, Bill Crumm and I estimated that we could not survive with the current 50-plane "maximum effort" of our four groups, but that with 200 planes per raid, we could.

After these briefings, our orders were changed so that instead of returning to England we were sent to the Air Force School of Applied Tactics in Orlando, FL to write a comprehensive training manual for combat crews. We tried to give a realistic picture of the role of each combat crewman and what could be expected from the enemy, altitude, cold, etc. The manual was to be distributed to the bomber training commands. We were then interviewed at Headquarters of the Air Forces Material Command at Wright Field, and at Headquarters of the Second Air Force. At Wright Field the conversations were concerned with our ideas for improvements. Of primary concern was the chin turret with twin

CONFIDENTIAL

BOMBING THE NAZIS

BY THE CREW OF
"JACK THE RIPPER"



Published by **BOMBARDMENT** April 1943
ARMY AIR FORCES SCHOOL OF APPLIED TACTICS
CONFIDENTIAL

C-O-N-F-I-D-E-N-T-I-A-L

BOMBING THE NAZIS.

FOREWORD

The crew of "Jack the Ripper" was brought home from the Eighth Bomber Command in England to tell their story to other combat crews now in training for the Big Show. Each member of the crew has told, in his own words, what his duties are and how he plays his part as a member of the team.

In general, this manuscript is a summary of what it takes to put bombs on the target and return safely to your base, for this crew accomplished this task eleven (11) times in a combat zone where they must fight their way through from take-off to landing.

It is hoped that the dissemination of this information to crews, now in training, will help to make the task before them less difficult.

C. K. LONGACRE,
Lt. Colonel, Air Corps,
Executive Officer,
Bombardment,
AAF School of Applied Tactics.

Bill Leasure has given us a copy of the crew manual, "Bombing the Nazis," for reproduction. If you desire a copy, send a check for \$10.00 to the editor to cover publishing and mailing. Make it out to 8AFMMF, and any profit or loss will accrue to the 8AFMMF. Requests must be submitted by August 1, 1992, and copies will be mailed shortly thereafter. (JWH)



“Happy Warriors” on tour in summer of 1943. Standing L to R: Wilson, O’Donnel, Kleyla, Crumm, Markle, Gilman, DeBoy. Seated: Masters, Youngblood, Leasure



“Jack the Ripper” Crew and Their Ladies in Oct. 1987. Standing L to R: Bob Kleyla, Dot Leasure, Bill Leasure, Dottie Gilman, Tenny Crumm. Seated: Andrew Markle, Laura Markle, Pete DeBoy, Rufus Youngblood, Peggy Youngblood, Mark Gilman

queen" so badly shot up before it was repaired that no pilot on base wanted it.

Ink was warned by veteran fliers not to take it. But he was quick to see that the crew chief, M/Sergeant Donald Goble, was full of mechanical know-how and strung along with him. Ink promised he would take the "hangar queen" off the shelf if Goble and his men made certain modifications, including the major job of changing the entire oxygen system.

Overjoyed, the ground crew worked feverishly day and night for a week, and when the ship was ready, Ink was so impressed that he asked Goble and his crew to name the ship. They called her the Ground Hog, and she not only let Ink take her off the ground and live to bring her back, but saw him finish his tour without a single abortive mission.

There is little reward for ground crews. Their tour of operations is for the duration plus like most of the American Sad Sacks. There is no glory in their work. Nobody hands out medals for guarding bombers by night and grooming them by day.

When their ships take off they don't even know where they are going. But they can tell how long the trip will be from the amount of gas in the tanks.

From the time the combat crews are alerted, sometimes as much as 16 to 17 hours before takeoff, the groundlings are with the ship getting everything in perfect order...changing spark plugs, checking superchargers, servicing hydraulic systems, carefully testing 225 feet of oxygen lines with soap and water for leaks, preflighting engines...a hundred and one other things.

They line the runway during takeoff, staying to the last to be certain their "queens" got a flying start on their mission. Then, bereft, they turn towards their huts for a few hours until the ships are due back.

You have to be a part of a ground crew to know what it is to lose a ship. To some it merely means a different plane and a new crew — "too bad, they were nice guys." But to many the loss is greater than that. They may have worked on the bomber for months since it came off the assembly line. It's reasonable to believe that men become attached to planes as well as to dogs and women.

One of the biggest jobs done by ground crews in the war was that of the men who serviced the Liberators in Brig. Gen. Ted Timberlake's "Flying Circus" while it was in Africa. And the General made it plain that the mission would have flopped if it wasn't for the mechanics' "ingenuity" as he called it — but there must be a better word than that.

The Circus fliers flew their ground crews from Britain to Africa a year ago. It was to be a ten-day mission, but it turned into a campaign of three months — hammering at Rommel's rear guards, paving the way for Eighth Army's gallop to Tunisia, then opening the door for the Sicilian invasion by attacking enemy airfields across the Mediterranean. The ground crews had taken along only the equipment needed

for the "ten day mission" but somehow made it stretch for three months.

As far as medals go they are few and far between for ground crews. Some, like Fabian Folmer and Bill Futchik, are decorated for outstanding work as crew chiefs.

To earn the Legion of Merit all Folmer had to do was to supervise the servicing of Hell's Angels through 40 missions without having it once turn back because of mechanical failure. For a bomber operating in the the Big League, so called by the fliers in comparing it with other theaters, Folmer's feat was incredible.

His reaction to the award was typical of the unspectacular ground crew. "I don't know why they gave me the medal," he said. "The boys who work with me did it all."

Futchik was decorated with the Legion of Merit for servicing a fortress that took part in 25 raids without suffering mechanical difficulties.

M/Sgt. Bob Wilson proved a good ground crew will get results with any plane. He and his men serviced three different ships for a total of 20 missions without abortions.

The work done by ground crews doesn't always stop with the servicing of planes according to the book. They are responsible for numerous improvements made on combat planes. It may only be a modified gun mount, but it will help the gunners do better shooting, and is a small but valuable contribution to the progress of their Air Force.

Ground crews may not be so handsome with complexions dry and red from long, cold sleepless hours spent grooming planes. They may not be glamorous without wings on their greasy coveralls; but they are as much a part of the Air Force entrusted with tremendously important jobs, as any flier in combat. A faulty mechanism carelessly overlooked on the ground can send a Fortress, Liberator, Marauder, Thunderbolt, or Lightning to its doom over enemy territory as surely as a battery of flak guns or 20mm shells from Nazi fighters. Ask one who flies.

* * * * *

The foregoing description of the rapport between ground crew and air crew could certainly apply to that of the Latest Rumor. Sergeants Towne, Crawford, Koon and Stretch were identified with the Latest Rumor as its ground component in the same way the combat crew was as its air component. In fact, many a friendly argument was raised as to which component owned the ship, with valid and substantial reasons offered by both teams. However, final judgment ruled that both components had equal claim and the Latest Rumor was always referred to as "our" ship when similar discussions with outsiders arose.

(This article was reprinted from the July 1991 edition of the 385th BG Hard Life Herald.)

Book Reviews

I Could Never Be So Lucky Again, by James W. Doolittle with Carroll V. Glines. Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave, NY NY, 10103, Hardback, 574 p, 6" × 9", ISBN 0-553-07807-0, 1991, \$22.50. In this unadvertised but highly successful book, Jimmy Doolittle tells the fascinating story of his experiences and adventures, successes and failures, triumphs and tragedies. The book reflects honestly the outstanding character of this leader whose vision, courage, daring, and devotion to duty changed the course of history not once, but many times. More than any other leader in history, he made his own luck by being innovative, establishing technical mastery, and doing everything possible to compensate for the unexpected. He always calculated the risks, was never surprised by whatever happened, and was quick to take advantage of the turns of events. Lucky? Could be; but if anyone ever learned to compensate for "Murphy's Law" it was Jimmy Doolittle. The free world, our nation, and all veterans of the Air Force owe him a great debt of gratitude, for he served us well. He led the way, and this book tells how. (JWH)

Flying to Glory: The B-17 Flying Fortress in War and Peace, by Martin W. Bowman, Motorbooks International, Contact Zenith Books, POB 2REV, Osceola, WI 54020 (800-826-6600). Hbd, 7 1/4" × 9 1/2", 192 p, 225 B&W il, 8 p color, 1992, \$32.95 + \$4.50 S/H. Bowman has created an excellent and exceptional history of the B-17 from its earliest development to the present day. He uses personal accounts liberally and has interesting historical perspectives. This is a "source" book for expert and unusual information and illustrations.

The First and the Last: The Rise and Fall of the German Fighter Forces, 1938-45, by Adolph Galland, 1991 reissue by Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave, NY NY 10017, Paperback, 4 1/4" × 7", 302 p. This is the full inside story of what the Luftwaffe achieved in the air war, its successes and tragic failures, as told by the chief of the German fighter forces.

8th Air Force Remembered, by George H. Fox, ISO Publications, Westminster Bridge Road, London SE1 7HR. Hardbound, 8 1/4" × 12", 175 p. B&W&C. ISBN 0-946784-02-7. Available in the U.S. from Gaudette Books, 2050 East 17th Street, Tucson, AZ 85719 for \$45.00 + \$2.50 S/H. This is a real beauty book and an exhaustive resource guide to the memorials, memorabilia, and main airfields of the U.S. 8th Air Force in England in WWII. Fox has done a real service by researching and collecting the information in this book and presenting it so attractively.

There is tragedy here, however, because like many other authors, particularly those in England, Fox has had a very difficult time finding anyone in the U.S. who is willing to sell a book on the 8th Air Force for a reasonable price, let alone give it decent advertising and distribution services.

There's obviously something wrong with the marketing and distributing system for military books, and perhaps we should try to do something about it. If there's anyone out there with publishing "smarts" who would like to help "for the good of the service," let me know. (JWH)

The Quest for Freedom: Belgian Resistance in World War II, by Yvonne de Ridder Files, Fithian Press, POB 1525, Santa Barbara, CA 93102 (805-962-1780), paperback, 5 1/2" × 8 1/2", 172 p, ISBN 0-931832-93-4, 1992, \$9.95. This is a real thriller by a "Helper" who began hiding and smuggling Allied airmen, then hid Jewish refugees, distributed propaganda, smuggled explosives, made bombs, and sabotaged vehicles and other military objectives. She was betrayed by an informer, interrogated, tortured, and sentenced to be hanged. She was released by Allied troops just ten days before her scheduled execution. This is a great tale of valor in the fight for freedom.

Carpethaggers: America's Secret War in Europe, by Ben Parnell, Eakin Press, POB 23069, Austin, TX 78735. Hardback, 6 1/4" × 9", 204 p, ISBN 0-89015-592-5, \$16.95. One of the nation's best-kept secrets of WWII was the "Carpethaggers," code name for a joint

venture of America's espionage unit (OSS) and the Eighth Air Force. Assisting friendly underground groups, American airmen flew agents and thousands of tons of arms and supplies to friendly forces. The OSS helped over 5,000 American airmen to escape capture.

Units of the 8th AF flew specially modified, black-painted B-24s, C-47s, A-26s, and British Mosquitos to carry out these clandestine operations.

Many of the facts and events of this book have not been divulged previously.

Flying With The Hell's Angels

By Samuel P. Fleming as told to Ed Y. Hall. Honoribus Press, POB 4872, Spartanburg, SC 29035. Paperbk, 144 p, 5" × 7", 30 B&W photos, 1992, ISBN 0-9622166-1-5, \$5.99 + \$1.51 S/H. Sam Fleming does a workmanlike job recording his brief career as a navigator in the 303rd BG. There's nothing unusual in this detailed account of 30 missions he flew from 1/29/44 to 4/27/44, but *that's what I like* — it's typical.

The following three books have just been written by former AP War Correspondent Vern Haugland, and published by TAB Aero, Blue Summit, PA 17294-0850.

The Eagle Squadrons: Yanks in the RAF, 1940-42. Paperback, 162 p, 6" × 9", B&W, 1992, ISBN 0-8306-2146-6, \$16.95. This first Eagle Squadron book tells how the Eagle Squadron was formed, how they entered the RAF and prepared for battle.

The Eagles' War: The Saga of the Eagle Squadron Pilots, 1940-45, Paperback, 182 p, 6" × 9", B&W, ISBN 0-8306-2145-8, 1992, \$16.95. This book carries the Eagle squadron into action over embattled Britain, France, and Africa.

Caged Eagles: Downed American Fighter Pilots, 1940-45. Paperbk, 181 p, 6" × 9", B&W, 1992, ISBN 0-8306-2147-4, \$16.95. This third book records the compelling stories of Eagles who survived being shot down and became fugitives or POW in Europe, North Africa, and Asia.

392BG and all Support Groups Oct 6-11, 1992 at 8AFHS Annual Reunion in Louisville, KY; contact Art Egan, 2619 Lafayette Ave, Winter Park, FL 32789-1372 (407-644-5439).

482nd BG October 6-11, 1992. Will hold a unit rendezvous of 36th, 812th, 813th, and 814th Bomb Squadrons and attached units during the 18th Annual 8th Air Force Historical Society Reunion and 50th Anniversary Celebration at The Galt House in Louisville, KY. Contact Dennis Scanlan, One Scanlan Plaza, St. Paul, MN 55107 (612-298-0997).

Burtonwood Assn October 7-11, 1992 at the Romulus Marriott, Detroit, MI; contact Al Roberts, 11983 12 Mile Road, Shelbyville, MI 49344 (616-672-5247).

Buckingham/Page AAF, Fort Myers, FL Nov 5-8, 1992. All trainees, staff, and civilian personnel; contact Donna Perko, Fort Myers Historical Museum, P.O. Drawer 2217, Fort Myers, FL (813-332-5955).

B-17 Flying Fortress Assn Fall Meeting November 6, 1992, 1830, at Officers Open Mess, Little Rock AFB; contact Bruce

Ryset, 143 Alabama St, LRAFB, Jacksonville, Arkansas 72076 (501-988-9863).

Air Weather Service Dates and location TBA; write to Air Weather Assn, 5301 Reservation Road, Placerville, CA 95667.

303BG For our 50th Anniversary Reunion in 1992, we are trying to locate all former members; contact Carlton M. Smith, 3219 Cobblestone Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95404 (707-546-3655).

HQ and HQ Squadron, 3rd Bomb Wing Organizing a reunion for GIs and English WAFs stationed at Elveden hall in 1942-43; write to Jim Shover, 518 Hogeston Road, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055.

3rd Air Division SCS-51 Mobile Teams Planning reunion; contact Linn Bland, 924 Winterhaven Dr, Gambrills, MD 21054 (301-621-7237).

Address Changes and Corrections

Ed Note: This list contains the latest information given to me as of April 15, 1992. However, I am still receiving contradictory information from several sources. In the future, I will publish only addresses and information received from:

Unit Contacts:

Eric Hawkinson, 109 Evelyn Circle Vallejo, CA 94589 (707-552-8830)

State Chapters:

Eugene Person, RR1, W-27 Manson, IA 50563 (712-297-7749)

Winter:

Box 63, Magnolia Pk Donna, TX 78537 (512-464-7507)

Station Contacts:

Ian Hawkins, 29 Birch Ave, Bacton Stowmarket, Suffolk, IP14 4NT, England

Please send contact names and address changes directly to them, as they are responsible for their authorization and accuracy.

Corrections and Updates to 1992 Directory in 8AFN 92-1

Alabama State Chapter President:

C. B. (Red) Harper, 2111 Vinson Road, Birmingham, AL 35235

California — Gen. James H. Doolittle Chapter President:

William (Bill) Gaines, 1122 Cameron Way Stockton, CA 95207 (Bus. 209-464-5069, Home 209-477-0338)

Colorado Chapter President:

Dave O'Boyle, 715 Locust St, Denver, CO 80220

Florida State Chapter President:

Kenneth E. MacNicol, 4904 Devon Circle Naples, FL 33962-6939

Georgia Chapter President:

Robert B. Shearer, 399 S. Woodland Drive SW Marietta, GA 30345-4122

Illinois Contact:

E. J. Armstrong, Route 3 Box 377 Tuscola, IL 61953

Iowa Chapter President:

Ellsworth Shields, 310 Brown Lane Waverly, IA 50677

Kentucky Contact:

Wayne Tabor, 7009 Echo Trail Louisville, KY 40299

National Capital Area Chapter President:

James S. Clements, 16609 Brooklyn Br Ct Laurel, MD 20707

New Hampshire Contact:

Allen F. Drew, 29 Elm St, Farmingham, NH 03835

New Mexico Chapter President:

Henry Rudow, 3805 Valerie Place, NE Albuquerque, NM 87111



TAPS

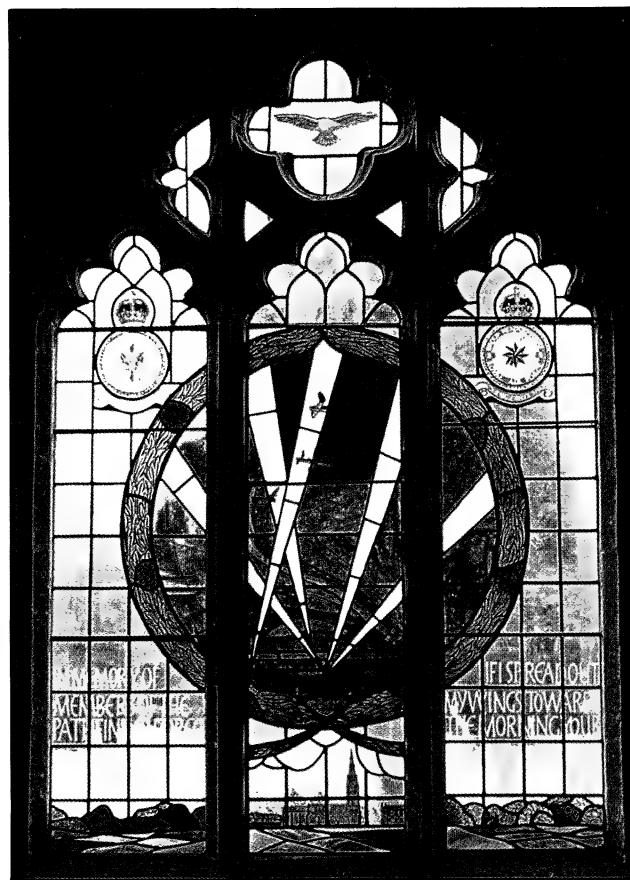


Lt Gen Eugene “Ben” LeBailly

Lt Gen Eugene “Ben” LeBailly, Oak Harbor, Seattle

Gen. LeBailly flew combat in three wars — WWII, Korea, Viet Nam. He was graduated from the University of California in 1939 and took pilot training at Randolph and Kelly Fields in 1940. At the outbreak of WWII he was assigned to fly heavy bombers on sea search missions to protect the Panama Canal. He later was commander and deputy commander of bomber squadrons at Blyth AAB. In Europe he was group commander with the 34th BG and participated in five major air campaigns against Germany. After WWII he commanded bases in Boise, Walla Walla, and Nebraska. He later served in the top Air Force offices and the office of the Secretary of Defense. In the Korean War he flew 50 combat missions in B-26 bombers as commander of the 3rd Combat Wing. He was chief spokesman for the Air Force in the Viet Nam War, being Air Force director of information from 1965 to 1967. He then became commander of the 16th Air Force in Spain with responsibility for Air Force units in Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Libya. He retired from the Air Force in 1973 and served as a consultant for Boeing. Gen. LeBailly was awarded the DSM with 1 OLC, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, DFC with 2 OLC, Air Medal with 6 OLC, and many other U.S. and foreign medals.

Robert E. Bates, 7th PRG A-3, Santa Rosa, CA
 Ronald G. Bradley, B-24 Navigator, Annawan, IL
 William M. Collins, Ord. 306BG, 369BS, Poland OH
 (former VP and Treas of the 8AFHS)
 James E. Crosby, B-17 pilot, 379th, Albuquerque, NM
 Marjorie O. Hunt, Lt. Col., Mt. Clemens, MI
 (Unit Contact for 8AFCC)
 William J. Keeler, pilot, Mission Viejo, CA
 Robert L. Kelley, Lincoln, NB
 Selwyn “Vic” Maslen, FOTE, 401BG,
 (original member of FOTE, researcher, author)
 Donald Ross McLean, 306BG Ordnance
 Caswell F. Neal, B-24 pilot, Carlsbad, NM
 Donald K. Oakes, 100BG, Swiss Internee
 Edgar G. Olsen, LM, 34 BG, Frankfort, KY
 James W. Peterson, POW, Casselbury, FL
 Robert L. Rauen, Lt Col USAF ret.
 Dr. Paul Roberts, Eureka, CA
 Ernest “Ted” Salzer, 457BG, PA Chapter Director
 Lawrence E. Smith, San Lorenzo, CA
 Norman D. Swedberg, LM, 305BG, 422BS,
 (Electrician, Sycamore, IL)



RAF Pathfinder Window
 at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Warboys

Inscriptions
 In memory of the members of the Pathfinder Force, 1942–1945
 If I spread out my wings toward the morning,
 Your hand shall lead me

Policy on Obituaries

We do not have time to research obituaries, so please send complete information if you want a listing. Chapter and unit contacts are requested to submit quarterly lists of deceased in the proper format for inclusion in this section. One need not be a member of the 8AFHS to be listed. We will include the names of members of FOTE who have labored so diligently to preserve our memorials and heritage.

For a proper listing, please submit the deceased's full name, crew position, active duty organization, and last place of private residence. When given information, we will print complete obituaries for generals, colonels, group commanders, and others who have contributed substantially to the Eighth Air Force or the Eighth Air Force Historical Society.

**TO COMMEMORATE THE 8TH AF'S
50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY,**

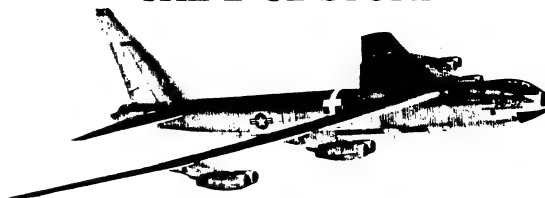
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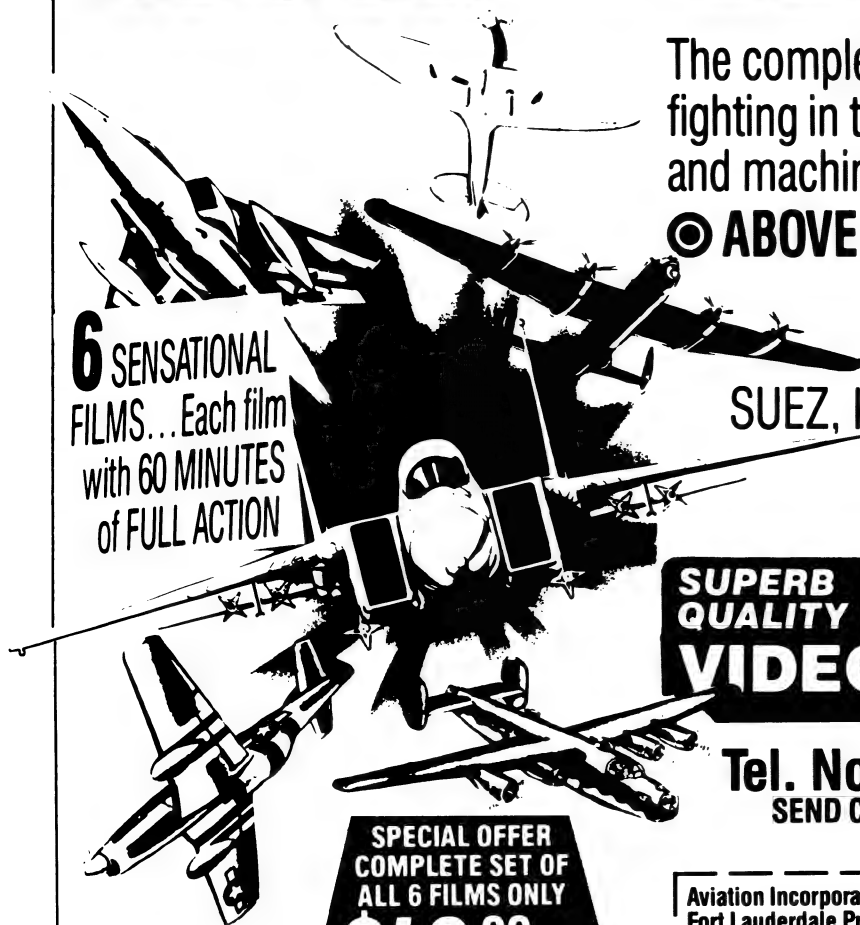
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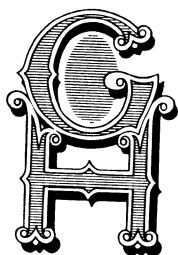
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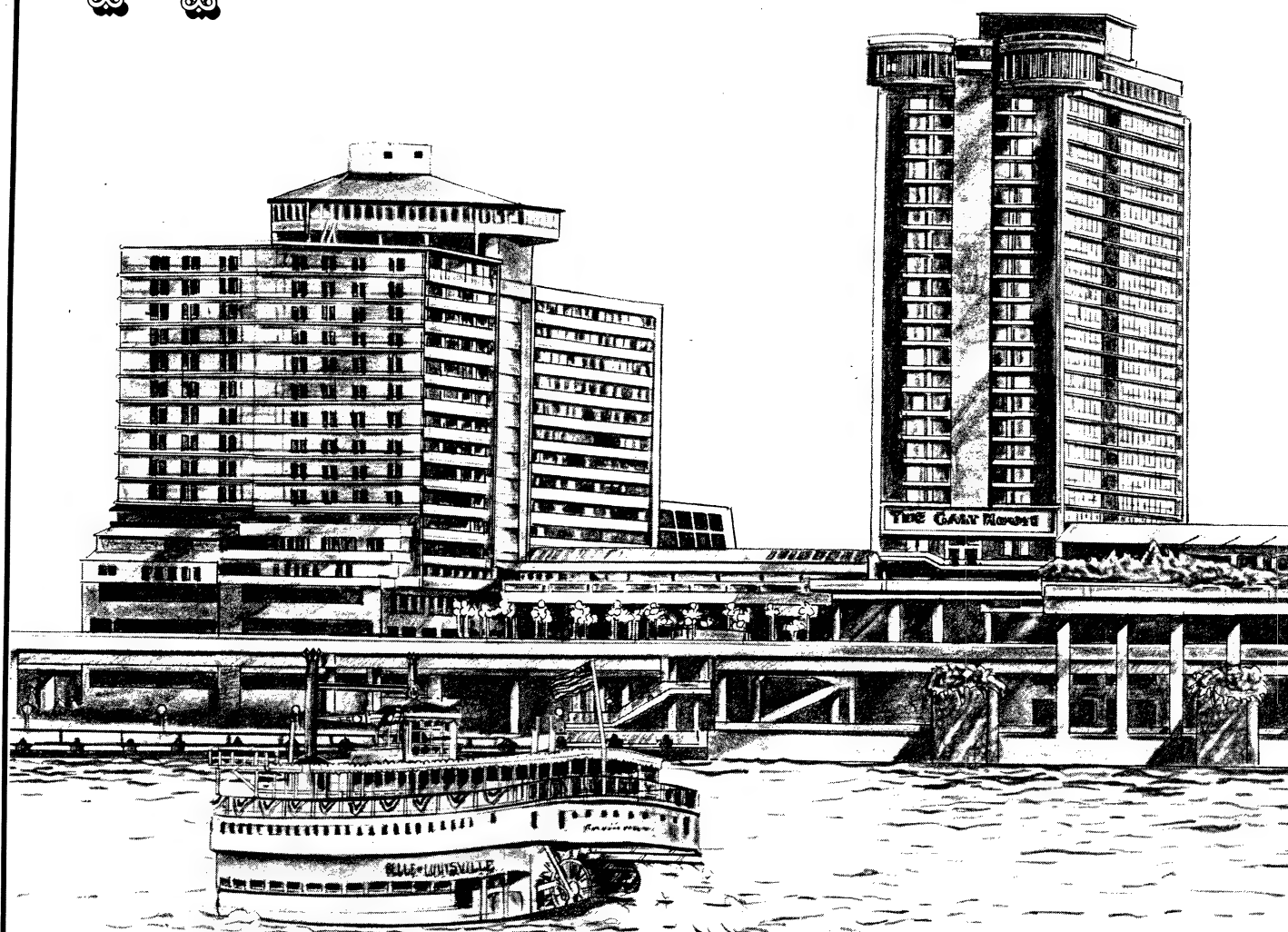
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The 8th Air Force Historical Society is tax-exempt veterans' organization under IRS Code 501 (c) (19), founded in 1975 and chartered in Florida to perpetuate history of "The Mighty Eighth." In 1976 the 8AFHS formed the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation. Contributions to either organization may be tax-deductible. Membership is open to veterans or spouses of veterans who have been assigned or attached to the 8th AF. Others may become Associate Members. Membership years begin on January 1 and dues notices for the following year are mailed from Aug 15-Nov 1. Your canceled check is your receipt. The 8th AF News is sent to paid-up Members and Associate Members.

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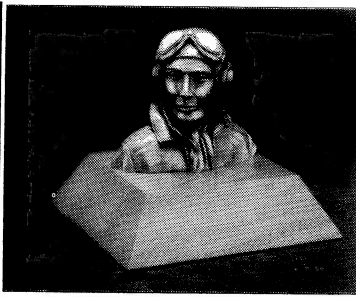


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Battle Stars

By Stephen Quinn, 398th Bomb Group
U.S. Eighth Air Force in WWII

Sitting alone in a cocktail lounge
sipping a cold mixed drink.
Thinking of buddies parched with thirst,
dead tired mid the battle stink.
Watching the debbs and their playboy dates
drinking and having fun.
Wondering if even they knew of war,
or knowing, thinking it won.

A sweet young thing on the tipsy side
glanced up from her glass of Port;
And seeing the flyer alone and sad
figured to have some sport.
“Ah, look at the handsome flyer, girls,
I saw him first, he’s mine;
And look at the ‘ducky’ uniform
and all of those ribbons fine.”

“Tell me about yourself,” said she,
“What do the ribbons mean?
What is the one up on the left,
and those stars — what do they mean?”
The flyer, embarrassed, and angered too,
got up and began to go;
But a sailor nearby said “I’ll tell her mate,
it’s damn near time she’d know.”

“The ribbon itself is the E.T.O.,
and each of the colors means,
The brown for the sand of the desert,
and the English fields, the green.
The black’s the color of Germany,
and France is the white and red.”

“The three stripes down the center, Miss,
are all for the Yankee dead.
The stars, you asked what they are for,
I’ll tell you what they mean.
They’re four of the major engagements
and battles he has seen.
The Air Offensive Europe, the first,
but it means much more you see.
It’s flak and fighters and comrades lost
early in forty-three.”

“It’s fighting your way to the target, Miss,
against all the Jerries that came.
It’s watching your buddies shot from the sky,
going down in twisting flame.
The second’s the Normandy Campaign, Miss,
it’s the blood and slush D-Day.
It’s the men we left on Omaha Beach
and the dead who paved the way.”

“It’s the broken and fallen seventeens
that burned in the fields of France.
They dropped their loads on the Jerry lines
and gave our troops a chance.
It’s the LSTs and LSDs
we left on the Channel floor.
It’s the mines that burst and the bodies of
the first young kids ashore.”

“The third one’s for Northern France, my dear,
right up to the Siegfried Line.
It’s paratroops on cruel barbed wire
and the filthy S.S. swine.
It’s glider troops far behind the lines,
slaughtered without a chance.
It’s the blood and guts of the infantry
spilled on the fields of France.”

“It’s burned out tanks and the slime and mud
and shrapnel and bursting shell.
It’s mortar fire and the eighty-eight,
in short, my dear, it’s Hell.
The fourth bronze star’s for Germany, Miss,
and the awful toll we paid
To cross the Rhine and the Siegfried Line,
and the lifeless men who stayed.”

“It’s the setback in the Belgium Bulge
and the kid next door who died.
It’s the prison camps and the stinking food
and the filthy tricks they tried.
It’s the land mine and the missing foot
and the man with the sightless eyes.
It’s the brave young kid with his arm half gone
who smiles and smokes and dies.”

“What are the stars you ask, my dear,
there on the field of green?
They’re blood and guts and a hitch in Hell —
that’s exactly what they mean.”

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Reunion: Sept 16-20. 1992. West Des Moines, IA

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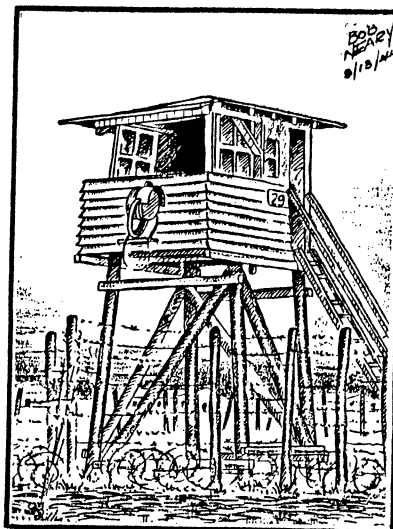
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A Prisoner's Prayer

Oh God, my Creator and Protector,
I know that Thou art near me so I adore Thee
with body, soul, and complete submission to Thy will.

You have saved me from the death
that has overtaken many of my companions,
and have permitted that I may be a prisoner.

For the love of Thee
I will bear patiently and hopefully
all the difficulties of my state.

Bless me and all my companions here;
and grant us to live in peace —
comforting and consoling one another
with fraternal love and charity.

Bless my family who are far away,
my friends and all I love,
my country and my comrades in arms.

Give me peace.
Protect me from melancholy and despair;
and above all, keep me from offending Thee.

My God, I thank Thee for all Thy blessings;
and I will try to serve Thee as St. Paul has told us:
rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation,
instant in prayer.

In Jesus' Name, Amen

(Composer unknown, from 486 BG Newsletter)

Reunions

2nd SAD May 4-7, 1992, American Legion Post 707, Englewood, OH; contact Ralph Ballinger, 1019 E. Jardin St, Appleton, WI 54911 (414-734-5460)

361FG May 7-10, 1992, Sheraton Gunther Hotel, San Antonio, TX; contact Norman Baer, 6108 43rd St, Hyattsville, MD 20781 (301-864-1194).

Ninth Air Force May 10-14, Holiday Inn Hotel, Orlando, FL; contact Marvin J. Rosvold, 600 S 13th St, Norfolk, Nebraska 68701.

P-47 Thunderbolt Pilots Assn May 13-17, 1992 at Holiday Inn Hotel, Orlando, FL; contact Bob Richards, POB 3299, Topsail Beach, NC 28445 (919-328-8781).

PA State Chapter Reunion "Wing-Ding" May 22-24 at Hershey Motor Lodge, Hershey, PA. All are welcome. Contact Art Swanson, 65 Beddington Lane, Strasburg, PA 17579 (717-687-6257).

2nd Air Division, Midwest Region May 31-June 2, 1992 at Pioneer Inn, Oshkosh, WI; contact Wilbur Stites, 9334 Kahl Road, Black Earth, WI 53515 (414-233-1980).

392BG, "The Crusaders," Wendling June 1-13, 1992, at King's Lynn, Norfolk, England; contact Keith Roberts, 26631 Dorothea, Mission Viejo, CA 92691.

Griffiss AFB Commanders' Day June 13, 1992, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., celebrating Griffiss' 50th Anniversary.

WWII Night Fighters June 10-14, 1992 in Colorado Springs, CO; contact Alvin E. "Bud" Anderson, 8885 Plumas Circle, D-1116, Huntington Beach, CA 82646 (714-960-9058).

398BG, Nuthempsted June 17-July 2, 1992, Nuthempsted and Merseburg; contact Al Ostrom, 10734 2nd Ave NW, Seattle, WA 98177 (206-362-1077).

RAF Pilots, Navigators, Crews June 1992, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

7thPRG and Component Units June 18-27, 1992 Return to Mt. Farm, England; contact Dick Di Amato at 1-800-228-9690.

351 BG, Polebrook June 24-27, 1992 in Worcester, MA; Contact Fred Dundas, 6018 Buckskin Circle, Indianapolis, IN 46250 (317-842-1945).

56FG July 9-16, 1992, return to England; contact Leo Lester, 600 E. Prospect St, Kewanee, IL 61443 (309-856-6826).

306BG August 24-31 Reunion in Bedford, London, England; contact Russel Strong

446BG, "The Bungay Buckaroos" August 28-31, 1992, Valley Forge Hilton Hotel, King of Prussia, PA; contact Marvin H. Speidel, 798 Dianne Court, Rahway, NJ 07065.

91BG Sept 2-6, 1992 in Memphis, TN; contact Frank G. Donofrio, 5647 Hinton Pl., Memphis, TN 38119 (901-767-1026).

305BG Sept 9-13, 1992 at Chelveston and Richmond, VA; contact Abe Millar, POB 757, Sanger, TX 78266 (817-458-3516).

384BG Sept 10-13, 1992, 50th Anniversary Reunion, Newport Beach, CA; contact 384BG, POB 1021A, Rahway, NJ 07085.

34th BG Sept 14-17, 1992, Gold Coast Casino, Las Vegas, NV; contact Ray Summa, 2910 Bittersweet Ln, Anderson, IN 46011.

801/492BG Sept 16-20, 1992 in Williamsburg, VA; contact Sebastian Corriere, POB 1613, Springfield, VA 22151 (414-464-8264).

479FG Sept 16-20 at Holiday Inn, West Des Moines, IA; contact Jack West, 4114 56th St, Des Moines, IA 50310 (5165-276-1587).

301st Veterans Association Sept 17-20, 1992, Spokane, WA; contact Frank Madden, E. 10601 Nixon Lane, Spokane, WA 99206 (509-924-6497).

American Ex-Prisoners of War Sept 22-26, 1992 in Evansville, IN; contact Evansville Convention and Visitors Bureau, 623 Walnut Street, Evansville, IN 47708 (800-433-3025).

1915 QMC Truck Co. (Avn) of 2nd SAD Sept 24-26, 1992 at Inn of the Ozarks, Eureka Springs, Ark; contact Bill Sharp, POB 130, RR1, Delaware, OK 74027 (206-479-2340).

386BG and Support Units Sept 24-29, 1992, Nashville, TN. Contact E. R. O'Neill, Jr., Box 2074 Fairfield Glade, TN 38557 (615-456-2820).

WWII 33rd Air Depot Group Reunion Oct 1-4, 1992 in Warner Robins, GA; contact Herbert L. Cooper, 643 Reynosa Court, Berea, Ohio 44017 (216-234-9007 or 513-891-7742).

467 Service Squadron, Honington October 2-4, 1992 at Whiteville, NC; contact Charles Ross, 110-69th St, Darien, IL 60559 (708-920-0341).

8AFHS Annual Reunion and 50th Anniversary Oct 6-11, 1992, The Galt House, Louisville, KY. All stops will be pulled out for this truly stellar event. Come one — come all. We won't have another celebration like this for 50 years! Don't forget — if you don't spend it, your children will!

“Mum” and “Pop” and Maple Creams

By Robert Burgermyer, 490BG,
477 Subdepot 667th Air Matl Sq,
417th Air Svc Group

When I was stationed at the 1st Strategic Air depot at Honington about 7-1/2 miles from Bury St. Edmunds, we groundpounders tried to find local women to do our laundry because of the difficulties of getting it done at the Quartermaster's.

One evening I met a local man in a pub in Bury St. Edmunds. He told me that he was born in Dundee, Scotland, and a veteran of WWI who served in a Scottish regiment that the Jerries called the “Ladies from Hell.” He was wounded in France and met an English nurse whom he married after the war. They settled down in his home town of Bury St. Edmunds.

I mentioned that I was looking for someone to do my laundry and he said his wife might do it. After the pub closed, we went to his house where his wife agreed to “do up” my laundry. That was how I met this wonderful, beautiful, loving English family. From the beginning I was welcome in their home anytime. They asked me to call her “Mum and him “POP.”

Shortly before Easter, I received a box from my brother and sister-in-law in the States. It contained a beautiful box of maple cream chocolate candy in perfect condition. Even the box was perfect.

When I took my laundry to Mum on my next pass, I also gave her the box of maple creams. She said, “Wot's this!” I said that she would probably call them “sweets” and that I wanted her to have them as an Easter present.

When I picked up my laundry on the next pass, I asked her how much and she again said we'd discuss it later.

They had a parlor with a fireplace, but used them only on special occasions. Most of the time they lived in the kitchen where there was a large coal and wood-burning stove, a table, chairs, a rocking chair, and a couch. I ate and slept there many times, and took many naps on the couch. “Mum” always had

something simmering on the stove or baking in the oven. It was a very homey and sweet-smelling atmosphere, and I spent many pleasant hours sitting and talking to them.

Mum had a sister who lived on a farm and kept them supplied with eggs. She also had a rabbit hutch in the back yard where she raised rabbits on the tops and peelings from her kitchen. When the rabbits matured she took them to the butcher and traded them for field-dressed ones.

Mum and Pop had two sons in the service. One was in India and one in “the Holy Lands.” They also had a married daughter and a younger son who was only 15 when he enlisted in the Grenadier Guards.

Pop was only a little over five feet tall and Mum was at least a foot taller. She claimed that she was descended from the Norman race, who were supposed to have been quite tall.

One day Mum was quite depressed, so I asked what was bothering her. She said, “It's this war, Bob. I haven't seen either of my boys in over five years. My daughter was in the RAF in 1939, married a man, and they were together for only a short while before he was sent to India. She hasn't seen him since 1939. My youngest son has just joined the Grenadier Guards. All a woman is good for in England is to be a slave to her husband and a brood sow for the British Empire.” You had to know a family quite well for them to tell you something like that.

One day in August of 1945 when it looked like I would be going home soon, Mum asked, “Bob, did you ever wonder why I never took any money for doing up your laundry?”

“Yes,” I said, “I've always wondered about that.”

“It was that box of maple creams you gave me when you first came here.” Her voice broke. “I'd never had a box of sweets like that in me life. I took each piece and cut it into twelve pieces, and Pop and I would suck on a bit of it every

time we listened to the news on BBC.”

Of course she got another box of maple creams the next time I got a package from home. I also continued to keep them well supplied with GI soap and cans of sausage, peanut butter, jelly, fruit cocktail, and anything else I could get shipped over or obtain by “midnight requisition.”

I wrote to Mum for years after I returned to the States. Pop died in 1963 and Mum in 1968; but I still write to their daughter. When I went back to England with the Group in 1984, I stopped to see her and her husband, who worked at the American base in Mendenhall. He died in 1988. I often think of Mum and Pop and the “home away from home” they provided. It's too bad they're gone — I never was able to thank them enough.

Duxford Report

by Roger Freeman

Further work is presently in hand refurbishing the 8th Air Force Exhibit. The display cases in the East Wing of the present building are being opened and items cleaned and repaired as required.

The Imperial War Museum also has an additional exhibition to mark the 50th anniversary of the first coming of USAF personnel to the UK.

Among the new arrivals at Duxford is a P-38 in flying condition which will be finished in the markings of the 8th Air Force 20th Fighter Group. This P-38 should be flying at the air display in July along with another visitor, the Confederate Air Force's Liberator.

Despite the worldwide recession, the promotion of the American Air Museum at Duxford is progressing well.

They Also Serve Who Watch and Wait

By Robert S. Vandiver, 385 BG

With heads turned eastward to scan the skies and ears attuned and straining to hear the drone of distant engines, the coverall clad mechanics, armorers, supply specialists, cooks, medics and entire station support personnel loiter aimlessly in the shadows of the control tower, awaiting anxiously to learn the fate of their very own combat crew and Flying Fortress.

"Here they come!" sounds the cry as tiny specks begin to appear against the lowering sky. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, . . . 13, 14, 15. . . "My God, is that all?" Six out of twenty-one ships missing. Low squadron begins to peel off for landing, with the third ship firing Red-Red flares, indicating the presence of wounded aboard. The meat wagon shifts into high gear, tracking the ship down the runway onto the taxi perimeter where the medics quickly attend the wounded being carefully handed down by the remaining combat crew.

From the desolate moping of several ground crews, it becomes quite obvious as to what ships failed to return. . . However, in some cases, waiting pays off. Failure to return doesn't always mean that the ship is completely lost. In my case, I made an emergency landing of the Latest Rumor at an RAF base from the Schweinfurt Mission and didn't return to Great Ashfield until the following day. However, this article is intended to describe the major part played by the ground crew personnel in the aerial war against Germany. One of the best descriptions (which I can personally verify) is written by Charles Kiley, Staff Writer, for the Stars and Stripes published December 23, 1943, the main excerpts of which are contained below:

To most people the U.S. Army Air Force means dashing, carefree fliers with Congressional Medals of Honor, Silver Stars, DFC's and Air Medals; handsome heroes in silk mufflers with a way with women; young, nerveless Frank Merriwells who take part in spectacular air battles, fight through hordes of enemy fighters that "came in at nine o'clock and blew up after I gave him a burst at 500 yards."

True, that may be part of an exaggerated picture. But the Air Force also means something else.

To fliers, whose chances to safely completing an operational mission depends as much as anything on the men who service their ships, the Air Force means their unspectacular ground crews whose contributions to successful aerial combat are as unsung as an unwritten tune.

Still, it took another war to make even the fliers reopen their eyes to the fact that able ground crews go hand in glove with able airmen. Pick out a combat crew with a crack record and behind it you usually find a highly capable and efficient ground crew.

Peace-time condescension of the flier to the "paddle-foot" on the ground has disappeared because in war time fliers soon

learn how much the grease-monkeys mean to them.

How much five mechanics meant to one combat crew came to light one day last month when a lone Fortress broke formation over England on its way back from a raid, took a short cut to its home base and brazenly buzzed the field before landing. In the control tower the Old Man silently swore, but he was glad to see that particular ship get back.

A few seconds later the big bomber trundled to a stop at its hardstand, where a score of well wishers crowded around to pump the pilot's hand when he dropped from the nose hatch. He was the first of his group to finish his tour of operations-Bremen-Kiel-Schweinfurt-Regensburg-Bordeaux-Munster-Hanover-Trondheim-Oschersleben-Wilhemshaven-Marienburg-Kerlin-Bastard-all the tough ones and the milk runs as well. He finished up without an abortive mission and without a Purple Heart in his crew.

Reason: "We had the best ground crew in the business."

Not because he was a crack pilot or because he had an infallible navigator. Not because his gunners were more eagle-eyed than thousands of others. But because his ground crew was the "best in the business."

That was Lt. Irving Frank, boss of the Raunchy Wolf and looked upon by fellow fliers as one of the top Pilots of the Eighth Air Force, talking about and giving credit where it was due to M/Sgt. George Fleet and his four aides, who as far as Frank was concerned, contributed as much blood and sweat in getting the Wolf over enemy targets and safely back as any member of the combat crew.

The story of staunch friendship and faith between the combat and ground crews of the Raunchy Wolf may not be typical. It is better described as unusual because you will not often find a pilot who will disregard two dead engines and a leaky oxygen system to continue a mission rather than abort and spoil his ground crew's perfect record.

You won't often see combat and ground crews going on pass either or all 15 of the Raunchy Wolf "family" attending church services — the pilot leading the Jews, the navigator shepharding the Catholics to Mass, and the co-pilot with the Protestant's taking up the chapel's first row — praying for the ship and crew to get through the tour OK.

The Raunchy Wolf family life, however, does conform with the close alliance now existing between fliers and the men who keep them in the air.

Another bomber pilot whose faith in his five mechanics paid dividends is Lt. Avery Ink. A replacement pilot without a ship of his own, Ink was button-holed one day by a crew chief who literally begged him to take a nameless B-17 that had been idle for months. The fort in question was a "hangar

.50s, and the arcs of firing; then parachutes — British chest chutes vs. U.S. seat chutes; British RAF gloves; oxygen mask improvements; intercom microphone switches on gun mounts; and staggered waist guns for more operating room between gunners. They were also concerned about German anti-aircraft fire — where it burst and what it looked like. They were trying to determine whether the Germans had proximity fuses (they did not).

Then the War Department sent us on a cross-country tour, accompanied by Lt. Dick Elliott and Major Cliff Macfarlane of the Bureau of Public Relations. We visited 19 heavy bombardment bases of the Second Air Force where crews trained for combat in the ETO. At Sioux City, IA, we held training sessions for Budd Peaslee's 384th Bomb Group.

Interspersed with our tour of the bases were appearances on four national radio programs, and we prepared phonograph recordings for future industrial morale activities. We appeared at 36 mass rallies at industrial plants before 235,000 workers to promote production, war bonds, and blood donations; and we had many conferences with top management and key supervisory personnel.

But it wasn't all work. We spent a wonderful week in Los Angeles where Mayor Bowron had a welcoming ceremony and reception for us. We were wined and dined at the motion picture studios, Earl Carroll's, RCA, the Brown Derby, Carol Landis' home — the whole circuit!

Mayor Rossi of San Francisco also held a reception for us, and we were given a dinner party at Fisherman's Wharf — the whole circuit again.

We were featured at the "I am an American" Day Rally at Soldiers Field in Chicago with 130,000 in attendance. Again, wining and dining. On and on and on — daily events and no rest for 120 days; but we had no complaints.

These activities were recorded in a Letter of Commendation from the Office of Director of Army Air Forces.

Epilogue By Editor Jim Hill

The "Jack the Ripper" crew was the first to return to the States from the 8th Air Force, and they rendered outstanding service. They gave expert testimony to governmental and Air Force decisionmakers that enabled them to make the correct decision to continue daylight bombing. They gave expert advice to Air Force engineers so that they could modify aircraft and equipment to better serve and protect combat personnel. They co-authored the Airmens' combat manual entitled "Bombing the Nazis"; and they were the first to tell the 8th Air Force combat story to the nation.

You might think that's the end of the story; but the Air Corps knew a good thing when they saw it. The individual members of the crew were sent on to render even further service, forming the nucleus of future training and combat organizations.

The pilot, Bill Crumm, became a Squadron Commander, Lt. Col, in the 314th Bomb Wing (VH), Guam in WWII, then a career officer and Major General, Commander of the Third Air Division of B-52s on Guam. He was killed in a mid-air collision on a combat mission to Vietnam in 1967.

Copilot Mark Gilman remained in the service after WWII. He became Assistant Director of Information, Army Air Forces, and retired as a Colonel after 34 years.

Bombardier Bob Kleyla remained in the service and retired as a Lt. Col. after 20 years. He then joined the CIA, became a GS-15, and retired again in 20 years.

Aerial Engineer Karl Masters returned to combat and flew a tour in Italy. After the war he became a retail merchant. Died in 1984, buried in Paoli, Kansas.

Radio Operator Pete DeBoy became a 1st Lt. Squadron Communications

Officer in the 73rd Wing, B-29s, Saipan. After service became a Water-front Supt., Baltimore Docks.

Ball Turret Gunner Andrew Markle retired from IBM after 27 years service.

Asst. Engineer Rufus Youngblood became a Secret Service agent and served as bodyguard to five presidents. He was LBJ's "special man" after covering LBJ's body with his own when Kennedy was shot.

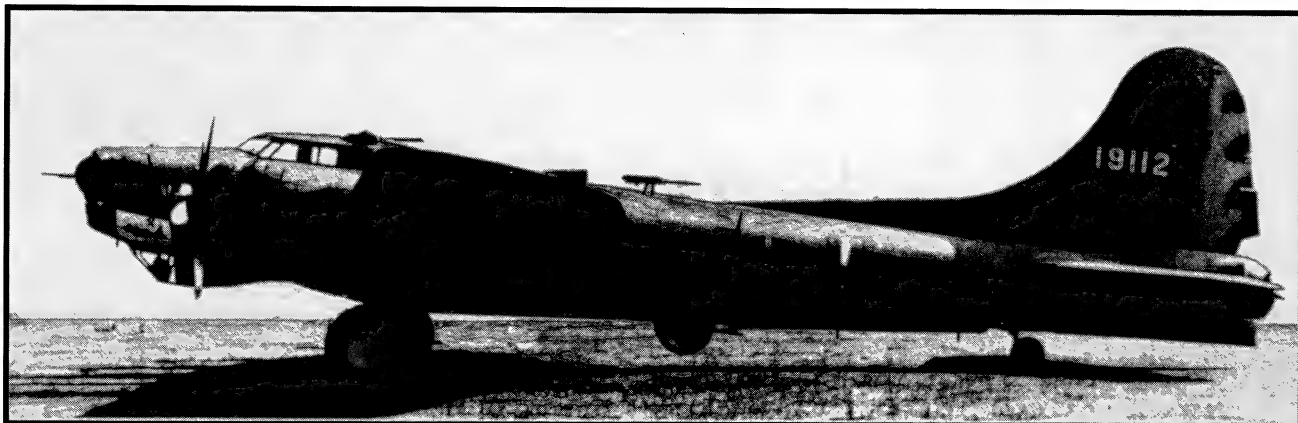
Two crew members have not been located: Asst. Radio Operator James O'Donnell, and Tail Gunner Glenn C. Wilson.

Our narrator, Navigator Bill Leasure, went on in WWII to become Staff Navigator and Tactical Plans Officer of the 315th Bomb Wing (VH) on Guam with the rank of Major, and flew seven combat missions against Japan. And, significantly, he was lead navigator on the last and longest mission of the entire war on August 15, 1945, flying with General Frank Armstrong (Frank Savage of "Twelve O'clock High"). But that's another story.

The 315th Bomb Wing (VH) was credited with originating, developing, and implementing tactics and procedures that were carried forward to the Strategic Air Command. It was awarded two Distinguished Unit Citations, and was credited as being the forerunner of SAC.

After the war, Leasure became an inventor and manufacturer of packaging equipment and a rancher, farmer, and provider of agricultural services.

The saga of the "Jack the Ripper" crew has never been told before, so now you know "the rest of the story." Others can have the one-shot heroes and actors who posture their way through combat movies. Give me the real article — the crew of "Jack the Ripper."



The first 8th AF bomber to return to the USA was B-17E #19112. The crew of "Jack the Ripper" flew it back by the Southern Route. It had been extensively modified for combat in England at the 92nd BG by Major Robert J. Reed and T/Sgt. Wilbur E. Kloth. After inspection at Wright Field it was returned to England in 1943. "Jack the Ripper," B-17F #41-24490, carried on for another 12 months before being MIA.

When we landed on our return from Emden, we were instructed to taxi to the control tower parking ramp where a large crowd was gathered. When we got out of the plane we were handed a copy of a TWX from Bomber Command (see Exhibit). It requested the return of a "most deserving crew" to the U.S., and the 91st CO, Col. Stanley Wray said that we were "it." As of that date our

crew had 11 raids, two more than the "Memphis Belle," and we were told, more than any other crew in the 8th at that time. Our plane had received serious damage on several raids, and three crew members had been wounded — one serious and two not so serious. I was wounded over Emden on January 27, 1943.

On February 5 we were given orders (see Exhibit) to return to the States to report to the Director of Bombardment, Headquarters, Army Air Forces, in Washington. The purpose was not specified.

We departed from Bassingbourne the next day and met with Major Reed of the 92nd at Bovingdon. He and Sergeant

TWX FROM BOMBER COMMAND

BAS V GPH NR GPH 7/4 1406/4 URGENT SECRET
TO: CO 91 BOMB GRP. SENDING CLEAR A-3 LEVY 36 E 4 FEB
IN COMPLIANCE WITH 8TH BG FROM THE MODIFIED BIVE NO.
41-9112 WITH MAJOR REED AND T/SGT WILBUR E. KLOTH WILL
BE RETURNED TO UNCLE SUGAR WITHOUT DELAY. COMBAT CREW
SELECTED BY FIRST BOMB WING AS QUOTE MOST DESERVING
UNQUOTE WILL REPORT TO COMMANDING OFFICER CGRG 11 FRIDAY
FEBRUARY 5, 1943 FOR MEETING AT 1400 HOURS WITH MAJOR REED
AND FINAL PREPARATION FOR DEPARTURE FROM THAT STATION TO
UNCLE SUGAR IN THIS A/C. BAGGAGE WEIGHT LIMIT WILL BE
EIGHTY POUNDS. THESE PERSONNEL TO REMAIN IN UNCLE SUGAR
APPROXIMATELY SIX WEEKS THEN RETURN TO ASSIGNED UNITS.
ESTIMATED DATE OF UK DEPARTURE IS TEN FEBRUARY 1943 AND
ARRIVAL U.S. FEB 20 -----1406.

COMMUNICATE ONE

ORDERS TO RETURN TO U.S.

Office of the Commanding General

5 February, 1943.

SUBJECT: Orders.

TO: Major Robert J. Reed, O-397660, AC.

1. Pursuant to the instructions of the Theatre Commander the following personnel will proceed on or about 8 February, 1943, from their present station in _____, in B-17 airplanes, AC No. 41-9112, to Belling Field, Washington, D. C., on temporary duty reporting upon arrival to the Director of Bombardment, Headquarters, Army Air Forces.

3. Pilot	Major Robert J. Reed, O-397660,
Co-Pilot	Captain William J. Crum, O-783776,
Navigator	1st Lt. Mark H. Gilman, O-648773,
Bombardier	1st Lt. William C. Leasure, O-727030,
Engineer	1st Lt. Robert L. Klayla, O-727104,
Asst. Engineer	T/Sgt. Earl L. Masters, 37014428,
Radio Operator	T/Sgt. Rufus W. Youngblood, 14065961,
Asst. Radio Operator	T/Sgt. Peter F. Bailey, 33060223,
Tail Gunner	T/Sgt. James B. O'Donnell, 12010837,
Mid. Gunner	T/Sgt. Andrew Markle, 38214725,
Passenger	T/Sgt. Glen C. Wilson, 10600833,
	T/Sgt. Wilbur E. Kloth, 6730939.

3. A delay not to exceed forty-five (45) days in the United States is authorized. A flat per diem of \$6.00 is authorized while traveling by air and while on temporary duty away from their present stations and is chargeable to FD 34 P 434-OR A 8425-23.

4. Upon completion of this temporary duty personnel will return to their proper station as directed by the Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

5. *

By command of Major General EAKER:

First Mission

By Forrest S. Clark, 44 BG, Kissimmee, FL

It was my first mission and we had just passed over the Dutch coast. I had never seen the sky so steely blue with such good visibility.

I was flying in the tail gun turret and could see for many miles to the rear. We were in one of the lead groups and I could see most of the entire U.S. 8th Air Force spread out behind us

“What a sight. What am I getting into? Wow, I never saw so many aircraft,” I said to myself as I swiveled the turret about to check the operating mechanism. I remember looking down at the English coast as we passed over, a thin line edging the blue North Sea. We were bound for Germany and the target was the industrial city of Munster. It was an important war production center and believed to be one of the key targets of the bomber offensive. The RAF had gone there a few weeks before and been severely attacked, suffering heavy losses.

This day, however, looked serene and deceptively beautiful. Below me the dikes of the Zuider Zee stood out clear and straight.

I could see sunlight glinting off the surfaces of the bombers in the sky behind us, elements stacked up high and low, covering a large portion of sky. By this time we were at bombing altitude, and I could see the tiny farms, villages, and canals of Holland below.

It was getting cold in the turret and my feet were stuck; and I worried whether I could get out in time to bail out.

We were on oxygen, having exceeded the 10,000-12,000 foot altitude. I could smell the rubber of the oxygen face mask and the faintly sweet odor of pure oxygen. It gave me a little high, a kind of “euphoria of the heights.”

I asked myself whether I had checked everything, and wondered whether the guns would work if there was an attack. I checked the .50 caliber cartridge belts many times. The air outside the aircraft was smooth and there was little or no turbulence. We were making our way inland over Nazi occupied Europe, and no enemy fighters were in sight. I recall thinking that this might be a “milk run” and began to plan my next three-day pass.

The next thing I saw were small black clouds drifting by the tail section. I thought that was strange and that we must be getting into some cloud formations, perhaps a slight overcast. I didn't think much about it at first, but as the clouds continued to increase in numbers I decided to report it to the pilot and copilot. Just as I started to do so the voice of the copilot came over the intercom asking the tail gunner (me) to report in. I pushed the mike button and said, “Everything okay back here, except for a few small clouds.”

“Black clouds?” queried the copilot in reply.

“They look black to me” I replied.

“Damn it, that's flak!” shouted the copilot.

I looked at the small clouds closer now, fearing that I was really in trouble with the pilot and copilot for not being more alert. I noticed that the clouds were coming closer, and each had in its heart a red core that flashed and then disappeared as the cloud drifted to the rear. “They're shooting at us” I called out, not realizing I had the intercom button still depressed.

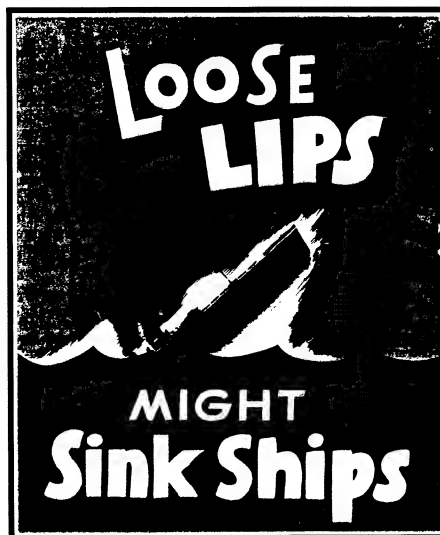
“How did you know” came the reply. “Who do you think they're shooting at?”

Just then a violent vibration shook the plane and it seemed to rear up in the front, dipping the tail section downward. “We've been hit” came the call over the intercom. “Check for damage. Any reports? All report in.”

From then on all hell broke loose — again and again the plane rocked from side to side as the flak burst around us. I saw planes going down and flaming wreckage flying by as planes exploded and others spiraled down leaving trails of smoke.

Suddenly I had more respect for the small black clouds. I realized that the war had begun for me and that the enemy was actually after us — after me — and I began to sweat through my heated suit and nervously pressed on my face mask. This was my baptism under fire; in a tiny cramped turret 25,000 feet over Germany on the way to Munster with a load of 500 pounders. The date was 5 November 1943.

We were lucky that day and got back to base safely; but the co-pilot took me aside and said he was recommending that I take a refresher aircraft identification course. After all, he said, If I couldn't identify flak, how could I identify enemy fighters. I remember thinking that if I ever saw anything with a wing and propeller that pointed its nose at me, I was going to shoot back.



Last German Soldier at Stalag Luft I

By La Verne Woods, 91 BG

A friend once asked, "What was your most memorable war experience?"

I answered that it was probably when two FW-190s attacked my straggling B-17 and shot me down. Even as I answered, I knew that this was not memorable in the sense that I would later quietly reflect upon it; but it was the expected answer. He would not have accepted the answer I should have given because I would probably not have articulated it well. Even if I had, it would seem rather insignificant. I've often wondered if others in North Compound I of Stalag Luft I who witnessed the scene — perhaps some are readers of the *8th AF NEWS* — still remember it as I do; a sadly dissonant note to the joy of liberation.

Stalag Luft I was located about a mile inland from the Baltic Sea in Pomerania. It was made up of four compounds, and mine was bordered on one side by an open area where our mess hall had been before it burned down. The guards' barracks were nearby, as was the headquarters for the Kommandant and his staff.

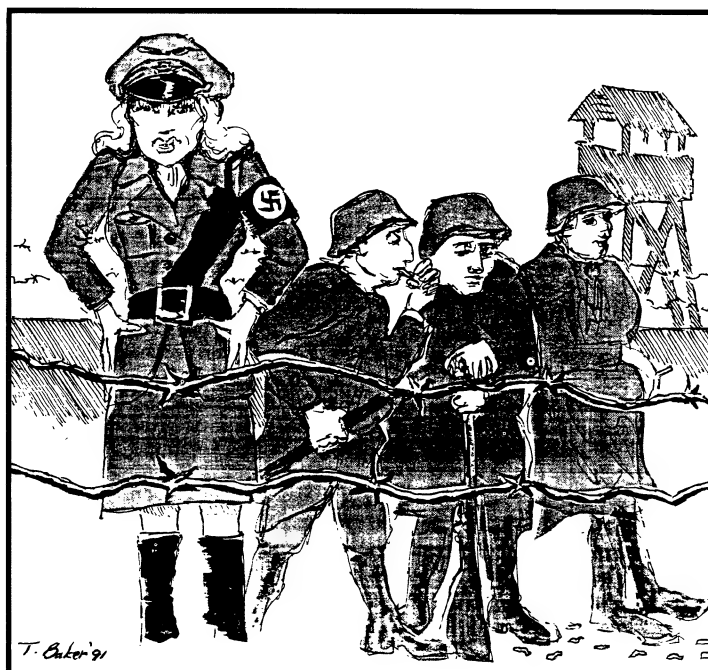
In the headquarters worked three females, members of the Luftwaffe auxiliary — WAAF counterparts. We called them Luftwaffettes. Two of them were dowdy, made more so by their rumpled, ill-fitting uniforms. But the third was Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth in one idealized package, at least to us on the other side of the barbed wire who had seen no other women for a year. Furthermore, she wore her Luftwaffe uniform smartly, proudly.

The three women were the censors who read our mail and sometimes blacked out lines and paragraphs from the forms on which we had to compose our letters. Thus they knew the dreams and hopes that we expressed with shameless sentimentality to those whom we longed to see and hold again. Sometimes we elicited a smile from one of the dowdy ones, but never from Corporal Grable-Hayworth. She always showed a haughty disregard as she walked briskly by.

In time, older, sometimes old men, became replacement guards. They were members of the Volksturm, mostly World War I veterans. We felt sorry for them, especially on bitterly cold days during the winter of 1944-45, when they were forced to endure long hours in the open, windswept towers. There was one who, when we ventured into the biting wind for exercise, called down from his tower, "Kalt, ja?" and we responded, "Ja, kalt."

The Russians had crossed the Oder River 100 miles away and we could hear the thunder of artillery from the east, signaling that the end was near. Then, on April 30, the guards climbed down from the towers, leaving them eerily vacant.

That afternoon we saw the guards and officers gathering on the other side of the barbed wire. A truck and staff car were parked nearby. The Kommandant, pensive and impassive, and two of his aides, stood to one side watching the men assemble.



RESERVATION

Meals & Events

- 1) See choices below. Then complete Reservation Form.
- 2) Remit by check or money order. **MAKE PAYABLE TO: 8AF REUNION.** Note: Payment by credit card not accepted for meals/events. No personal cks. accepted after Sept. 7 postmark (only travelers cks., M.O. or cash).
- 3) **MAIL RESERVATION & PAYMENT TO 8AF REUNION OFFICE. See address below.**
 - 4) Cost includes tax & service charge.
 - 5) Cancelled check is your receipt.
 - 6) Report to Reunion Registration to pick up name tag & vouchers.
 - 7) Full refund less \$10 fee per person for cancellations postmarked by Sept. 26. After Sept. 26, refund amount will depend on charges made for unused portion of services by caterers, etc.
 - 8) Reunion office closed Oct. 3-14. For late cancellations, tel. *daytime* (502) 589-3300; ask for Reunion Registration Desk. Refer to Program for reg. hours open.

MEALS/EVENTS CHOICES

Choice #1 TOTAL PKG. \$152. Includes 8 food functions starting with Thurs. breakfast & FULL PROGRAM OF LISTED EVENTS. *NOTE:* Three options only are not included in Choice #1 (Wed. golf, Wed. & Thurs. tours).

Choice #2 PARTIAL PKG. \$128. Includes 6 food functions starting with Fri. breakfast & all events beginning with Thurs. evening's Military Band Concert as listed in 'Reunion Program'.

Choice #3 INDIVIDUAL EVENTS. Fri. Rendezvous Dinner \$28 and Sat. Banquet \$35 can be purchased separately if you do not wish to be included in Choice #1 or #2 above. Other events may be available during reunion, SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.

OPTIONS: Wed. golf \$55, Wed. tour \$26 & Thurs. tour \$10.

INSTRUCTIONS

Hotel Accommodations

- 1) See choices below. Then complete Reservation Form.
- 2) 1st night deposit requested. Remit by check or money order. **MAKE PAYABLE TO: THE GALT HOUSE - OR - PAYABLE BY CREDIT CARD**
- 3) **MAIL HOTEL RESERVATION & DEPOSIT TO 8AF REUNION OFFICE; not to hotel. See address below.**
 - 4) The hotel will mail you confirmation.
 - 5) To cancel hotel room, write or phone Reunion office direct by Oct. 2 (305) 456-2260. Reunion office closed Oct. 3-14. For late cancellations, tel. *daytime* (502) 589-3300; ask for Reunion Registration Desk. Refer to Program for reg. hours open.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION CHOICES

Choice #1 THE GALT HOUSE has 700 bedrooms *only*. No 'Executive Suites'. **REUNION RATE: \$72 + tax daily (single or double).**

Choice #2 GALT HOUSE EAST (connected to The Galt House) has 600 'Executive Suites' *only* with fridge, wet bar, dining/living area, 2 TVs & bedroom. **REUNION RATE: \$82 + tax daily (single or double).**

IMPORTANT: • To room with a buddy, mail reservations in one envelope • When 2 buddies or couples wish adjoining Executive Suites or bedrooms, mail in one envelope • Limited number of 'handicap' Exec. Suites in Galt House East only; no 'handicap' bedrooms in The Galt House. • **REUNION OFFICE WILL ADVISE HOTEL OF SPECIAL REQUESTS** • Non-smoking accommodations not available.

RESERVATIONS ARE FILED ACCORDING TO WWII GROUPS. PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR UNIT IN ALL CORRESPONDENCE.

EIGHTH AIR FORCE REUNION PROGRAM

Louisville, Kentucky

October 6-11, 1992

Tues. Oct. 6 WELCOME TO LOUISVILLE

1:00pm- 5:00pm Reunion registration open
7:00pm- 8:30pm Agenda-setting UNIT ADVISORY MEETING
8:30pm-10:30pm 8AF 'English Tavern' RECEPTION. Cash bar.
NOTE: Attendees who plan to join tomorrow morning's Golf Tournament or Tour (**both are optional events**) must arrive by today.

Wed. Oct. 7 ABOUT & BEYOND LOUISVILLE

7:00am- 8:30am Continental BREAKFAST BUFFET. Included for attendees pre-registered for today's Golf or Tour.
7:00am- 9:00am Reunion registration open
8:00am- 2:00pm (**OPTION**) Board bus for GOLF. Description pg. 10
9:00am- 4:00pm (**OPTION**) Board bus. Full day TOUR. Description pg. 10
9:00am 8AFMMF BOARD OF DIRECTORS ANNUAL MEETING

1:00pm- 5:00pm Reunion registration open
1:00pm- 5:00pm 'PX' open
4:00pm UNIT RENDEZVOUS MEETING ROOMS open
5:45pm- 6:30pm 8AFMMF RECEPTION. Cash bar. Everyone welcome.
7:00pm- 8:00pm Reunion Registration open
8:30pm KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS EVENING. Description pg. 10

NOTE: Attendees who plan to join tomorrow morning's Tour (**an optional event**) must arrive by today.

Thur. Oct. 8 8TH AIR FORCE REMEMBRANCE DAY

7:00am- 8:30am Full BREAKFAST
7:30am- 5:00pm Reunion registration open
8:30am (**OPTION**) Board bus. Morning TOUR. Description pg. 10
9:00am UNIT RENDEZVOUS MEETING ROOMS open
10:00am- 5:00pm 'PX' open
2:00pm- 6:30pm 'Mighty Eighth' THEATER. WWII movies sponsored by 8AFMMF. Additional showings will be posted.
3:00pm 8AF MEMORIAL SERVICE. Description pg. 11
4:00pm- 5:00pm Informal 'Tea & Sweet' RECEPTION with talented keyboard entertainment.
6:00pm- 6:45pm 8AFHS LIFE MEMBERS' RECEPTION. Cash bar. Family & friends welcome.
7:00pm- 8:00pm Reunion registration open
8:30pm MILITARY BAND CONCERT.

Fri. Oct. 9

7:00am- 8:30am UNIT DAY
Full BREAKFAST
7:30am- 5:00pm Reunion registration open
8:30am CALLING ALL LADIES 'Autumn Foliage' morning cruise. Description pg. 11
9:00am UNIT RENDEZVOUS MEETING ROOMS open
10:00am- 5:00pm 'PX' open
12:30pm "Let's meet for LUNCH."
2:00pm- 5:00pm 12th Annual 8AFMMF AIR-WAR SYMPOSIUM. Description pg. 11
6:30pm- 7:15pm 8AF RECEPTION. Cash bar. Dress Informal.
7:30pm RENDEZVOUS DINNER and 'hangar flying'

Sat. Oct. 10

7:00am- 8:30am THE BRITISH ARE COMING!
Continental BREAKFAST BUFFET
9:00am-11:30am GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
9:00am-noon Reunion registration open
10:00am- 4:00pm 'PX' open
1:00pm- 2:30pm UNIT ADVISORY COMMITTEE MEETING
2:30pm- 3:00pm STATE CHAPTER RECOGNITION & 'RAP' SESSION. Everyone Welcome.
3:00pm- 4:00pm Reunion registration open
6:15pm- 7:00pm 8AF RECEPTION. Cash bar. Dress Optional. Gentlemen requested to wear jacket & tie. Mess dress suggested for career military personnel.
7:15pm-11:30pm MILITARY COLOR GUARD CEREMONY to be followed by 8AF GOLDEN 50TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET & DANCE. Guest Speaker: Air Vice-Marshall Peter Dodworth, OBE AFC BSc RAF. Dance to BIG BAND music 'of today & yesteryear'.

Sun. Oct. 11

8:00am-10:00am HOMEWARD BOUND
Continental BREAKFAST BUFFET
9:00am 8AFHS EXECUTIVE MEETING
10:00am CATHOLIC SERVICES conducted by Reverend Walter H. Lohse of the 96th BG.
Noon HOTEL CHECKOUT. Please settle room account and incidental charges directly with hotel.

Raindrop, This Is Jockey Four Two...

By Don Corrigan, 353 FG, Box L, Waukee, IA 50263

The pilots' briefing room of the 353rd Fighter Group was no different than scores of other units — a rectangular room with three dozen rows of wooden chairs facing a wall-sized map. A white cord ran across the map from the airbase location in England to a designated point in Germany. Then it took a 90-degree turn to the north for several inches, a left turn to the west, and then turned back across the channel to the home base.

On this mission in late 1943 the cord was stretched nearly to its limit. As the pilots entered the briefing room they expressed mixed reactions to the apparent distance they would have to fly. Some muttered soft curses; others, shielding their concern with humor, said "ETA is the English Channel at 1300!"

The Group Commander moved to the map and traced the course with a pointer, giving times and compass headings. These were to be written on the back of the pilot's left hand. We were to be "target escort" and cover the bomber formation on the bomb run, the most critical phase of the operation. At the end of the briefing, the commander warned all pilots to watch gas consumption and maintain radio silence.

After the briefing the pilots returned to their squadron operations rooms to check the flight schedule. I was assigned as second element leader in "blue" flight. My wingman, a new replacement assigned the previous week, had never flown a combat mission. I turned to the operations officer to voice my objection, but before I could open my mouth he stopped me with "It's your turn, he's your responsibility."

The takeoff and climb out went smoothly and at the briefed times. We reached the selected altitude and crossed the coast of Belgium. As I scanned the skies for enemy aircraft I looked across our formation and was amazed at the seemingly motionless formation suspended in the clear blue sky. Our speed was not apparent without reference points — only by looking down at the dark earth below could I detect movement. As we crossed central Belgium, I visualized Waterloo, where Napoleon fought his last battle against Wellington's combined forces. The fierce battle took the lives of thousands of men. The less fortunate lay for days in the heat and stench, dying slowly of their wounds, interrupted only by flies and rats, and the scavengers who robbed their bodies.

As we crossed into northern France, I looked down on Verdun, and Passchendaele a short distance away — battlefields of World War I where the British lost 60,000 men in three days. The bodies of 10,000 men were never found — blown to pieces by the artillery fire from a thousand guns. Now a new generation was repeating history in a new and deadlier conflict. I wondered if those earlier combatants were as confident as I was, seated at the controls of the finest fighting machine my country could give me — the P-47 Thunderbolt.

"Big friends at 12:00 o'clock," someone reported. I looked

at my watch. We were right on time. The B-17s were in tight formation at 25,000 feet. A cloud of black smoke followed them in an ambience of exploding flak. The bombers were being hit, and several of them left the formation and spiraled downward, spewing bodies which then blossomed into parachutes. One ship trailed smoke and then erupted into a ball of fire — there were no parachutes.

Our group swung around to the left and took up position, our squadron moving to the left side of the bomber formation, the 351st squadron taking top cover 3,000 feet above us, and the 350th taking the right side, level with us and the bombers.

Suddenly the flak stopped, and a large formation of German fighters appeared ahead and 6,000 feet above us. They were carrying belly tanks, and as they moved toward us they released the tanks which came tumbling down into our formation. I questioned the wisdom of those who assigned our altitude. The Germans had us! You can't climb into an attack. The two most useless things in aviation are altitude above and runway behind.

Our squadron leader turned right and began a full-throttle climb. Looking back I could see the Germans diving at the B-17s in groups of ten to fifteen planes each, guns and cannons firing. I followed my flight leader, my air speed showing 200 mph and the rate-of-climb indicator showing 4,000 feet a minute. My wingman, obviously terrified, had moved in tight on my right wing. I waved him away but he did not move. I tapped the rudders, fishtailing my plane, the signal to loosen up, but he stayed tight, his eyes glued to my plane. Instead of flying abreast of me at a distance of 50 feet so we could cover each other's tail, he was a real danger should violent evasive action become necessary. After crossing behind the bomber formation, the squadron leader turned left again, still climbing.

Now the German fighters that had flown through the bomber formation pulled up for another attack, which brought them right into our formation. The radio came alive with shouts of "Break right!" "Break left!" and other frantic instructions that made the radio useless. The 351st squadron had attacked the German fighters above and the sky was a boiling inferno of circling, diving fighters. A trio of Messerschmidt 109s passed over me so close their propwash caused my plane to bounce. I quickly checked my wingman just in time to see him nose down and head for the earth below. Looking out my left side, I could see him heading west for home. After the mission I learned he dove for lower altitude due to oxygen failure. He became one of our most aggressive pilots.

In diving to evade the three Messerschmidts, I had become separated from the rest of the squadron. I headed back up and saw another lone P-47 crossing ahead of me. He spotted me and soon we joined for mutual protection. I recognized him as one of the original pilots who, like me, had always flown fourth position as the younger pilots were usually

8th Air Force Memorial Control Tower Project

One of the projects of the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation (8AFMMF) that has been approved recently is the construction of a World War II RAF-type Control Tower at Wright-Patterson Air Museum in Dayton, Ohio. This project was proposed about six years ago, but was tabled because of objections by a few members who preferred other locations. Since then, regional air museums have been springing up all over the nation, sponsored by various groups and organizations.

The U.S. Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB already has numerous 8th AF static displays inside the museum, and outside are an 8th AF Nissen hut and briefing room, an 8th AF memorial monument, and memorials of various other 8th AF organizations. This year the 8AFMMF Board of Directors voted overwhelmingly to complete the 8th AF complex at Wright-Patterson by proceeding with the Control Tower Project. A particular advantage to having this 8th AF complex at Wright-Patterson is that when it is completed the government will maintain it with no further expense to the Society.

Plans for the control tower have been obtained from the British Defense Ministry and other sources. It will be equipped with authentic WWII furnishings and 8th AF displays, some of them duplicates of exhibits placed by the 8AFMMF at the Imperial War Museum at Duxford, England. Cost estimates for complete construction of the control tower are approximately \$250,000, and the fund-raising effort is currently underway. We are appealing particularly to donors having close associations with Wright-Patterson AFB, and to those living within vacation driving distance of Dayton. The memorial control tower will also have built-in national appeal, because over two million people already visit the USAF Air Museum in Dayton every year.

We anticipate a rapid conclusion of this fund-raising effort and plan to have the control tower operational by D-Day, 1994. Construction will not begin until all of the \$250,000 is either banked or pledged, and unused funds will be used to furnish the tower. Please send donations to: Mr. Ed Creeden, Treasurer, 8AFMMF Route #2, Box 598 Sussex, NJ 07461

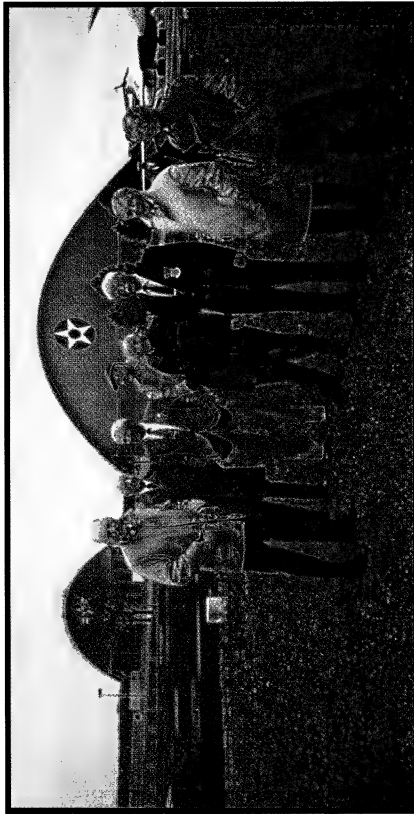
Make all checks payable to the 8AFMMF Control Tower Project.

Memorial Control Tower Project Committee Appointments

Chairman: Sherman M. Small Co-chairman: Fred B. Dundas
Honorary Chairman: Dennis P. Scanlan, Jr. Treasurer: Edward J. Creeden Secretary: Carolyn Swanson Engineering Coordinator: Thomas L. Thomas Publicity: James W. Hill
Liaison, Air Force Museum: Dick Uppstrom John E. Greenwood Liaison, United Kingdom: Roger A. Freeman

Volunteer Help: Allen Thompson-Civil Engineer, Project Supervisor Bob Sellers-Editor, *Flying Control News* David J. Dean-Fund Raising, Pres., Minnesota AFA William Silverman- Advertising Consultant





CONTROL TOWER PLANNING MEETING

UL: 8AFMMF delegation and Museum staff at site of proposed control tower

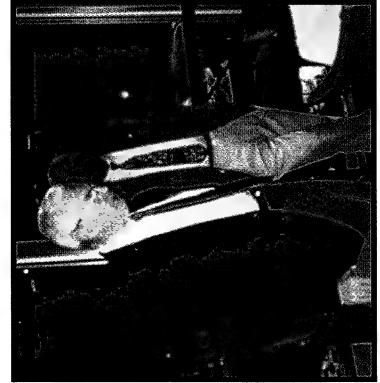
UR: Col. Dick Uppstrom, Director of USAF Museum, shows tower location

CL: Planners included Museum staff, Ohio state reps, and 8AFMMF delegation

CR: Richard Haas, Museum Display Chief, at 8AF Unit Locator Map in 8th AF Nissen hut and briefing room

LC: Civil Engineer Allen Thompson will supervise construction for 8AFMMF

LR: Col. Uppstrom and Nick Apple, chief of Wright-Patterson Operations Division



Chapter News

Alabama

The Alabama Chapter had its 5th annual business meeting and election Jan. 18 at the Ramada Inn/Airport in Birmingham. New officers are: Pres. C. B. (Red) Harper, VP Henry Arnold, Sec/Tr Amy Arnold, and Directors Robert Clemens, Frank Brewer, Clyde Bush, Lester Bondly, Bill Dean, and Sam Evans. South Alabama Wing: Cdr Pete Hoffman, VC Charles Shinault, Sec/Tr George Grau. Montgomery Wing: Cdr James Ritchie, VC Lester Bondly, Sec/Tr Robert Clemens.

Arizona Chapter

Mission: Two cities by the river — not Mannheim and Ludwigshafen but Laughlin and Bullhead City. The Spring reunion was held in Laughlin, NV and Bullhead City, AZ, on April 7-8. The banquet was in Bullhead City at the River Queen Resort on the 8th. Events included sightseeing trips, shopping, gambling, and golf. Following the banquet a short business meeting was held.

California, General James Doolittle Chapter

The 900 Northern California WWII veterans of the 8AFHS celebrated the 50th anniversary of the 8th at their annual dinner on March 21 at the Eagle and Anchor Club at Moffit Naval Air Station in Mountain View. The featured speaker was Capt. Jeff Brown, a B-52 Navigator who flew 25 missions in Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm. He flew with the 328th BS based at Jedda, Saudi Arabia, and is now stationed at Castle AFB. Pres. Dan Freitas presided at the business meeting which was followed by showings of films on "The Mighty Eighth Heritage Center," and "All the Fine Young Men." Officers elected March 21, 1992 are Pres. William B. Gaines, VP Wade C. Wilson, Secy Elmer Clarey, Treas Benjamin Breen, and Directors Eric V. Hawkinson, Charles W. Getz, Jack Helbert, Chester Hallberg, Daniel Freitas.

California, Curtis E. Lemay Chapter

The chapter held its annual dinner meeting at the Officers Club, March AFB near Riverside on April 25. There was a no-host bar in the March Field Museum from 1600 to 1800. Many vintage aircraft were on the flight line. The business meeting included an election. We mourn the passing of Helen Lemay, widow of Gen. Lemay (see Taps).

Colorado Chapter

On Feb 20, 1992 the chapter was incorporated in Colorado. The occasion was celebrated on Feb 21 at a luncheon at the Officers Club of Fitzsimons Army Medical Center, attended by 76 enthusiastic 8th AFers. There will be four large quarterly meetings a year with meetings for officers and board members at noon at Fitzsimons Officers Club. The general membership was encouraged to join those attending the monthly meetings along with wives and lady friends. The officers for the balance of 1992 are: Pres. Dave O'Boyle, VP Art Bailey, Secy Paul London, Treas John McCall, and Directors Jerry Nelson, Pete Peterson, George Lewis, Bob Van Buskirk, and George Ashen.

Georgia Chapter

The Georgia Chapter hosted the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the "Mighty Eighth" in Savannah (See feature article). New officers installed at the Gala Banquet included: Pres. Robert B. Shearer, VP Thomas S. Parsons, Secy Kitty Hulings, Treas Roy Marberg, Editor and Historian Saul M. Kupferman, and Directors Glen Hinshaw, Thomas M. Hulings, Walter W. Ketron, Edgar K. Wilson, Joe F. Jones, Frank P. Taylor, Malcolm J. Maged, and George W. Reynard.

Iowa Chapter

The Iowa Chapter Reunion will be held August 29 at the Ramada Inn City Center in Cedar Rapids. Plans are being worked out and committees are being set up to put together an interesting weekend in 1992. Officers are: Pres. Ellsworth Shields, VP and Cdr of NW Iowa Wing Gene Person, VP and Cdr of NE Iowa Wing Bob Shriener, Secy Roy Picht Ames, and Treas Leon Mehring.

Massachusetts Chapter

Newly elected Pres. Barkev Hovsepian delegated Helen Smith (8FC, VP) and Iris Falcone (war bride and 457th BG) to arrange the upcoming Spring Fling. After an exhaustive search they once again selected the Battleship Massachusetts for the site of a Rendezvous to be held on May 29 beginning at 1000 hours. Luncheon will be served at noon, with choice of entrees being roast sirloin of beef or boneless breast of chicken. Of special interest will be the wonderful displays and artifacts of the WWII Air Force, especially the 8th AF. Don Oakley, 445th BG has been leading the volunteers for this museum for many years. Other naval attractions will be a submarine, destroyer escort, and PT boats at Battleship Cove in Fall River.

Mass. Chapter VP Helen Maravell Smith served in the WAC as S/Sgt with Hq Fighter Command at Bushey Hall. She is presently serving on the Governor's Committee of WIMSA (Women in Military Service of America) Foundation, which is dedicated to erecting a memorial at Arlington National Cemetery to honor all servicewomen — past, present, and future. She asks that contributions be sent to WIMSA, Dept. 560, Washington, DC, 20042.

Nebraska Chapter

The first 1992 quarterly meeting of the Nebraska Chapter was held Jan. 18th at the Holiday Inn and the second was held April 27 in Lincoln. Suggestions presented for increasing membership were: 1) send flyers to all Nebraska airports; 2) send flyers to all media; 3) send recruiters to help with the Air Force booths at Offut AFB Open House; 4) form regional Wings; 5) hold a state convention each year; and 5) wear 8th emblem hats and jackets for publicity.

Minnesota Chapter News

The Chapter held its 8th Symposium on Feb 16th in St. Paul. A four-member panel provided an interesting two-hour discussion on the P-38 Lightning fighter to a group of 49 interested members. The next symposium will be held on Sept. 29, in which the B-17 and the B-24 will be compared. This symposium should draw a crowd, and weapons will be checked at the door. WWII movies are always also shown at the symposiums.

The American Society of Aviation Artists



The ASAA was founded in 1986 to promote public interest in aviation and aerospace art that records, interprets, and celebrates the history of aviation and space flight in fine art. At present the Society has a membership of 125 Artists, Artist Fellows, and Associates, and has become a major professional art society in the U. S. Its membership roll also includes artists and associates from Canada, England, Pakistan, Switzerland, France, and Australia. It publishes a quarterly newsletter AERO BRUSH, and holds a juried exhibition and Aviation Art Forum each year in a different location. A forthcoming book will feature works of ASAA artists that illustrate the history of aviation.

In 1991 ASAA held its fifth annual aviation art forum in London in conjunction with a juried art show at the Royal Air Force Museum in Hendon. Under the theme "A Grand Alliance" the exhibition helped celebrate the 50th anniversary of the U.S. entry into World War II, and commemorated the alliance of the two great nations in their war efforts from

1941 to 1945. The exhibition was a joint show of works by ASAA as well as Britain's Guild of Aviation Artists (GAvA) and it included 64 works of art including two sculptures.

Certainly the "lions share" of the exhibition revolved around the Eighth Air Force; more than a third of the show, in fact. Eleven works by American artists, with an equal number by their British counterparts, dealt with a variety of subjects from the RAF Eagle Squadrons to the American heavy bombardment campaign. Typical examples of the works exhibited are shown on the facing page. The exhibition was very well received and remained in the RAF Museum through February.

Plans for 1992 call for the next ASAA forum and exhibition to be in San Diego from October 18 to 24, with a number of attractions centered around San Diego's aviation attractions. For more information contact Luther Gore, ASAA Executive Secretary, 1805 Meadowbrook Heights Road, Charlottesville, VA 22901, Phone 804-296-9771.

Early Bombing Competition

By Harold W. Bowman, 401BG, Jupiter, FL

In 1931 we did not boast that we could drop our bombs "down a smokestack." Even at our normal bombing altitude of 5,000 feet we preferred to anchor a target in the ocean, where only the fish would know. We did not yet have the Norden bombsight or sophisticated electronics to guide us. Pilot and copilot alternated between the cockpit and the nose section where the crude, hand-cranked bombsight was located. The two engines, the open cockpit, the wind blowing, in our 90-mile-per-hour speed, and the primitive interphone system, offered a severe challenge to the bombing partners, who strained with limited success to interpret the static-dominated shouting.

John Kenny and I were a team, flying our Curtiss Condor bombers at Rockwell Field, San Diego. Leaning heavily on my background as a youth in Nebraska's farming country, I devised a simple, clear, two-word system of communication that even a horse could understand: "Gee" for right,

and "Haw" for left. It worked much better than the strident screaming previously used to coordinate our efforts. In fact, our 11th Bombardment Squadron won the honor of representing the western United States area at the National Bombing Matches held at Langley Field, VA. (Come to think of it, the 11th was the *only* bombardment squadron west of the Mississippi River).

On the fateful day of the matches, some of our bombs "hung" in the racks (and hung, and hung) until the ground crew returned them to the "dump." So we didn't win any great honors for the west; but maybe we stimulated needed improvements that contributed to later successes in World War II. I am comforted by a statement recently made by today's Air Force Chief of Staff, Gen. Merrill McPeak, who proclaimed, "Defeat is a better instructor than victory."

(Ed Note: Mr. Bowman was a wartime CO of the 401st BG, and is a retired Major General. He is now 88 years old.)

you for such a wonderful weekend and a memorable experience.

Mark S. Copeland, Bloomington, MN.

5 Grand Limited Edition Print

The Burtonwood Association has available 17" X 23" full-color prints of the painting "5 Grand," the five-thousandth B-17 to be produced by Boeing after Pearl Harbor. It is depicted on a test hop over Burtonwood after being readied for service with the 96th Bomb Group. It has an excellent aerial view of the Burtonwood depot. The painting was done by Ron Oldacre from Warrington, who spent many years in the Base Photo Lab in the 1950s.

Prints are \$40.00 and can be obtained from Norma Singer, 376H Whitestown Rd, Butler, PA 16001, USA, or from Aldon Ferguson, 18 Ridge Way, Wargrave, Berks, RG10 8AS, England.

B-17 Association

We're looking for persons interested in joining an association to preserve the history of the B-17 Flying Fortress.

Write to Thomas E. Bass, 7 Eric Rd Apt D, Lexington Park, MD 20653.

1947 Fort Worth/Roswell Experience?

I am a nuclear physicist working on a book about events that took place in July 1947 involving 8AF HQ personnel under Gen. Ramey in Fort Worth and personnel under Col. Blanchard at Roswell. I would like to hear from anyone who was at either location. Confidentiality assured.

Call 506-457-0232 or write to Stanton T. Friedman, POB 958, Houlton, ME 04730

P-38 Book

Trying to locate a copy of hardcover book "P-38" by Jeff Ethell of Crown Publishers, Wing and Anchor Press.

John L. Grimshaw, 1740 South 75 East, Bountiful, Utah 80410-5221.

Flight Packs

In response to Tourist Bureau's inquiry, while flying with the 452BG (Deopham Green/Norfolk) in June 1944, our flight packs contained the original MARS candy bars (nougat and almonds with chocolate coating) which we were told were made in England, plus about 1/4 cup of hard candies which seemed to be extra nutritious. Both seemed to give a quick burst of energy.

Alfred R. Lea, Houston, TX.

(ED: Most of ours were missing the candy and morphine by the time we got them. What a bummer!)

Wants USAAF Wristwatch Case

Need case of Elgin Spec. No. 94-27834B Mfg Part No. 1783. Mine completely worn out and not repairable after use since 1943.

Write John B. Watson, Box 489, Southold, NY 11971.

392BG Anthology

I have been asked to compile the 392BG Anthology, a collection of first-person accounts of group veterans and English civilians living near the Wendling airfield. Please send me your wartime memories, both tragic and humorous.

Ian Hawkins, 29 Birch Avenue, Bacton, Stowmarket, Suffolk, IP14 4NT, England.

Stealth Rabbi

A chaplain attached to the Army's 724th Support Battalion during Desert Storm, Major Ben Romer was one of the best-kept secrets in the Islamic desert—a rabbi. The day before the ground war began, Romer conducted a Sabbath service wearing a desert camouflage yarmulke made by his wife, and he distributed little boxes of special holiday cake as the desert wind whipped up sand. After invoking "Our Mighty Lord, Our Sheltering Rock, Our Protecting Shield," Romer delivered a sermon: "This is a moral issue for the whole world. There are rights and wrongs, and we are attempting to correct a wrong... Go in peace."

(From 15th AF Assn Newsletter)

Article on Alerting a Crew

I want a copy of the cleverly written story about alerting a crew: "and there was a knock on the door, for it was the orderly, who came to alert us. He called some names, then left hurriedly, for he had angered all for awakening them...."

Ralph Leslie, 3301 Rolling Woods Dr, Palm Harbor, FL 34683.

No Tail Symbol

Why was there no tail symbol for the 482nd, 490th, 492nd, and 493rd Bomb Groups?

Lee McQuistion, 105 Delano Drive, Pleasant Hills, PA 15236.

Experience in Belgium?

I am a Belgian Air Force pilot and am researching the history of the aircraft and units that were deployed on Belgian bases. Would welcome letters, photos, papers.

Peter Celis, Bergstraat 9, 2230 Ramsel, Belgium 2230.

Westhampnett-31st FG

Please list me as a contact for Westhampnett, now Goodwood Aerodrome near Chichester in Sussex. I have been a contact there for four years, although my services are seldom required. The 31st FG was at Westhampnett for only a short time before being sent to North Africa. We had a good reunion in 1987 and unveiled a memorial on the field. We also dedicated a photo of a 31st FG Spitfire, which now hangs in the dining room of the Goodwood Park Hotel.

Derek B. Hollowday, 6 Heo Green, Wick, Littlehampton, West Sussex, BN17 7JB, England.

History Project

I am an active duty USAF pilot engaged in a military history PhD program at the Air Force Academy. My project compares the crew training, combat effectiveness, and morale of personnel of the 8th AF and the RAF Bomber Command. After a tour of duty I have returned to my research and would appreciate hearing from any interested WWII airmen.

Please write for short questionnaire. Lt. Col. Mark K. Wells, AFIT - Kings College, London, PSC 48, Box 441, APO AE 09471.

Know Pilot William Wentz?

I am trying to find information on this friend who was MIA in WWII. He was a B-24 pilot from Waterloo, IA.

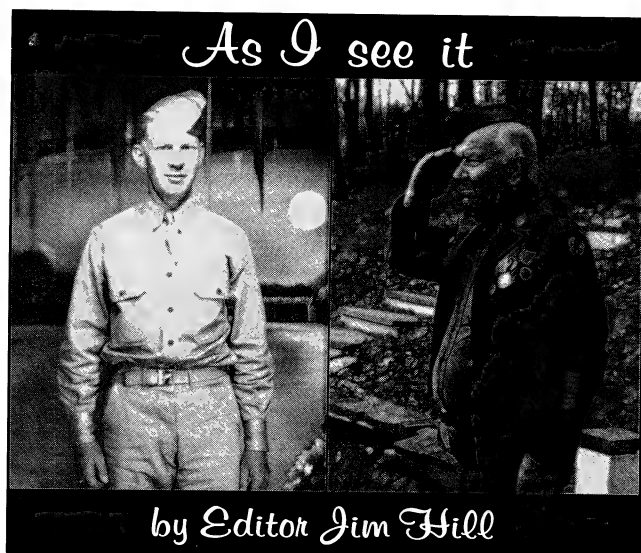
Robert L. Kemp, 2412 Manor St, Waterloo, IA 50702.

Lost Crew Members

Need information of whereabouts of the following crewmen lost on Mission #80 of the 351BG/509BS: Henry M. Heldman-Navigator; John R. Landers-Radio; David E. Lynch-Ball Gunner; Joseph R. Richey, Tail Gunner. John B. Watson, Box 489, Southold, NY 11971.

Last Resort

I've tried everywhere to locate Dalton F. Tommie of Marianne, FL. He was



The Democratic Process. Being a part of the staff of the Society, I try to communicate with and for everyone and not get involved in "politics." However, I believe that as a Life Member and close observer I should comment occasionally on matters that affect the health of the Society.

I have served in elective positions in many organizations and believe I am qualified to comment on the democratic process. It should work like this — the person with the most votes wins, and the losers become the "loyal opposition" until the next election.

Over the years I have heard losers of elections complain: "They had it rigged." "The railroad was in operation." "They made out the slate beforehand." "They passed out sample ballots." "They packed the meeting." "They were buttonholing people all over the place." . . . Well friends, that's what the democratic process is all about — those are all legitimate practices.

Anyone desiring to hold a leadership position must want it enough to work hard for it — to do whatever it takes — meaning he has to be true to the objectives of the organization, serve the organization effectively, select and train good supporters, turn out the vote, and not leave anything to chance.

A very difficult problem in all organizations is that different types of people are needed in different situations. A person who is a great social chairman, secretary, or treasurer does not necessarily make a good leader. Leaders often have to face opposition and make tough decisions; and they often have to sacrifice popularity and even close friendships for the good of the organization. That's the price of being a leader.

In a democratic organization you have to trust the people to elect the correct person to meet the needs of a particular situation. I hope we will always have honest differences of opinion and that they will be treated with respect; but anger, rudeness, pettiness, divisiveness, or disloyalty to the organization will never win. The electorate is often smarter than anyone suspects.

Photograph. Believe it or not, the two young guys at left are the same — 1942 vs. 1986. It's Stan Soderblom, Life Member and Unit Contact from the 305th Bomb Group. Along with the pictures, he sent a note reporting a 10-inch gap at the chest and 8 inches at the fly. I wouldn't touch that one. . . .

An Idea Whose Time Has Come. Last month I organized an 8th Air Force Roundtable in my local area to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the "Mighty Eighth." I just put a small notice in the local news column of several newspapers, networked from the calls I got, and set up a nonthreatening, no-expense, no-obligation meeting just to celebrate our 50th Anniversary. It was a tremendous success. Sixty-three showed up, including several Korean War veterans. 8th AF veterans were crawling out of the woodwork, and many didn't know there was an 8th AF Historical Society. Our "lost souls" are out there, fellows, and they really do want to be buddies again. You don't have to push membership — they'll join. We just have to make our presence known and make it easy for them to participate. A Roundtable is the perfect format, because you don't have to have a set program or critical mass of people. When you meet someone, all you have to ask is "What outfit were you with?" Then you're off and running. Many people need the therapy, too.

Front and Center. As the years pass it becomes ever more important that those who are still able-bodied step forward into positions of leadership. Those of us from the Classes of '44 and '45 have always counted ourselves lucky that our older brothers led the way in the really rough early days of the 8th Air Force. Now it's our turn to "fill in the formation" and carry on, just as we did before. This applies not only to WWII veterans — it applies to veterans of SAC, Korea, Vietnam, and the Persian Gulf War as well. Just step forward and volunteer. You'll be surprised at the warm reception you get.

Excellence. The 50th Anniversary videotape "Start Engines — Plus 50 Years" has won a "Telly Award" for professional excellence. The videotape was sponsored by the 8th Air Force Museum Foundation and by our own Al Zimmerman, who put a lot of his own money into it. We are fortunate to have a man of his talents in the organization and hope he will do many more videos for the organization. One of the best ways to show your thanks to Al is to buy one of the videos from our PX. (The PX gets all the profits.)

Lest We Forget

War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight — nothing he cares about more than his personal safety — is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by exertions of better men than himself.

John Stewart Mills

Nominations for 8AFHS Board of Directors

(Ed Note: Order chosen by lot)

Hubert M. Childress

PO Box 2687, Palm Desert, CA 92261

Mr. Childress is a Life Member of the Society. In WWII he was a reconnaissance pilot with the 7th PRG, and later served as a Flight Commander, Squadron Commander, Deputy Group Commander, and Group Commander. In peacetime he served on the planning staff for NATO and as Deputy Commander of the Allied Air Forces in Northern Europe. He later served in the War Plans Division, HQ, USAF as an Action Officer, and served a tour with the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. He served a tour on the faculty of the NATO Defense College in Paris, returned to the Pentagon, and was assigned to Project Forecast. He retired from the Air Force in 1964 as a Colonel.

After his retirement he served as a spokesman for Douglas Aircraft and managed cost reduction and incentive programs. He then entered UCLA Law School and practiced law for 20 years.

He served as Vice Chairman of the AIAA National Convention and is President of the Palm Springs Chapter of The ROA. He was a recce panelist at the 8AFHS Reunion in Pittsburgh.

Nominator: Barkev Hovsepian

Carl J. Fyler, D.D.S., Incumbent

300 Yorkshire Road, SW, Topeka, KS 66606

Dr. Fyler is a 1950 graduate of the University of Missouri School of Dentistry. He is a Life Member of the 8AFHS and has served as a Director for the past four years. He is a past President of the 303rd BGMA. For the Ex-POW Society he served seven terms as a Director, one term as Past National Jr. Vice Commander, and one term as Chapter Commander. He has initiated a number of programs to obtain benefits for former POW. He is a member of the Combat Air Museum and is Curator of its Kriegie Room. He is a special advisor for the 8th AF Heritage Center and a member of the WWII Officer's organization MOWW.

Nominator: Self

Wayne Tabor

7009 Echo Trail, Louisville, KY 40299

Mr. Tabor was a waist gunner in the 466th BG and completed a tour of 30 missions. He graduated from Iowa State University in 1950 and was in the sales field until his retirement in 1983. He was president of the Kentucky Educational Media Association for four terms, president of the Iowa State Alumni Association, and president of the Central Kentucky Quarter Horse Association. He is a member of the American Legion, and is presently organizing a Kentucky Chapter of the 8AFHS.

Nominator: Thomas L. Thomas

James M. Hower

#9 Holley Circle, St. Joseph, MO 64506

Mr. Hower was a pilot in the 447th BG and completed a Lead Crew Tour of 25 missions on March 18, 1945. After the war he received a BMA degree from Kansas State University and taught instrumental music for two years. He then became an Agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, in which capacity he has served for over 40 years. He was inducted into Equitable's Legion of Honor in 1980 and into the Hall of Fame in 1987. He has served as an officer and director of many civic, church, and fraternal organizations, and in 1969 was awarded the Silver Beaver Award by the Boy Scout organization.

Nominator: Ed Kueppers

Francis S. Gabreski

106 Ryder Avenue Dix Hills, NY 11746

"Gabby" Gabreski was a leading Ace in the 8th Air Force in WWII. He was with the 56th Fighter Group flying in P-47 Thunderbolts and was credited with 28 air victories and 3 aircraft destroyed on the ground. He was also an Ace in the Korean War with 6-1/2 victories. He retired from the service as a Colonel in 1967.

After leaving the service he served as Assistant to the President of Grumman Aircraft Corporation in public relations and marketing areas. He retired in 1987. After he retired he wrote a book of his experiences. He has served as a Director of the 8AFMMF for three years.

Nominators: Art Fitch and John Greenwood



**"It is difficult to recall all of the exciting events, but I'll attempt to have a go at it."
(From Georgia Chapter News "Tall Tales", by Saul Kupferman**



SAVANNAH
GEORGIA
1992

The attendees started to arrive in Savannah on Monday, January 27th, and before it was all over we were looking at registrations from people representing 34 states and one couple from England!

Tuesday, January 28th, the weather was dimly overcast with a light sprinkling of rain UNTIL it was about time for our opening ceremonies on Bull Street in front of the American Legion Post #135 building. This was the exact site where the 8th Air Force was activated 50 years ago on January 28, 1942! The rain stopped and all the many TV cameramen gathered stated the conditions were ideal for filming..the man upstairs once again looked after the Mighty Eighth! The building was covered with red, white, and blue bunting and "WELCOME HOME EIGHTH AIR FORCE" banners. A local military band entertained the crowds from 1:30-2PM while about 300 settled in their seats. A flatbed served as our speaker platform provided by the National Guard and was also decorated with bunting. W. Henry Hughey emceed the program starting with the invocation, the Legion Post Color Guard posting colors, pledge of allegiance and introduction of VIP's present. Welcome speeches were given by the Legion Commander, Georgia Chapter President Mell Pelot, British Consul Barry Holmes, Robert McCorkle and Russ Abolt representing the City of Savannah, followed by short talks by 'Gabby' Gabreski, Frank Beadle, and William Lawley..Medal of Honor recipient. The program ended on schedule, about 2:30, and moments later the crowd was thrilled to see the B-17 "909" soaring overhead at about 1000 feet, thus providing

a perfect finale to an historic event! The Legion Post then graciously invited everyone inside the building for hot coffee and fresh donuts which was very much welcomed and appreciated.

Tuesday evening Legion Post #135 hosted a WWII dance in their building which was attended by about 150 people. All the ingredients were present...a live band that played music for all tastes, decorations on the tables, an 8th Anniversary cake, open bar, and when was the last time YO' saw an overhead revolving mirror ball?

Wednesday afternoon many people visited the National Guard area of the International Airport to view the B-17 "909" and the B-24 "All American" brought in through the courtesy of the Collings Foundation from Stowe, Mass. From 6-9:30PM a Gala Event, emceed by Saul M. Kupferman, took place in the Civic Center and the program included a Video sing-a-long, combat film, introduction of celebrities, speakers such as William Lawley, Gen. E. G. "Buck" Shuler, and Catherine Wyler who co-directed the 1989 movie "Memphis Belle" and others. Steven Miller, son of our beloved Glenn Miller, was then introduced and for a grand exciting finale, the Command Band of the Air Force Reserve (Jazz ensemble stationed at Warner Robins, Ga.) delighted the crowd with a one hour musical tribute to Glenn Miller..dressed in pinks and greens. This really moved the crowd emotionally and, even though dancing was not allowed, nobody could stop the foot tapping, clapping, singing, cheering, and swaying in the seats!

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This magazine is dedicated to Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, founder of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society and the Eighth Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation, and editor of the *Eighth Air Force News* for 16 years.

The *Eighth Air Force News* (8AFN) is published four times a year (January, April, July, October). Please submit material to the editor at least 30 days before the desired issue month. We cannot acknowledge receipt of material or be responsible for it. Please send self-addressed, stamped envelope for returns. We do not pay for any contributed material.

Advertisements in this magazine go to over 17,000 members.

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Cover Photos: *Will it ever happen again? Photo of magnificent fly-by taken at Georgia Chapter's 50th Anniversary celebration. (Photo courtesy of Al Brown, 95BG)*

Mission Briefing

Much news and good stories in this issue. Don't miss the story on p 4 of the 50th Anniversary Celebration in Savannah by the inimitable Saul Kupferman, and the report on the new Control Tower Project on p 16. Again we give short minutes of our business meetings p 7, and a financial history of the 8AFMMF p 19.

Stories include the block-busting "Saga of the Crew of 'Jack the Ripper'" and other stories of POWs, fighters, ground crews, gunners, early bombing competition, and much nostalgia.

Something for everybody. Enjoy! JWH

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Most airplanes have at least two names
—the official one and the one given by
the troops.

III-16

What They Really Called Them

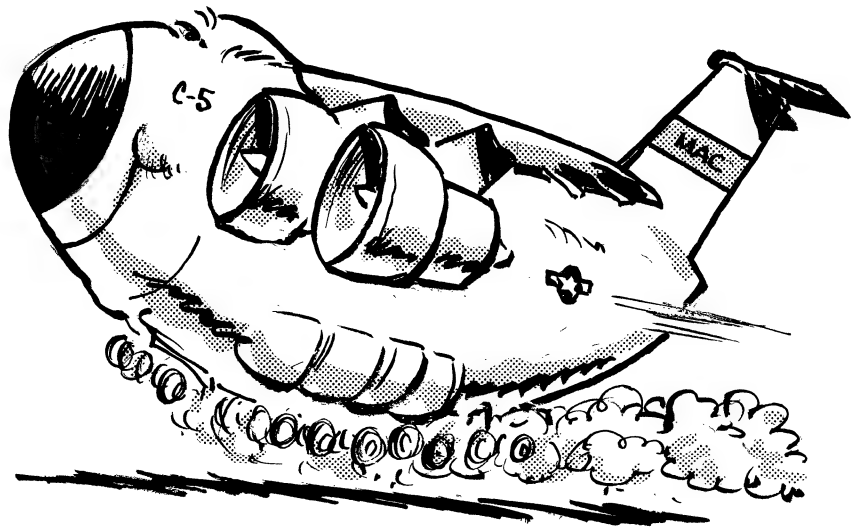
By Jeffrey P. Rhodes, Aeronautics Editor

Illustrations by Bob Stevens

After at least four rounds of suggestions and reviews over eight years, the Rockwell B-1 bomber was officially nicknamed "Lancer" this spring. That may catch on as an everyday flight-line reference, or it may not. The airmen who fly and fix airplanes have a long history of deciding for themselves what they will call their machines.

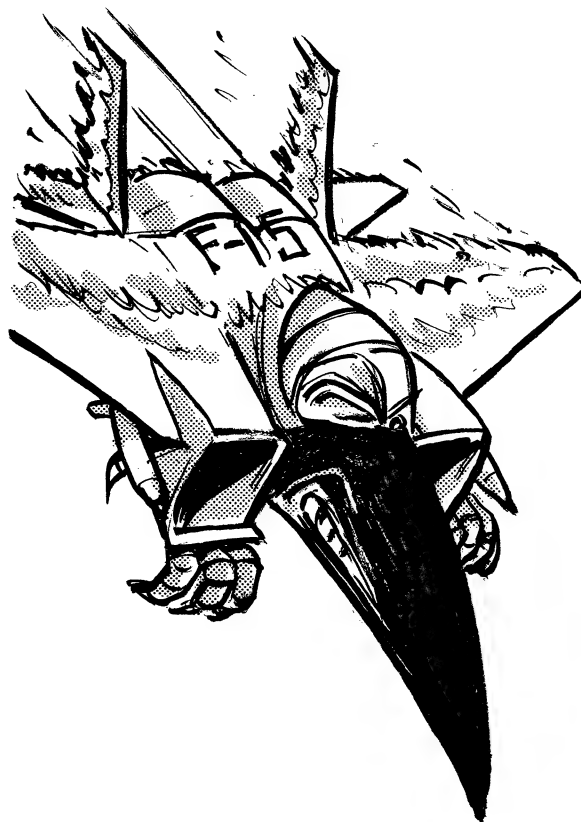
In the list that follows, by no means complete (either in terms of aircraft that have had unofficial nicknames or as a complete list for a given aircraft), some aircraft will be seen to have several "real" (flight-line) nicknames, some affectionate, others derogatory. In some cases, the disrespectful appellations are the work of rivals who fly some other airplane. In other instances, the tough-sounding name was awarded with fondness and used with considerable pride. Still others were given because the airplane was regarded as a "dog."

Aircraft are listed by the date of first flight of the prototype (or specific model), except for such planes as the C-47, which moved over from the commercial world. The dates for those reflect when they joined the military. (Another exception: The SR-71 date is first takeoff of the SR-71—not the A-12—from the Lockheed Skunk Works.)



Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
US Air Force/Army		
Curtiss JN-4 (1914)	None	Jenny Canuck (Canadian-built version)
Boeing P-26 (1932)	None	Peashooter
Douglas C-47 (1935)	Skytrain	Gooney Bird Placid Plodder Dowager Duchess Old Methuselah Grand Old Lady (names also applied to DC-3, C-53, and C-117)
North American AT-6 (T-6) (1938)	Texan	Awful Terrible Six Mosquito (Korean War)

Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
North American B-25 (1939)	Mitchell	Billy's Bomber
Beech C-45 (1940)	Expeditor	Bug Smasher
Martin B-26 (1940)	Marauder	Widow-Maker Flying Prostitute (it had no visible means of support) Baltimore Whore
Vultee BT-13 (1940)	Valiant	Vibrator Bee Tee
North American P-51 (1941)	Mustang	'Stang Peter-Dash-Flash Spam Can
Republic P-47 (1941)	Thunderbolt	Jug T-Bolt
Ryan PT-22 (1941)	Recruit	Maytag Messer- schmitt (Also a gen- eric reference to L- series [Liaison] aircraft)
Cessna UC-78 (1942)	Bobcat	Bamboo Bomber Rhapsody in Glue San Joaquin Beaufighter Useless 78 Double-Breasted Cub
Douglas A-26 (1942)	Invader	Li'l Racer Li'l Hummer
Sikorsky R-4 (1942)	Hoverfly	Flying Eggbeater Frustrated Palm Tree
Consolidated C-109 (1943)	Liberator	Cee-One-Oh-Boom (several of these cargo B-24s exploded while ferrying fuel over the Hump to China)
Curtiss XP-55 (1943)	Ascender	Ass-Ender (its canards and rear- mounted engine made it appear to be flying backward)
Fairchild C-87 (1944)	Packet	Crowd Killer
Douglas A-1 (1945)	Skyraider	Spad Sandy (A-1H only)
Convair B-36 (1946)	Peacemaker	Aluminum Overcast Magnesium Overcast
Republic F-84 (1946)	Thunderjet	Hog Lead Sled Lieutenant-Eater
Fairchild C-119 (1947)	Flying Boxcar	Dollar Nineteen Crowd Killer
Lockheed T-33 (1948)	Shooting Star	T-Bird
Northrop F-89 (1948)	Scorpion	FOD Vacuum (because of its low intakes) Stanley Steamer (because of its oversized main landing gear)
Douglas C-124 (1949)	Globemaster II	Aluminum Overcast Old Shaky
North American F-86D (1949)	Sabre	Sabre Dog



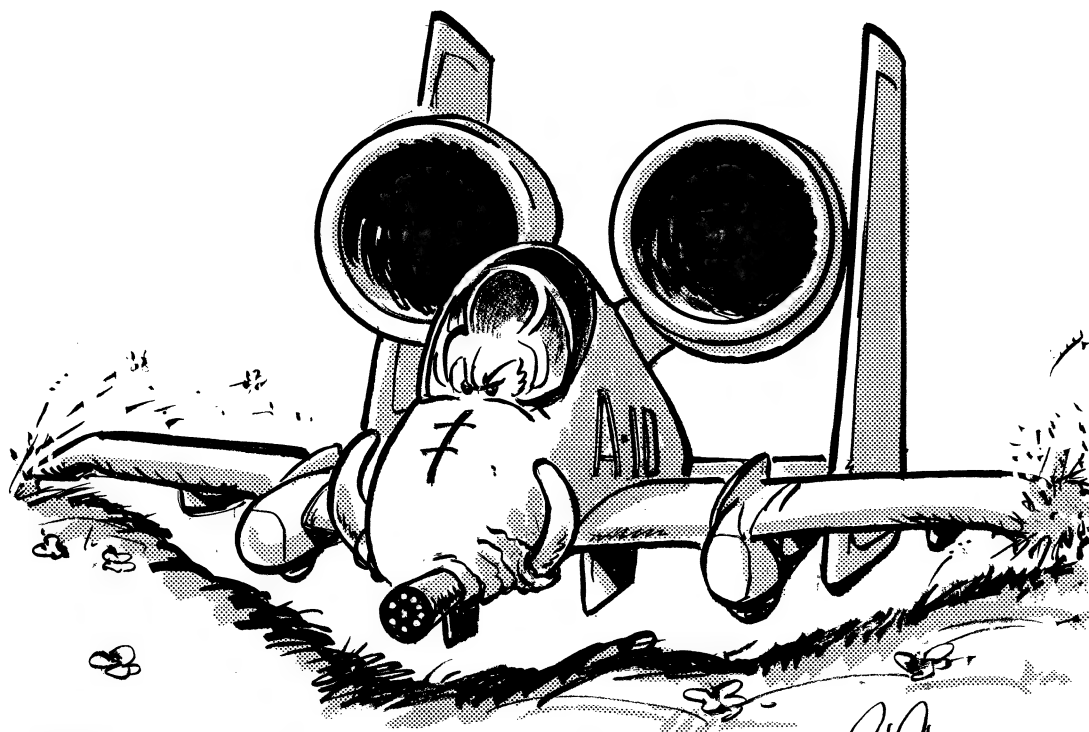
Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
Lockheed C-121 (1950)	Constellation	Connie Flying Speed Brake
Republic F-84F (1950)	Thunderstreak	Super Hog Lead Sled Ground-Loving Whore
Boeing B-52 (1952)	Stratofortress	BUFF (Big Ugly Fat Feller—polite form) Monkeyknocker (Vietnam) Coconutknocker (Vietnam)
Vertol CH-21 (1952)	Workhorse	Flying Banana
Convair F-102 (1953)	Delta Dagger	Deuce
Martin B-57 (1953)	Canberra	Cranberry
North American F-100 (1953)	Super Sabre	Hun Silver Dollar
Cessna T-37 (1954)	Tweet	World's Largest Dog Whistle Converter (converts fuel into noise) Hummer Tweety Bird
Lockheed C-130 (1954)	Hercules	Herk Herk Hog (ski-equipped LC-130s are Ski- Hogs)
Lockheed F-104 (1954)	Starfighter	Missile with a Man in It
McDonnell F-101 (1954)	Voodoo	One-Oh-Wonder
Convair TF-102 (1955)	Delta Dagger	Tub (from bulged cockpit)

Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)	Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
Cessna O-2 (1967)	None	Duck (from the way its landing gear retracted) Blow-Suck (from its powerplant arrangement) Pushme-Pullyu	Vought SB2U (1936)	Vindicator	Wind Indicator Vibrator
Lockheed C-5 (1968)	Galaxy	Fat Albert	Douglas SBD (A-24) (1938)	Dauntless	Slow But Deadly
Martin Marietta X-24A (1970)	None	Flying Potato	North American SNJ (AT-6) (1938)	Texan	J-Bird
Fairchild A-10 (1972)	Thunderbolt II	Warthog SLAT (Slow, Low, Aerial Target) Porker Hog	Beech SNB (AT-11) (1940)	Kansan	Slow Navy Bomber
McDonnell Douglas F-15 (1972)	Eagle	Great Bird Rodan Big Bird Tennis Court (a match could be played on its fuselage and wings) Aluminum Overcast	Vought F4U (1940)	Corsair	Bent-Wing Bird
Boeing T-43 (1973)	None	Gator (from navigator) Strike Pig	Grumman TBF/General Motors TBM (1941)	Avenger	Turkey
Martin Marietta X-24B (1973)	None	Flying Flatiron	McDonnell F2H (1947)	Banshee	Banjo Drut
General Dynamics F-16 (1974)	Fighting Falcon	Electric Jet Viper Lawn Dart Little Hummer	Beech T-34 (1948)	Mentor	Radial Interceptor
Rockwell B-1 (1974)	Lancer	Bone (from B-one) Lawn Dart The Jet	Douglas F3D (F-10) (1948)	Skyknight	Whale
Sikorsky UH-60 (1974)	Black Hawk	Catfish	North American AJ-1 (1948)	Savage	Salvage
Grumman EF-111 (1977)	Raven	Sparkvark Electronic Fox	Vought F7U (1948)	Cutlass	Gutless Cutlass
Lockheed F-117 (1981)	None	The Black Jet Nighthawk Frisbee F-19 (Note: "Wobbly Goblin" is purely a media creation)	Douglas F4D (F-6) 1951)	Skyray	Ford (from pronunciation of F-4-D)
Grumman X-29 (1984)	None	Polecat	Douglas A3D (A-3) (1952)	Skywarrior	All Three Dead (no ejection seats)
Generic References			Grumman S2F (S-2) (1952)	Tracker	Stoof (from pronunciation of S-2-F)
All rescue aircraft (SB-17, SB-29, SA-16, etc.)	Various	Dumbo	Lockheed WV-2 (EC-121) (1953)	Warning Star	Willie Victor
All cargo aircraft	Various	Trashhauler Trashcarrier	Douglas A-4 (1954)	Skyhawk	Scooter Heinemann's Hot Rod Tinker Toy Bantam Bomber Mighty Mite Skyhog
US Navy/Marine Corps			Vought F-8 (1955)	Crusader	MiG Master
Grumman FF-1 (1931)	None	FiFi	Grumman WF-1 (E-1) (1956)	Tracer	Willie Fudd Stoof With a Roof (because of the large radome)
Stearman N2S (PT-17) (1934)	Kaydet	Yellow Peril	Douglas EA-3 (1958)	Skywarrior	Electric Whale
Consolidated PBV (1935)	Catalina	Pigboat P-Boat Black Cat (those aircraft involved in a specific, continuing, night mission only)	North American T-2 (1958)	Buckeye	Attack Guppy
Naval Aircraft Factory N3N (1935)	None	Yellow Peril	Douglas ERA-3 (1960)	Skywarrior	Warbird
AIR FORCE Magazine / September 1990			Grumman E-2 (1960)	Hawkeye	Hummer
			Grumman EA-6 (1963)	Intruder/Prowler	Sterile Arrow
			McDonnell Douglas/British Aerospace AV-8 (1966)	Harrier	Jump Jet Whistling S-tcan Scarier
			Grumman F-14 (1970)	Tomcat	Turkey
			Lockheed S-3 (1971)	Viking	Hoover (from sound of its turbofan engines)
			Sikorsky CH-53E (1974)	Super Stallion	Super S-tter (from its tendency to leak hydraulic fluid)



Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)	Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
Foreign					
Bristol Fighter (1916)	None	Brisfit Biff	Hadley Page Hampden (1936)	None	Flying Frying Pan
Royal Aircraft Factory R.E.8 (1916)	None	Harry Tate	Vickers Wellington (1936)	None	Wimpy
de Havilland DH-4 (1917)	None	Flaming Coffin (from alleged tendency to burn)	Westland Lysander (1936)	None	Lizzie
Junkers Ju-52 (1930)	None	Tante Ju (Auntie Junkers) Iron Annie	Blohm & Voss BV-138 (1937)	None	Fliegender Holzschuh (Flying Wooden Shoe)
Dornier Do-11 (1932)	None	Fliegender Sarg (Flying Coffin)	Focke-Wulf FW-189 (1938)	Uhu (Owl)	Fliegendes Auge (Flying Eye)
Heinkel He-51 (1933)	None	Caza de Cadena (Chain Fighter, from the Nationalists' follow-the-leader strafing tactics in the Spanish Civil War)	Fairey Albacore (1939)	None	Applecore
Supermarine Walrus (1933)	None	Shagbat	Heinkel He-177 (1939)	Greif (Griffon)	Luftwaffenfeuerzeug (Luftwaffe's Lighter)
Fairey Swordfish (1934)	None	Stringbag	Mitsubishi G4M (1939)	None (Allied code name "Betty")	Hamaki (Cigar)
Avro Anson (1935)	None	Faithful Annie	de Havilland Mosquito (1940)	None	Wooden Wonder Mossie
Dornier Do-17 (1935)	None	Fliegender Bleistift (Flying Pencil)	Hawker Typhoon (1940)	None	Tiffie
Hawker Hurricane IIB (1935)	None	Hurribomber Hurricat (these were catapulted from merchant ships)	Fiesler Fi-103 (V-1) (1942)	None	Kirschkern (Cherry Stone)
Messerschmitt Bf-109 (1935)	None	Usually called by series name (e.g. Bf-109E was Emil), but Bf-109G (Gustav) also called Beule (Boil) for additional equipment cramped in and faired over	Messerschmitt Me-262 (1942)	Schwalbe (Swallow) Sturmvogel (Storm Bird)	Turbo
Fairey Battle (1936)	None	Fairly Rattle	Messerschmitt Me-323 (1942)	Gigant (Giant)	Leukoplastbomber (Adhesive Tape Bomber—it was mostly canvas)
			Dornier Do-335 (1943)	Pfeil (Arrow)	Ameisenbär (Anteater —it had a long nose)
			Gloster Meteor (1943)	None	Meatbox
			Focke-Wulf FW-190D (1944)	None	Dora Ameisenbär (Anteater)
			Avro Shackleton (1949)	None	100,000 Rivets Flying in Loose Formation

Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)	Aircraft (Year of First Flight)	Official Nickname	Real Nickname(s)
Lockheed U-2 (1955)	None	Dragon Lady Deuce Black Bird Angel	Hughes OH-6 (1963)	Cayuse	Loach (from original LOH [Light Observation Helicopter] designation) Egg
Republic F-105 (1955)	Thunderchief	Thud Lead Sled Thunderthud Squash Bomber (if all else fails, turn off the engine and squash the target) Triple Threat (it had three ways it could kill the pilot) Ultra Hog Iron Butterfly	Lockheed C-141 (1963)	StarLifter	StarLizard (from its camouflage paint scheme) T-Tailed Mountain Magnet
Bell UH-1 (1956)	Iroquois	Huey (some versions were called "Slick" or "Hog")	Cessna T-41 (1964) (military 172 Skyhawk)	Mescalero	Chickenhawk F-172
Boeing KC-135 (1956)	Stratotanker	Stratobladder Flying Gas Station Tank GLOB (Ground-Loving Old Bastard)	Douglas AC-47 (1964)	Skytrain	Puff the Magic Dragon Spooky Dragon (and Dragonship)
Convair B-58 (1956)	Hustler	Delta Queen	General Dynamics F-111 (1964)	None	Aardvark Flying Edsel Widow-Maker Switchblade Swinger
Convair F-106 (1956)	Delta Dart	Six Sixshooter (with gun pod attached)	Lockheed SR-71 (1964)	None	Blackbird Habu (an Okinawan species of snake) Lead Sled
Cessna U-3 (1957)	None	Blue Cahoe	Sikorsky CH-54 (1964)	Tarhe	Skycrane Crane
Kaman HH-43 (1958)	Huskie	Flying S--thouse	Bell AH-1 (1965)	Huey Cobra	Snake
McDonnell Douglas F-4 (1958)	Phantom II	Double Ugly Rhino Old Smokey	LTV A-7 (1965)	Corsair II	SLUF (Short Little Ugly Feller—polite form) Man-Eater
Northrop T-38 (1959)	Talon	White Rocket	Northrop M2-F2/M2-F3 (1966/1970)	None	Flying Bathtub Cadillac (from its 1950s-style tail fins)
Boeing CH-47 (1961)	Chinook	S--thook Hook			



FROM
355 TTW READY ROOM, D-M AZ.

Change is constant. Depend on it.

Our world is evolving beyond imagination. Toward the hope of global freedom and security. Toward preserving our unique and fragile planet. Toward future exploration of our earth, the moon and Mars.

The aerospace industry is evolving also. Redirecting strategies and resources. Forming new alliances. And sharing knowledge to create new opportunities.

For the thousands of men and women at Ford Aerospace, our company is evolving, too. We are ready for the challenge. Managing our diversified programs in space systems, satellite and ground communications, information systems and electronics. Leveraging technologies to provide real value where it counts. Continuously improving.

Our name may change, but the fundamentals will remain the same. The depth and breadth of our talent. The quality of our work. The long-term commitment to our customers. The dedication to the future. Depend on it.



Ford Aerospace



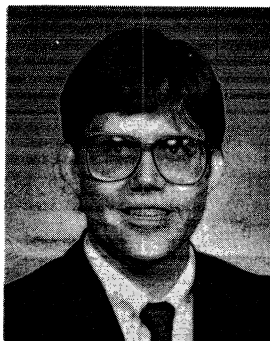
MIG SWEEP

71

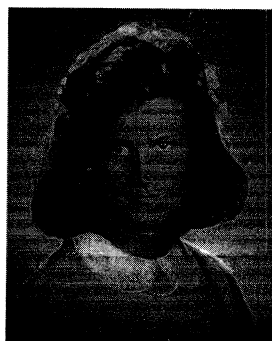
RED RIVER VALLEY FIGHTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION

FALL 1990

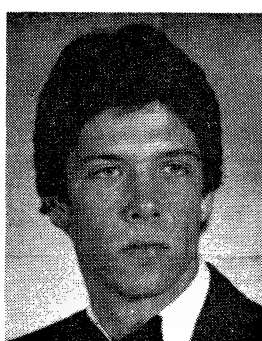
1990-91 Scholarships to 42 Students Total \$80,000



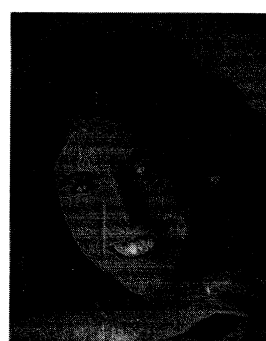
DAVID L. ARMOND



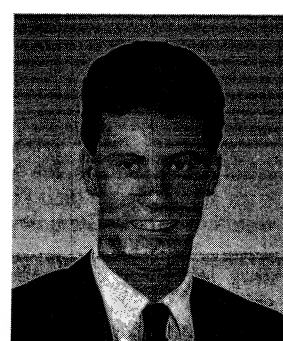
SUSAN J. BOSILJEVAC



KENNETH CAMERON



PAIGE CLEARY



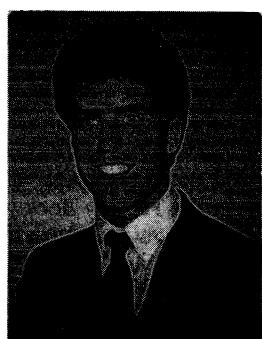
SEAN CLEARY



BRADLEY CUTHBERT



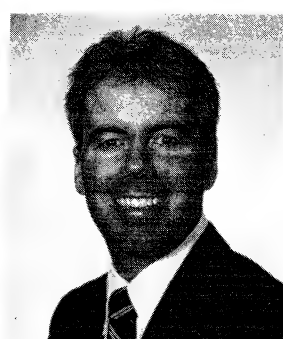
LISA DANIELSON



CHRISTOPHER L. DEWEY



NICHOLAS A. DONATO



THOMAS H. DUNLOP



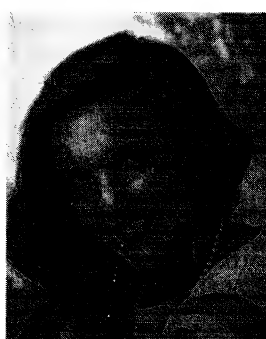
ELIZABETH P. EARLL



MARY C. FALLON



JODY A. FOWLER



HEATHER L. HALL



CYNTHIA J. KNAPP

Continued on pages 6-7

WE GET LETTERS

I'd like to thank Frank Street for sponsoring me. Becoming an Associate River Rat means a great deal to me! I'm presently flying the mighty Bronco (yep, she's still doing the job) with the 21st TASS Raven Fac's at Shaw. Too bad I won't get to fly an A-1 but I truly enjoy flying an airplane with such an exciting history. Thanks to all of you for laying it on the line and setting the standards. We'll try to make you proud!

Sincerely,
Andrew J. Pope

Once again I find myself writing a thank-you letter to you and the River Rats organization. The continuing support you have provided me is nothing short of amazing, and has been the financial backbone of my college career. I have now completed the University of Iowa with Bachelor of Arts Degrees in Russian language and Global Studies. In the Fall, I will be attending Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts under the Soviet Union Program.

Thank you so much once again for the incredible lift you have given me the last five years. You made possible my semester of study in Moscow, a great experience which profoundly affected my personal and scholarly lives. Yours is a super organization which deserves a big hand and a large share of the credit for educating many young minds. May your work never cease to do its good.

Sincerely,
Brad Cuthbert, son
Major Bradley G. Cuthbert, USAF, Udorn

Thank you for your letter dated 15 May 1990. It arrived shortly after I signed a contract for summer custodial work on campus and was therefore a great relief. For the past three months I have been working 3-7 a.m. as a custodian while continuing my enrollment as a full time student. Finally, the summer term has ended and my short break allows me to express my gratitude in writing — and catch up on lost sleep.

Not considering myself a great scholar nor particularly lucky, I was excited to read that I qualified for a Red River Valley Scholarship. The scholarship will allow me to concentrate on my studies, instead of earning money. I feel a great responsibility to use the financial assistance in a manner that would best represent not only the Red River Valley Association sacrifices, but also my family's sacrifices — which together have made both the scholarship and my attendance at the University possible.

As to your direction that I investigate my eligibility for benefits under the Quayle Amendment, the VA office in Salt Lake City explained that my birth was one year premature to qualify for their assistance. In spite of my disqualification for the VA assistance, I am honored to qualify for yours.

Gratefully,
David Armond

Dear Patti,

We had a wonderful reunion in San Diego on 9-12 August, 1990 with 155 ex-POWs in attendance, and a total attendance of about 290. A great time was had by everyone. Mark Berent, author of Steel Tiger and Rolling Thunder, donated a number of his books, and the proceeds of those sales amounted to \$1,050. A check for that amount is attached. Likewise, as we have done in the past, I have also enclosed a check for \$1,000 from the NAM-POWs for the education fund — and also in great appreciation for all the things the RR have done for the NAM-POWs.

Thanks again for all your info and help at the RR convention in Las Vegas. Hope all goes well. Hang Tuff! GBU.

Yours in Freedom,
Col. Ben M. Pollard
President, NAM-POW, Inc.

I would like to thank you for the scholarship I have just received for the 1990-91 school year and for all your support in the past. I have just been accepted to attend school in Florence, Italy in the spring of 1991 and because of your generous assistance, I now will be able to attend. I feel this opportunity will help me excel in my field of study — International Hospitality Administration. It is through your support and financial aid that I am able to attend this exchange study program. My sincere thanks to all of you for your unselfish contributions.

Cordially yours,
Jody Ann Fowler
(Daughter of Lt. Col. James Fowler)

Dear Patti,

Thumbs up to Keith Connolly for his eloquent salute to the Air Force on the occasion of his retirement. Reading "Breaking up is hard to do" took me back to my own retirement day and the difficult moment we all must face when we finally address an audience with our closing thoughts on an Air Force career. It is an intimate, moving experience and Keith captured it beautifully. I wish that I had said it as well.

Commercial! Brassey's has agreed to publish my book, "100 MISSIONS NORTH." The book is based on my experiences in the F-105 at Takhi in 1966-67 and should be available early next year. I used my diary notes to tell the story and I tried my best to give the events and everyone involved a fair shake — with the possible exception of the North Vietnamese gunners and perhaps some of my old F-4 friends. I

hope the book makes the shelves of the Country Store and I wish those who read it an exciting and nostalgic trip down memory lane.

Sincerely,
Kenneth H. Bell
Brigadier General, USAF (Ret.)
20180 Silver Horn Lane
Monument, CO 80132
(719) 488-2984

Dear Patti,

Thanks for a great Summer '90 issue of the SWEEP. Re the letter by MSgt. Jim Walker concerning Lt. Col. Appel and Hanoi Jane. I realize that we in the Rats have refused to let her memory die — I think that is right and prudent. After all, one of our goals has always been to keep the new troops from inventing the wheel. Political wheels are, in some ways, no different than tactical ones — they can both get you killed in a war when improperly applied. I am including this piece from the Kansas City Star on Janes' "war years." It is accurate and should be sufficient to send the Appels of the world back to their history books...

Warmest personal regards,
John Morrissey

You have succeeded in making me a very happy person! Once again, I thank you for your generosity. Your letter couldn't have come at a better time — I had just gotten home after having surgery on my wrist. I am just able to write again now. I am excited for school to start in the fall. Your scholarship is an extra blessing, because of my wrist, I may not be able to go back to work for the rest of the summer. Thank you for enabling me to continue my education — it means a lot.

Sincerely,
Cindy Knapp

Your help in furthering my education is very much appreciated. My thanks to everyone for my scholarship as I enter my sophomore year of college.

Your generosity will be remembered by me and my family.

Sincerely grateful,
Sean P. Mathews

Thank you very much for rewarding me with the \$1,000 for my college tuition. It is a great honor to be awarded this scholarship and represent my father and all other POW/MIA's from Vietnam. I truly believe your organization is a wonderful thing and I am very proud to be part of it.

Sincerely,
Sean Cleary

I would like to thank you very much for my \$1,500 scholarship. My school's tuition has just been increased and this has been a significant help. My father attended my

Continued on page 10

FLAK & LIGHT STUFF

Country Store

It's time to get your Christmas ordering done. Archie Lorentzen advises us that those of you who wanted jackets should send your money now. They are in! They come in red, grey, black and blue and sell for \$50.00 (well worth the money). He also says he has a new supply of combat tapes. The complete inventory was listed in the Summer MIG SWEEP. If you don't have that list, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the national office and we will send you one. Please don't forget to add sales tax of 6.75% if you live in California, on any purchases you make through the store.

River Rat History, Volume II

As mentioned in the Summer MIG SWEEP, members attending the annual reunion voted to publish Volume II of the River Rat History. Hopefully by now you have received a brochure from Turner Publishing giving the details on how to proceed. Have you done it? If not, why? We are making every endeavor to make it as easy as possible for you and we don't think you will regret it. Remember, you do not have to purchase the book but we do hope you will add your own personal touch to it. You have nothing to lose but a very few moments of your time. If we can help, give us a call at (316) 788-7525 during office hours.

Return to Bangkok II (RTB II)

Jack Douglas tells us the list continues to grow as does the interest in the return trip to Thailand scheduled for November, 1991. We are just over a year out now and if you have been considering going along, now is the time to send us your name. Jack will have all the costs down firm along with the itinerary by spring. The trip will be geared to ten days to two weeks with optional side tours. It looks as though we will spend a few days in Bangkok (with side tours optional) 2-3 days in Chang Mai, Pattaya Beach and Phu Ket Island. Should you desire, you may want to continue to Seoul, Hong Kong or Singapore... Jack will work with you. If there is enough interest in returning to some of the bases, that may also be possible, depending on your wishes. However, we need to hear from you as soon as possible.

You're Terrific

After some moaning and groaning on my part in the last issue about not having much input from you, lo and behold I found it a treat on several occasions when opening my mailbox. Hope you will enjoy the articles sent in by some of our folks about what they are doing and what has been going on in their lives. Thanks to all of you... but let's hear it from some of you who are a little on the quiet side. Did I say that! YGBSM! Can anyone send me a Navy "war story?" Can anyone send me a "Saudi" story? I'm not particular,

can anyone send me a STORY? Wait a minute, not can... WILL YOU?

Scholarships

Hats off to our scholarship committee and to Bob Gadd, Director of the program for their continued fine work with the 1990-91 applicants. This year they awarded forty-two grants totalling a record \$80,000. These guys spend hours pouring over the applications, reviewing the qualifications, grades, need, etc. Once the committee meets face to face, they spend many hours going over the plus and minus columns until they are in agreement on what amount should be given to each individual. It is not an easy or a fast job. A great deal of thought is put into each scholarship and each student. Many have questioned why the "Rats" are still doing this. The answer is fairly simple. You committed to it in 1970... can you give it up simply because it isn't as popular in some circles as it used to be. Can you tell these kids that just because they are on the younger end of the spectrum than the earlier kids, that you no longer care? We don't think so.

Think about it. What if it were your kids... wouldn't you want someone to care about them? If you still aren't sure, why not read some of the letters we have received from these fine youngsters... and certainly, read carefully what Nick Donato had to say on page 4. As Bob Gadd said so well, "That's what it's all about guys, I rest my case."

We're Sorry

We reported in the Summer MIG SWEEP that "Flight of the Intruder" a movie based on Steven Coonts' book by the same name would be in movie houses nationwide this summer. We were wrong. As we understand it, the powers that he decided not to release it because of several other action movies that were going to make their summer debut. We heard "Flight..." will be released sometime this fall... and yes, we're still looking forward to seeing it! If you beat us to the cinema, send us a review!

With Deep Regret

We are deeply saddened to report our good friend and 1991 reunion chairman, Col. Phil Combies, USAF (Ret.) passed away very suddenly on 21 July of a massive coronary attack. Phil was deeply committed to next year's reunion and had been working very hard to see that all of you enjoyed it to the fullest. He even managed to get it booked during one of San Antonio's highlights, Fiesta Week. We will miss his warm smile, can do attitude and his enthusiasm.

Phil's good friend and fellow River Rat, Bill Schwob has jumped in to take over as the reunion chairman. He, along with Jerry Siers another good friend of Phil's have assured us they will continue with all the plans that were in the works. We know you will be in for a treat next spring when the River Rats meet for San Antonio III. If you don't have the dates marked down yet... get your red crayon out now, 24-28 April 1991.

Local Force CinC Rats

Help wanted! Yours! Do you have a Local Force CinC Rat in your area? (See page 11) If not, would you consider filling that slot? As the RRVFPA approaches their 25th anniversary many projects and plans are being made. We need a lot of communication, ideas, input, suggestions, etc. We would like to keep you up to date and informed, and it would be great if we could do it in other ways than just through the quarterly MIG SWEEP. If we had more representation out there, it just might work. We promise it won't take much of your time... and no cost. Will you volunteer from your area to be yet another link in the communications? Drop a note to the national office or call any weekday. I'll be glad to respond. You can find the address and phone on page 2. We would like to see that CinC Rat list cover the entire page.

Last Blast

Wish we could give you another wonderful story about "adventures in the motor home." Unfortunately, living in Kansas, there are few, if any places you can go that are "scenic" for just a weekend outing. It has been incredibly hot and not much rain to fill the lakes. We decided at one point when gas went out of sight, we would just drive that little sucker to the back end of our five acres and camp out by the pond. Even that turned out to be a bad idea when we realized all the water had dried up. Somehow it doesn't come close to the Grand Canyon or even Monument Valley. So every few days, we walk outside... look at that great big thing in our driveway and continue to dream about the day when we'll be "on the road again."

✓6
Patti

THUMBS UP - THUMBS DOWN

Thumbs Up - To all our troops in the Mid East. "Hang Tuff"!

Thumbs Down - To Saddam Hussein - No explanation necessary.

Thumbs Up - To Jack and Wilma Laeuffer, Lima Area MIA/POW for assisting with the AFROTC request.

Thumbs Down - To Ramsey Clark. He's at it again.

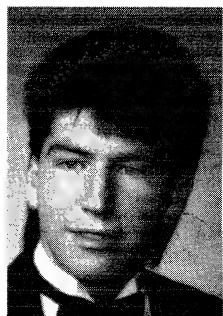
Thumbs Down - To inflated fuel prices.

Thumbs Up - To all our veterans.

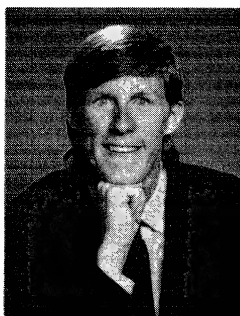
Thumbs Up - America. God bless the USA!

P RECIPIENTS

... 1991



SEAN MATHEWS



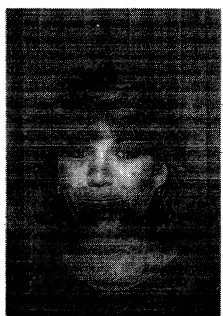
KEVIN D. McCARTY



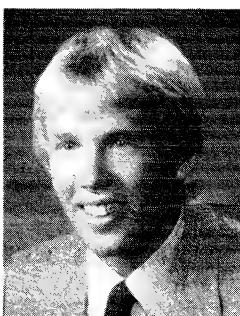
DAWN L. McINTIRE



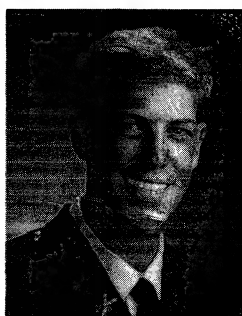
AMY HARBER-MILLETT



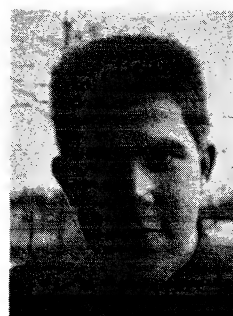
JOANNA SCHMIDT



SCOTT SETTERQUIST



SHANNON C. SHINE



STEPHEN M. STRATTON



CHRISTINE D. WALTERS



KRISTIN WARD



CYNTHIA WOODSON

NOT PICTURED

Kevin J. Earll
Jeffery S. Marker
Shelby Robertson Quast
Michael V. Steadman

SEAN MATHEWS, 19, Williamsburg, VA. Son of Capt. Patrick T. Mathews, USAF. F-4, 497th TFS, Ubon RTAB, 8-10-72. Freshman, Christopher Newport College, majoring in Marketing. First grant, \$1,000.

KEVIN D. McCARTY, 20, McLean, TX. Son of Capt. James L. McCarty, USAF. F-4, 35th TFS, Ubon RTAB, 6-42-72. University of Texas. Third, \$1,000.

DAWN L. McINTIRE, 22, Colorado Springs, CO. Daughter of Lt. Col. Scott W. McIntire, USAF. F-105F, Korat RTAB, 12-10-71. Senior, majoring in Sociology/Elementary Education at the University of Colorado Springs. First grant, \$1,000.

AMY HARBER-MILLETT, 21, Fairmont, MN. Daughter of Sgt. Steven J. Harber, USA. 101 Abn. Div., 5-15-72. Junior at Gustavus Adolphus College, majoring in Organizational Management and Psychology. Third grant, \$2,000.

JUSTIN R. PORTER, 26, Affton, MO. Son of Maj. Robert V. Willett, Jr., USAF. F-100D, 309 TFS, Tuy Hoa, 4-17-69. Graduate Studies, Webster University. Fifth grant, \$500.

TERESA A. POWELL, 18, Rockwall, TX. Daughter of Capt. Thomas S. Powell, USA. 17 Avn. Gp., 4-23-72. Freshman at Baylor University, majoring in Elementary Education. First grant, \$1,000.

SHELBY ROBERTSON QUAST, 28, Oakton, VA. Daughter of Colonel John L. Robertson, USAF. F-4C, Ubon RTAB, 9-18-66. Masters Program, International Law at Georgetown University Law Center. First grant, \$2,000.

VIRGIE RYON, Waco, TX. Widow of MSGT Virgil Ryon, USAF. EC-47, 6994 Sec. SQ. Nakhon Phanom, 11-21-72. Masters program, Baylor University. Second grant, \$3,000.

JANET SCHMIDT, 34, Chico, CA. Daughter of Colonel Norman Schmidt, USAF. F-104, 9-1-66. Graduate Studies in creative writing at the University of Montana. Fourth grant, \$3,500.

JOHANNA SCHMIDT, 26, Bozeman, MT. Daughter of Colonel Norman Schmidt, USAF. F-104, 9-1-66. Senior at Montana State University, majoring in Business and Sociology. Third grant, \$1,000.

SCOTT SETTERQUIST, 22, Boulder, CO. Son of Capt. Francis L. Setterquist, USAF. RF-4, 14 TRS, Udorn RTAB, 8-23-68. Senior, majoring in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Colorado. Fifth grant, \$1,000.

SHANNON C. SHINE, 21, Garden City, SC. Son of Lt. Col. Anthony C. Shine, USAF. A-7D, Korat RTAB, 12-2-72. Sophomore at Colgate University, majoring in Philosophy. Second grant, \$1,500.

MICHAEL V. STEADMAN, 19, Colorado Springs, CO. Son of Capt. James E. Steadman, USAF. F-4, 8TFW, 11-26-71. Eastman School of Music. Second grant, \$2,500.

STEPHEN M. STRATTON, 23, Dallas, TX. Son of Lt. Col. Charles W. Stratton, USAF. F-4E, Korat RTAB, 1-3-71. Graduated Magna Cum Laude 12/89 from Southwest Texas State University. Will attend New York University for graduate studies in Theater Design. Fifth grant, \$2,000.

KIRSTEN TALKEN, 24, Columbia, SC. Daughter of LCDR George F. Talken, USN. A-7, VA-37, USS Kittyhawk, 8-2-69. Graduate studies at Lutheran Theological Southern Seminary. First grant, \$2,500.

MARK M. WALLACE, 26, Tallahassee, FL. Son of Lt. Col. Hobart M. Wallace, USMC. Majoring in Political Science at Florida State University. Third grant, \$2,000.

CHRISTINE D. WALTERS, 18, Weeping Water, NE. Daughter of Capt. Donovan K. Walters, USAF. B-52, 325 BS, 12-21-72. Freshman, majoring in Elementary Education at the University of Nebraska. First grant, \$1,000.

KRISTIN WARD, 19, Rockford, IA. Daughter of Capt. Timmie Joe Ward, USAF. C-130, 50 TAS, 8-12-72. Sophomore at Georgetown University, majoring in International Affairs. Second grant, \$3,000.

CARIE C. WILKINSON, 19, Clemson, SC. Daughter of Capt. Dennis E. Wilkinson, USAF. F-4E, 13TFS, Udorn RTAB, 5-10-72. Freshman, Clemson University. First grant, \$2,500.

CYNTHIA A. WOODSON, 29, Charlottesville, VA. Daughter of Capt. Richard E. Woodson, USAF. F-100, 531 TFS, Bien Hoa, 8-3-67. Will graduate with a Doctorate of Medicine, spring 1991 from the University of Virginia School of Medicine. First grant, \$3,500.

①

F-4D #269 Finds New Home



Photo courtesy of Bob Cooper

F-4D DEDICATION AT NEW ENGLAND AIR MUSEUM

On 29 July 1990 the New England Air Museum (NEAM), Bradley International Airport Windsor Locks Connecticut had a dedication presentation for F4D Phantom OY 269 "the Green Machine", ex. 555 TFS, Udorn, RTAFB, Thailand.

Present were: Col. Jim Brunson AC and Maj. Ralph "Stan" Pickett GIB both USAF Retired. Jim Brunson is a member River Rat, Stan Pickett not at present. Walt Vrablic, Northeast CINCRAT and his wife Amanda and Mrs. Barbara Pickett were there. Unfortunately Mrs. Brunson had to remain in Germany. As Jim said, their planes would probably cross paths in opposite directions on his return to Germany. Jim and Stan are now engaged in successful civilian careers in Germany and North Carolina, respectively.

The 103 TACFG "the Flying Yankees" (formed in 1917) based at Bradley International furnished a color guard to troop the colors and their XO Col. George C. Arvanetaki made welcoming introductory remarks to the program. The 103rd has operated P-40, P-47, P-51, F-86, F-94, F100A, F-102, F-100D and now have A-10's.

Jim and Stan described the action of 22 December 1972 for an audience of about 70 who came out on a beautiful Sunday afternoon to hear them. The flight launched as Buick 1 from Udorn RTAFB with then Lt. Col. Brunson as pilot. The plane was armed with a mixed bag of missiles. Stan Pickett picked up the MIG 21 at 30 miles on radar and had it locked in at 12 miles. Due to very heavy friendly air activity Crown wanted a positive visual ID on the target before missile launch. This was done during an approach that was approximately head to head.

Col. Brunson pitched up and just as the F4D stalled fired his missiles at the MIG

resulting in a shootdown.

Jim and Stan were each presented with a model of 269 as it appeared 22 December 1972, very well finished work by Dennis Savage an NEAM volunteer worker.

After the formal presentation concluded, many of the attendees had an opportunity to meet Jim and Stan and the lovely Barbara Pickett.



Photo courtesy of Bob Cooper

Left to right are Col. Jim Brunson, Barbara Pickett, Maj. Ralph "Stan" Pickett at New England Air Museum.

It was a real pleasure to have NE CINCRAT Walt Vrablic and Amanda able to attend this exceptionally nice event to honor two River Rats and their plane.

The NEAM has these Vietnam era planes, some of which really could use some help (tax deductible): F-8 Crusader, F-100A, B-26 Invader, F-105, F4D, Grumman Tracker, Albatross, Beaver, Huey, AD4N, T-28, HTK with Fire Kit, B-57, A3D, T-6, T-33 (I'm sure I missed some).

Best to all,
✓6 Bob Cooper

THUD BELLS

By Ben Donnelly

*Dedicated to Bill Sparks,
with apologies to Sparky's wingmen.
Sung to the tune of Jingle Bells.*

Dashing through the flak
In a twenty-four ton Mack
O'er Thud Ridge I go
Never looking back!
My wings are full of flak holes,
My engine's spittin' fire!
My tail is patched with beer cans
And a roll of chicken wire!

Chorus:

Dust and Smoke, the Thud is broke,
My wingman flew away!
Blow-the lid to see the dash
then I start to pray!
Nothin' works! Nothin' works!
I'm well on my way!
I'm gonna crash, my butt is hash,
And belongs to the NVA!

Bail out in the trees,
No longer am in flight.
O'er the hills I run.
Screaming out my fright!
I turn the beeper on,
To call the ResCap flight,
Oh, what fun it is, they say,
To dig in for the night!

Repeat Chorus No. 1

God bless the Jolly Greens!
They do such good work!
Winch my butt up in the sling,
Grinnin' like a jerk!
The Sandys take us home,
'Way back to Takhi town.
I'm gonna drink so damn much beer,
I think that I may drown!

Chorus No. 2:

Can of Coke, cigar blue smoke,
Poo-yang on my knee!
Play a game of Hanoi Dodge,
It's so good to be free!
I'm leavin' here! I'm leavin' here!
I'm well on my way!
I feel so rash, gonna throw a bash
In the good ol' USA!

Sittin' here in Bangkok
Enjoying all the sights.
Droolin' over all the girls,
Fellin' fresh and bright!
My DEROS is today,
My plane, it leaves tonight,
I'm bound for Cali-for-ni-a
On a big ol' Boeing kite!

Chorus No. 3:

Can of coke, cigar blue smoke,
Stewardess on my knee!
Can't play a game of Hanoi Dodge,
But it's so good to be free!
I'm outa here! I'm outa here!
I'm well on my way!
I feel so rash, gonna throw a bash,
In the good ol' USA!

**WILL ROGERS
NEVER MET
SADDAM HUSSEIN**

A Letter from Brett...

Dear Mrs. Sheridan,

It was a long and hard struggle to finally reach the goal I set out to obtain. I wanted to wait for confirmation that I would be graduating with honors before sending my long awaited thank you to you and the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association for placing their trust in me to put the much needed and graciously accepted Scholarship Awards to good use.

The amount of money I received from Red River Valley Association was of great importance. The two scholarship grants covered the costs of a semester each year I received them. This amounted to a sizeable one third of my tuition for the two years. I have to say that my paying for the tuition bill was reduced.



For the results of the graduation: I obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in Aviation Technology with a concentration in Avionics. I finished 2nd in my degree program and placed 4th out of 648 graduating students. I obtained the dean's list for 12 semesters and ended up with a GPA of 3.74/4.0. This grade point average landed me the graduating honors of Magna Cum Laude, which out of a class of 648, only four others had this honor. I have completed my Ground School requirements and await flying lessons. I have obtained my Airframe license and await to finish my O's and P's for my Powerplant license. The only other requirement I need to finish up with is to take the FCC Radio and Telephone license test in August.

I would like to close with saying that without Red River Valley Association's help and support the goal I set out to obtain would have taken longer to reach if I would have made it at all. I thank everyone who has given their support to the Red River Valley Scholarship Fund and to the many who are involved with the Red River Valley Association.

Sincerely,
Brett A. Ritter

*Do something nice...
plant a tree!*

CINC RAT and Local Force Locator

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Duane Buttell, 532 Longmeadow Cir., St. Charles, IL 60174
Dick Brent, 56 Century Dr., Roselle, IL 60172
Mike Hanley, 48 S. Spring Rd., Westorville, OH 43081
Mel Pollack, 9986 S. W. 1st Ct., Coral Springs, FL 33071
Col. James D. Terry, 4332 Quail Hollow Rd., Ft. Worth, TX 76133
Ken Thomas, 2125 S. Shore Dr., Crystal Lake, IL 60014
Major R. M. Saxton, 1065 W. Powers Ave., Littleton, CO 80120
Gil Gilbert, 140 Country Ln., Newman, CA 90263
Lt. Col. Dave Gray, 913 Holbrook Cr., Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32548
Colonel Dean White, 14018 Jicarilla Rd., Apple Valley, CA 92307
Dane Donnelly, 3412 7th Ave. N, Great Falls, MT 59401
Gary Mueller, 430 Keoninna St., #512, Honolulu, HI 96815
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IN THIS ISSUE...

- ★ 1990-91 Scholarship Recipients
- ★ Reviews from our Bookworm
- ★ "Our Kids" say thanks
- ★ River Rat Song Fest
- ★ Much, much, more.....

LTC CHARLES W GETZ, RET
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Reviews from our bookworm

CW2

By LAYNE HEATH

William Morrow & Co. Inc., New York, \$19.95

This novel is fast moving, hard hitting, and paints a realistic portrayal of the combat helicopter pilot's life in Vietnam.

The author shares some insights in the mechanics of flying "choppers." "Flying a helicopter involves continuous coordinated movement of both hands and feet. It is balancing and juggling combined... A helicopter demands more of a pilot than fixed-wing aircraft." This reviewer can totally agree with that statement. In 1979, after 28 years of flying propeller and jet aircraft, I tried to learn to fly helicopters. I spent only one hour. Never had I felt I had failed so miserably. I admire "chopper" pilots.

Their situation in combat equates to sitting on top of a flagpole in the battle area exposed to all the enemy, each with a gun.

CW2, as with most tales of Vietnam combat, chastises the brass and the politicians for all the restrictions. The combat pilots got around some of this with a saying, "The brass in the rear makes the rules, we interpret those rules." Another cliché was, "One thing about the Army, he thought, when you run out of brains you can always fall back on your rank."

Heath, the author, flew two tours in Vietnam as a combat helicopter pilot. In a phone conversation, he revealed that the experiences of the main character, Roark, paralleled Heath's two combat tours.

Feet Wet, Reflections of a Carrier Pilot

By REAR ADMIRAL PAUL T. GILLCRIST, USN (Ret.)

Presidio Press, California \$22.50

In his preface, the author slights non-Navy pilots who fought in the Vietnam War. He states, "The Vietnam War was many things to many people. Some describe it as a national disgrace, a conflict that was never

once legitimized by a formal declaration and that was fought at the wrong time, in the wrong place, by the wrong people, and for the wrong reasons. Others describe it as an agonizing national experience that brought out the worst in those who fought in it, those who failed to support it at home, and those who micromanaged it from Washington, D.C. But there is another group of people for whom this conflict had great meaning, the more than 5,000 carrier aviators who accepted the tough missions with a professionalism and heroism unsurpassed by any aviators who fought in any war."

Admiral Gillcrist relates his experiences from the first days of his aviation career, to his last flight aboard a modern carrier. During his tale, talking his way through 27 years, he initially imparts a certain conceit, that he is highly talented, and going through a startling series of arduous training and engagements which only a very adept person could do. If it were not for the colorful events along the way, the reader would have to put aside the book. In spite of his vanity, the saga depicts the colorful transition of carrier aviation from small, straight deck ships and propeller aircraft to the modern, slanted deck carriers sustaining high performance jets.

Initially the reader will bear contempt for the author, nonetheless, at the end he'll love and respect Gillcrist, who went through so much pain and anguish, evolving into an accomplished pilot and leader.

Several years ago a Marine carrier pilot, Manny Simpson, told me, "You Air Force guys had it easy flying combat over North Vietnam. We faced the same threats as you did, the extensive anti-aircraft ground fire, the many surface to air missiles, and the deadly MiGs. But they weren't our biggest worry. Our biggest worry was finding and landing on that damned carrier. You guys had 9,000 feet of concrete that never moved one inch."

Want to know what a carrier pilot goes through in his training and operation? Read **Feet Wet**. It's damned good, even if it was written by a Navy puke.

(Tony Weissgarber is a retired Air Force "Recce Puke" and River Rat living in San Antonio.)

Remains Returned from Southeast Asia

Following is a list of those whose remains have been returned from Hanoi and have been identified at the Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii (CILHI), from February through May 1990.

The RRVA extends its heartfelt sympathy to the families of these brave men. It is with great sadness and sincere respect we add their names to the River Rat Honor Roll:

1Lt. Alan B. Boffman, USA

MIA 3-18-71 Laos

Capt. Keith A. Brandt, USA

MIA 3-18-71 Laos

LCDR Larry J. Van Renselaar, USN

MIA 9-30-68 VN

The accounting of Capt. Brandt and 1LT Boffman resulted from a successful January 11-13, 1990 joint US/Laos excavation. LCDR Van Renselaar's remains were repatriated by Vietnam on July 31, 1989.

Including these individuals, 283 Americans (245 from Vietnam, 36 from Laos, 1 from Cambodia (returned by Vietnam) and 2 from the PRC previously missing in Southeast Asia have been accounted for since the end of the Vietnam war. The above announcement reduces the number to those still prisoner, missing and unaccounted for to 2,300.

WE GET LETTERS...

Continued from page 3

college and I'm sure he would have been pleased to know you have helped me to remain another year. The fact that he was a River Rat himself makes the scholarship yet another tie I have with him. Again, thanks for your support.

Sincerely,
Paige Cleary

I would like to express my sincere appreciation to the RRVFPA for providing me with a \$3,000 award for the 1990-91 academic year. This scholarship is very helpful in providing me with the opportunity to continue my education.

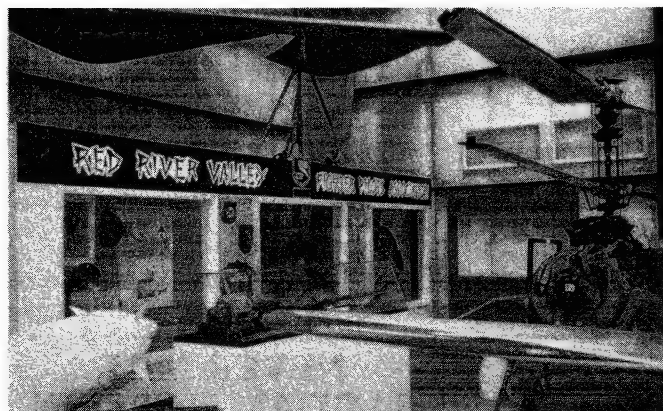
Again, thank you so much!

Sincerely,
Kristin J. Ward

I'd like to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks for the scholarship award. It is with your assistance that I am able to continue going to college.

As always, I am impressed with your hard work and the considerable amount of time you spend enriching the future of people like me. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Melissa Mathews



"River Rat" display,
Pima Air Museum,
Tucson, Arizona.

River Rat Song Fest

It was a one-of-a-kind reunion when seven Vietnam-era veterans gathered recently in Chicago to make a unique contribution to the history of the war. Four former USAF flyers and three U.S. Army vets, all documented folklorists of the time, were brought together for a recording session and concert, featuring the songs of the Vietnam-era Warrior. Joining ex-Army types Chuck Rosenberg, Saul Broudy, and Bill Ellis were four USAF Vietnam vets whose songs are familiar to those who flew and fought. Dick Jonas, whose songs tell the tales of Rolling Thunder, Migs, Thud Ridge and the Wolfpack; Toby Hughes, who sings of the air war down South, of FACs and Fighters, Troops in Contact, and a 'small peaceful hamlet' called Tchepone; Bull Durham, of 'Songs of SEA' fame; and Chip Dockery, 'The Minstrel GIB of 13th AF'; were all on hand for the session, a session out of which will come the first serious commercial recording of the songs of the Vietnam War.

The concert and recording were the results of the efforts of Dr. Lydia Fish, of Buffalo State University, director of the Vietnam Veterans' Oral History and Folklore Project, a major historical work now being compiled.

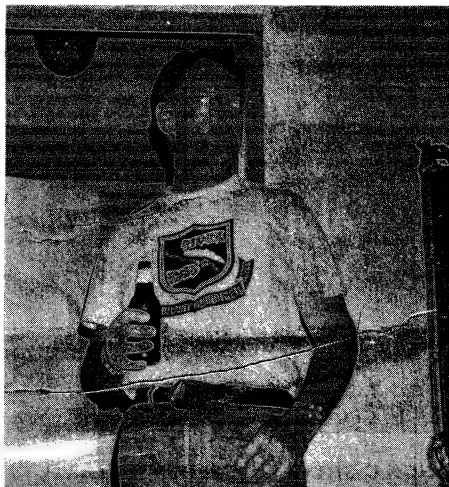
The recording session lasted over a four-day period in early August, as the seven performers recorded their own music, each representing a different phase of the war. The final result will be released on cassette tape and compact disc by Flying Fish Records, the country's leading folk music label, and is expected to be available nationwide prior to Veterans' Day, 11 November.

The concert played to a full house at the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago, with parts of the performance also recorded for inclusion in the release.

It comes as no surprise that these warriors-turned-entertainers were somewhat thrilled by the opportunity to record their songs, but an even bigger thrill, according to the participants, was the acceptance that

their works are now gaining with the general public.

Says Toby Hughes, "Some of us have been trying to get our stories heard for more than twenty years, and it seemed no one outside of our fraternity wanted to hear them. That's changing now, thanks in large part to the efforts of Lydia Fish. Although there were a number of veterans in the audience at the concert, the crowd was mostly a younger group, students of the Folk Music School and local residents. They were there to be not only entertained, but to be educated on an experience and a way of life they could not understand. To be on that stage, and to see and hear their enthusiasm for what we had to say washed away a lot of disappointment. Maybe we've got something here after all."



Chip Dockery

The central theme of the week in Chicago can best be summed up in a quote from Bettina Moss, writing in the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" feature of the March 1990 edition of *Penthouse* magazine. "Forget Creedence and Jimi Hendrix - the real songs of the Vietnam War were written and sung by people who actually fought it."



RECORDING SESSION — (L-R) Toby Hughes, Bull Durham, Dick Jonas, Chip Dockery, and Bill Ellis.



Rehearsal at recording studio — (L-R) Chuck Rosenberg, Toby Hughes, Dick Jonas.

★ LOST RATS ★

Col. Victor C. Andrews
Capt. John Heilig
Lt. Col. Stephen G. Long
Col. Herschel Morgan
James F. Pfister, Jr.
R. C. "Mike" Reynolds



It's called.....
Eat your heart out!!



March 1990...

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From the Log Book of Col. John Verdi,
USMC (Ret.)

*"The purpose of War is Victory,
not prolonged Indecision."*

Norman C. Gaddis
Brig. Gen. USAF

Red River Rats Luncheon, 21 May '76

SCHOLARSHIP

1990 . . .

DAVID L. ARMOND, 24, Provo, UT. Son of Capt. Robert L. Armond, USAF. 441 B.S., B-52F, 6-18-65. Junior, majoring in History at Brigham Young University. First grant, \$3,000.

SUSAN J. BOSILJEVAC, 19, Omaha, NE. Daughter of Major Michael J. Bosiljevac, USAF. 17 WWS, Korat RTAB, F-105G, 9-29-72. Junior, Pre-Med, Creighton University. Second grant, \$2,000.

KENNETH CAMERON, 26, Sheperdstown, WVA. Son of Capt. Kenneth R. Cameron, USN. USS Bon Homme Richard, 5-18-67. Junior, Shepherd College - Sociology. Second grant, \$2,500.

PAIGE CLEARY, 21, Wayland, MA. Daughter of Capt. Peter Cleary, USAF. F-4, Udorn RTAB, 10-10-72. Junior, St. Michaels College. Majoring in Business. First grant, \$1,500.

SEAN CLEARY, 21, Wayland, MA. Son of Capt. Peter Cleary, USAF. F-4, Udorn RTAB, 10-10-72. Senior, Franklin and Marshall College, majoring in History. Second grant, \$1,000.

BRADLEY CUTHBERT, 22, Marshalltown, IA. Son of Major Bradley G. Cuthbert, USAF. RF-4C, Udorn RTAB, 6-5-68. Masters Program-Soviet Studies, International Security Affairs. Sixth grant, \$2,500.

CHRISTOPHER L. DEWEY, 19, Marcellus, NY. Son of Capt. Larry R. Dewey, USA. 92nd AVN Co., 7-5-71. Junior, majoring in Economics at Postdam College. Third grant, \$2,000.

NICHOLAS A. DONATO, 28, Albuquerque, NM. Son of ATN Paul N. Donato, USN. Nakhon Phanom, 3-6-68. Junior, majoring in professional writing at the University of New Mexico. Third grant, \$3,500.

THOMS H. DUNLOP, 31, Denver, CO. Son of CDR Thomas E. Dunlop, USN. USS Coral Sea, 4-6-72. Senior, Metropolitan State College, majoring in Human Services. Second grant, \$2,500.

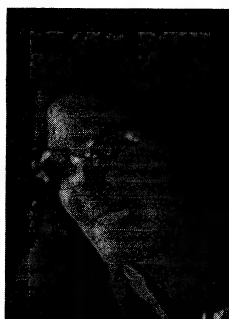
ELIZABETH P. EARLL, 24, Little Rock, AR. Daughter of Lt. Col. David J. Earll, USAF. F-105, 469 TFS, Korat RTAB, 10-21-66. Masters Program, University of Arkansas. Educational Counseling. First grant, \$2,500.

KEVIN J. EARLL, 24, Denton, TX. Son of Lt. Col. David J. Earll, USAF. F-105, 469 TFS, Korat RTAB, 10-21-66. Senior, majoring in Advertising at the University of North Texas. First grant, \$1,000.

MARY C. FALLON, 21, Atlanta, GA. Daughter of Colonel Patrick Fallon, USAF. A-1H, 56th SOW, Nakhon Phanom, 7-4-69. Senior at Auburn University, majoring in Public Relations/Speech Communications. Third grant, \$2,000.

JODY A. FOWLER, 20, Merritt Island, FL. Daughter of Lt. Col. James A. Fowler, USAF. F-4, Udorn RTAB, 6-6-72. Junior, majoring in Hotel Management at Florida State University.

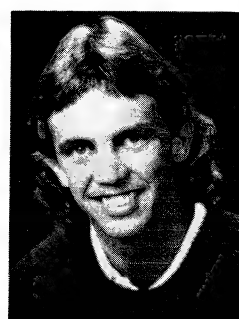
HEATHER L. HALL, 22, San Diego, CA. Daughter of Capt. Harley H. Hall, USN. F-4, VF 143, USS Kittyhawk, 1-27-73. Masters degree in Business Administration. Fourth grant, \$2,000.



GAYLEEN R. LEONARD



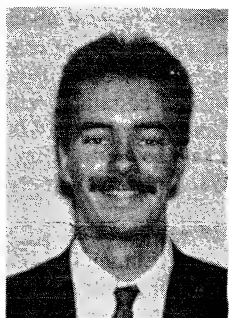
**LESLIE PAIGE
McELHANON-LAWSON**



MICHAEL S. LINT



MELISSA MATHEWS



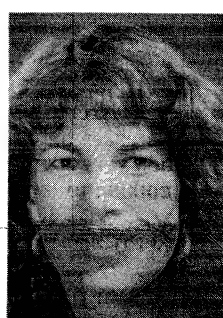
JUSTIN R. PORTER



TERESA A. POWELL



VIRGIE RYON



JANET SCHMIDT

CYNTHIA J. KNAPP, 25, Colorado Springs, CO. Daughter of Colonel Herman L. Knapp, USAF. F-4, 9-23-66. Graduate studies, Arizona State University. Fourth grant, \$2,000.

LESLIE PAIGE McELHANON-LAWSON, 25, Weatherford, TX. Daughter of Colonel Michael O. McElhanon, USAF. F-100F, 37th TFW, Phu Cat, SVN, 8-16-68. Graduate studies in education at Tarlton State College. Fourth grant, \$2,000.

GAYLEEN R. LEONARD, 31, Rodney, MI. Daughter of CW2 Marvin M. Leonard, USA. CH-47C, 101st Abn. Div., 2-15-71. Junior, majoring in nursing at Ferris State University. Second grant, \$2,000.

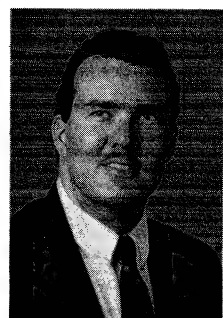
MICHAEL S. LINT, 20, Prole, IA. Son of SMSGT Donald M. Lint, USAF. AC-130, 16th SOS, Ubon RTAB, 4-22-70. Senior, majoring in Business Management at American Institute of Business. Third grant, \$1,000.

JEFFORY S. MARKER, 23, San Antonio, TX. Son of Capt. Michael W. Marker, USA. JU 21-A, 138th Avn. Co., Phu Bai, SVN, 3-4-71. Associate degree, Aviation Management at Palo Alto College. First grant, \$1,000.

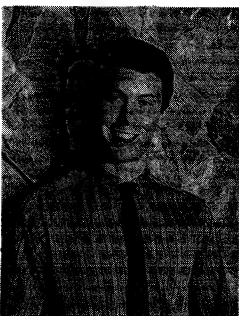
MELISSA MATHEWS, 26, Newport News, VA. Daughter of Capt. Patrick T. Mathews, USAF. F-4E, 497th TFS, Ubon RTAB, 8-10-72. Majoring in Nursing at Old Dominion University. Third grant, \$2,000.



KIRSTEN TALKEN



MARK M. WALLACE



TIMOTHY E. WARD



CARIE C. WILKINSON



To Our Contributors

— A Most Sincere Thank You...

Bob Cooper\$25.00
(in memory of Capt. Ted Hodgdon, USAF)
 Bob Bath 25.00
 Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kull 25.00
 Bob Cooper 30.00
*(in memory of Lt. Col. John J. Murphy,
 USMC, Ret.)*
 Walter L. "Bud" Catron 100.00
 Giles Gainer 100.00
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A Special Thanks

Thank you. It's a great honor and a real pleasure to be here.

What I'd like to do is to express my gratitude for your help. But I can't *really* give you the thanks you deserve unless you understand just what it is that you have done for me. Getting up here and saying "Thanks a lot! You've really facilitated my education," wouldn't even begin to express the true extent of your gift to me.

You see, I am not your average 18- to 23-year-old, college student, fresh out of high school with all my options wide open. These students are eligible to compete for a number of athletic and academic scholarships, and if like me they lost a father in Vietnam, can qualify for survivor's benefits from the VA.

I, on the other hand, am a 28-year-old husband and father of three. Furthermore, I never graduated from high school: I found out shortly after starting back to school at the University of New Mexico that I have a learning disability, and I am a recovering drug addict — a well meaning doctor, who also did not know I had special learning needs, put me on drugs at the age of 9 and I stayed on one drug or another until I was 24.

On October 1, 1985 I entered a treatment center and began my recovery. But clean or not, I had forfeited most of my options long ago. I was unemployed, deeply in debt and fifty pounds lighter than I am today. I had no car and my family and I lived in a one room hovel in the highest crime rate neighborhood in the city.

In January of 1986 I decided to try college. With a clear head and God's help I did pretty well. I applied for VA survivor's benefits and was awarded. But by this time I was 25 and the VA said that in a few months, when I turned 26 they would cut off my benefits.

I had a pretty good grades, a little better than a B average, so I applied for your scholarship. I didn't figure I had much chance, but I also had nothing to lose.

You gave me a chance. You awarded me a scholarship and in doing so gave me and my family a chance for a better life. You reopened those closed options. And with your support this high school dropout has gotten straight A's ever since.

The last two years have been filled with one unbelievable thing after another for me. I've been accepted into the General Honors Program, my writing has been published. I've been president of the General Honors Student Association, and I'm presently serving a two-year appointment to the Honors Council, which is a faculty council that oversees honors at UNM.

The point is that I am doing all of these things because the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association chose to give me a chance.

That is what I must thank you for. For giving me a chance to get an education? Sure. But more importantly, for giving me and my family a chance for a better life. Thank you!

Editor's note: These remarks were given by Nick Donato, scholarship recipient, at the River Rat Reunion, May 1990.

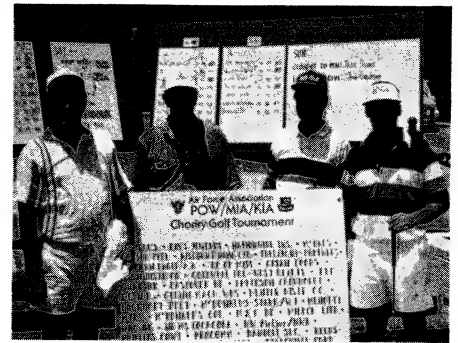
★ FINAL SWEEP ★

**Capt. C.R. Gillespie, Jr., USN
1988**

**Lt. Col. Robb R. Satterfield, USAF (Ret.)
6-18-90**

**Col. William R. "Pete" Peters, USAF (Ret.)
6-21-90**

**Col. Phil Combies, USAF (Ret.)
7-21-90**



R.E. "Gene" Smith, second from left, and local AFA Chapter President, Tom Link, second from right, making a presentation to the overall winner of the Golf Tournament.

AFA Golf Tournament

The Golden Triangle Chapter of the Air Force Association conducted its second annual POW/MIA/KIA Charity Golf Tournament on June 16 and 17, 1990. As I predicted, it grew from last year's. The Possum Town Chapter of the Daedalians, located at Columbus Air Force Base, had asked if they could work with us on this, which we agreed to do, and gave them a small percentage of the "take." We netted \$5200 for scholarship funds, of which I have enclosed a check for the Rats of \$4000 for their scholarship fund, \$1200 will go to the local Daedalian organization for their fund.

This tournament got a lot of publicity this year, and we anticipate it continuing to grow as long as the scholarship program is in effect for the Rats.

It was interesting to note the comments from the new Cinc-Rat concerning the direction that the Rats are going, etc. because of the aging of the "Force." I feel that the Air Force Association is facing the same thing. With "peace breaking out all around us" there does not seem to be as much emphasis as there has been throughout our defense establishment and certainly our country on defense.

We will continue to do our part with this, because I feel very strongly about it. Thanks again. Be looking for us next year.

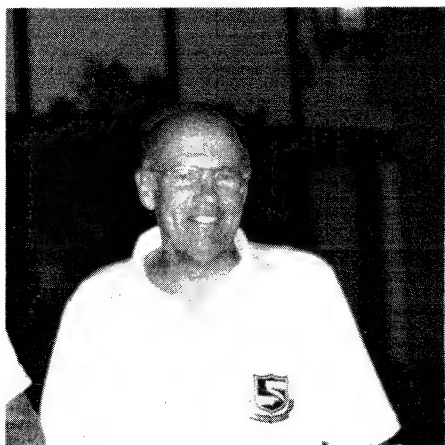
Sincerely,
 R.E. Smith,
 Chairman, POW/MIA/KIA Charity
 Golf Tournament

3rd Annual San Diego River Rat Invitational Golf Tournament

Coming the...
**Last Weekend in February or
 First Weekend in March 1991**

*For further information call
 Bob Schillito at (619) 486-3002*

FROM THE CINC...



CINCRAT BOB ETTINGER

Here is a series of thoughts to let you know your River Rat organization is alive and well.

Martha and I had the unique opportunity of attending the 9th annual Cro-An golf tournament sponsored by Jack McEncroe, our secretary for Navy/Marine Affairs, and his wife Anita in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. A good time was had by all who participated. Nick Donato, one of our scholarship winners, his wife and three kids were able to spend their first family vacation with the group at Steamboat. At the Awards Banquet, Nick told his story of 24-year-old, drug involved, high school dropout transitioning to National Honors Student in journalism at the University of New Mexico. Our Scholarship has helped Nick and his family toward reaching their full potential. From listening to Nick, Susan Bosiljevac and the other scholarship kids, it is clear our scholarships are still making an impact.

Thanks to the hard work of our Treasurer, Tom Halley, we now have an approved, official, national Combined Federal Campaign (CFC) number for the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association Scholarship Fund. Using our number, 1104, on your CFC contribution form will direct the specified portion of your contribution to the scholarship fund. Please get the word to our friends and members on active duty or working for the government.

Dean White, your immediate past CINC, attended the recent convention of the NAM-POWs in San Diego. Dean proposed to their national board that they join us for another joint RRVFPA and NAM-POW reunion in 1992. After much discussion the NAM-POWs decided not to formally join us in a combined reunion. The River Rats respect their decision and hope that many of their members will join us at our 25th, Silver Anniversary, Reunion in Las Vegas in 1992.

In July, we sent our Executive Secretary, Patti Sheridan, to the 21st annual meeting of the National League of Families in Washington, D.C. Patti represented the organization in an excellent manner, speaking briefly at the annual dinner after the

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keynote address by the Under Secretary of Defense for Policy. We are very lucky to have Patti as a representative of our organization. She is absolutely S.H.!

The RRVFPA History Book turned out to be S.H.! We are going to press ahead with a Volume II for those who missed the opportunity to participate in Volume I and to expand the popular war story section of Volume I which has a lot of potential. The River Rat History Book was not intended to be a who's who of fighter pilots! It was intended to be a credible story of those who were there and what they were doing! You will hear more about this, but we need your participation! We are even setting up a "tape a war story" service to make it easy to get involved! As they say in the Nike commercials. "Just Do It!"

To continue in our efforts to review and revise the goals and objectives of the RRVFPA I will be asking members of the national board to head up reviews in the areas identified by the 1984 steering committee: Awards and Scholarships, Endowments, Historical, Military and Communications. More on this after our

face-to-face board meeting in November. If you have another subject you want included let me know ASAP!

As I write these "from the CINC" words our country is in the middle of a massive military build-up as part of the United Nations effort in the Middle East. We are all hoping it will not turn into a shooting war. If it does our guys and gals will be ready to do the job just as we were. From the national response to date it looks like, if we are forced to, we will fight this war to win! The RRVFPA can be proud of its counsel and influence on our nation's leaders to never again fight a war our military is not allowed to win.

I hope to see you all in San Antonio, 24 to 28 April, at our 1991 reunion.

Check Six
Bob

**DEADLINE FOR WINTER
MIG SWEEP
1 December 1990**

MY NAME

I HAVE BEEN SPIT UPON, DISHONORED AND DISGRACED
SET ON FIRE AND RIPPED TO SHREDS

I HAVE BEEN BOMBED AND SHOT AT, DIRTIED AND LEFT OUT
IN ALL TYPES OF WEATHER, BUT I HAVE A NAME

I HAVE LIVED FOR CENTURIES, BEEN SALUTED BY KINGS AND
NATIONS ALIKE

I'M SYMBOLIC FOR SOME, FEARED BY SOME

I HAVE EVEN LED PARADES AND CEREMONIES, RAISED HIGH
OVER THE LIVING AND DRAPED OVER THE DEAD

I HAVE LAID DOWN BESIDE YOU AND RUN THE COURSE OF LIFE
WITH YOU, I HAVE A NAME

I'M ALL COLORS, BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL IN DESIGN

MY NAME IS A FLAG YOURS AND MINE

TIMOTHY KNIGHT

I have seen the sunrise &
the sunset;
and all the beautiful things
in between;

I have seen the tenderness
and love in you;

My heart and eyes are full;

Thank you for being you!!!

by: Tim



18 Dec 89

W

III-18

Red Wood Press
CW Bill Getz

Dear Bill

It took a little while to get
the melody on Tape. - It also took
a few extra beers.

As to the tape:

0-63 - is a short narrative
explaining how & why we made the
tape

64-98 Verses 6-7-8 - which we did
in the cocktail lounge w/ live
music

98-165 - I tried to sing verses 1-2-3-4 & 5
by singing over the previous
music - - don't have the exact
a voice - I know you'll
do better

Enjoyed your newspaper clipping etc -
I went in Air Corps Spt 41 - Retired Aug 64
did get to fly some P-47 - P-51 from old
friends when overseas during my B-24 Tour
but wanted to take the 51 & go end the
war all by my self.

Merry Christmas - When taped - please send
me a copy Bob Garlock

FOURS - FOURS - B-24's

When the Army first called us to go off to war
They said not word one 'bout the B-24
So being young boys we rushed out to enlist
To get in the Air Corps we ^{so} did insist.

Chorus -
Fours - fours B-24's
we went off to war in a B-24.

For years we were training we knew not what for
We all ended up in a B-24
They said it would fly and we said it would not
Till up in the air like a big bird we shot.

Chorus -

In training we drank til we fell on the floor
Then found some one's bottle and called out for more
Then one day they told us our training was o'er
And we loaded ourselves on a B-24.

Chorus

On the way over we had drinks galore
At each place we stayed we got a 104
In Tunis we walked on the roof tops by night
And woke in the Casbah by dawn 's early light.

Chorus -

Now old Ed Keely gets up and tells us
There's no need to worry why make such a fuss
The fighters won't hit you - you will not get shot
The gunners are tired and the barrells are hot!

Chorus -

The fighters they zoomed and the fighters they dived
We looked at the target - we knew we'd arrived
The bomb bays were open - the bomb were away
And how we got back I don't know til this day.

Chorus -

We turned on the power - we turned on the switch
But something is missing - its cold as a witch
The heaters they work by the books we are told
We don't doubt the books but we're so --- cold.

Chorus -

Oh Mother dear Mother its sad to relate
Your poor boy has met a most horrible fate
He flew through the flak - Oh so brave and so bold
He flew through the flak but he died of the cold.

THE MARAUDER

The Marauder's a very fine Air Plane
Constructed of rivets and tin
A top speed of over 200
A snip with a headwind built in.

Chorus -

Oh why did I join the Air Corps
Oh Mother, Oh Mother knew best
Here I lie north the wreckage
Marauders all over my chest.

A B-24's a fine aircraft
A stratosphere bath tub no less
It blows up over the target
The whole god damn place is a mess

Chorus -

A B-26's a fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin
A top speed of 300 miles
A tail wind alro-ay built in.
Chorus -

The Mitchell's a very fine Air Pl
Plane
Constructed of paper and weed
Good for ferrying whiskey
But for combat it's no G D good.
Chorus

IN A PRISON CAMP

Across the Adriatic
Through spacious skies of blue
There came 1,000 bombers
With airmon tried and true
We headed for the Balkans
And straight to Bucharest
But when we hit flak alley
The gunners did the rest.

Chorus-

But we all landed safely
With parachutes galore
And now we're in a prison camp.
Sweating out the war.

A train pulled into Bucharest
One warm and sunny day
As we passed through the city
We could hear the people say
You murders, you gangsters
You bombed our city fair
You just knocked out our ~~marshalling~~
marshalling yard.
which is beyond repair.
Chorus -

Now you may think that this ends
our tale

We thought the war was over
But the bombers still flow
We heard the bombs awhistling
And we dove beneath our beds
As we lay there a trembling
And praying very hard
That they would miss the city
and hit the marshalling yard.
Chorus.

ON THE ROAD TO BUCHAREST

On the road to Bucharest
where the Luft waffe has its
nest
and the flak comes up like thun-
der
From the north, south, east
and west.

On the road to Bucharest
where the Focke Wolf's at its
best
and the flak comes up like thunder
From the north, south, east
and west.
(tune - On the Road to
Andalcy)

AT EACH PLACE WE STAYED
WE GOT 104'S

THIS LINE MEANS WORK

(1)

ANSWERED JAN - 9 1989

Give me
Ops verses

(111-17)

25 Dec 1989

Dear Mr Getz -

Per your ad in "The Retired Officer" requesting
Verses from Fours Fours B-24 - - - - -
How about - - - - -

The Heaters all work by the books,
we are told - - - -

We don't doubt the books
but it so goddam cold! * (gosh damn ??)

We flew through the war, ~~so~~
so brave and so bold

We lived through the war
but we died of the cold!

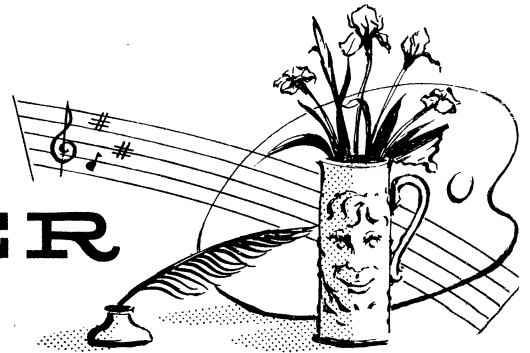
These are the only ones that came to mind
right at this moment - - - . Perhaps you
might reciprocate by sending me other verses.
(I served as a Navigator in the 464th
Bomb Group --- 15th Air Force in Italy (Nov 44 to May 45))

Have a merry Christmas - - - or
Hanukkah as you wish. - Harry Tobin

LT. COL. USAF (RET.)



CULTURAL CORNER



"Maytime Metaphors"

— of Mothers

"Mom's Muse"

beverly smith

The more kids you have the more you
adore
To go shopping for baby at a favorite
store.
Pastel diapers. My word! all printed up
too
With animals newly escaped from the
zoo.
A towel with a hood, a soft spongey toy
So useful for mother, for baby a joy.
A washcloth for wiping up all little spills,
A hot water bottle for tummy ache ills.
Layette lists are so practical! I'm sure
you'll agree
That a sixth child deserves some
frivolity!
Rosebuds and laces and such giddy things
Butterflies dangling gaily from strings.
Handknit little sweaters and wee Argyle
socks
A bonnet with ribbons, a copy of Spock's
"Baby and Child Care." This you all
know
Is the handiest thing that a mother can
stow
In baby's wee chest. I put it next to the
pins
And close to those sweet smelling
powders in tins.
These things taken care of, here comes
the big question
Perhaps you can give me a shopping
suggestion.
Is there available somewhere on this
earth
A gadget to show . . . BEFORE I give
birth
If this fat little, sweet little bundle of joy
Is a wee girl or a broth of a boy?

— of Airmen

"Early Voyagers"

jean voss

Here from this Earthen, corner place
up the sky, through wingswept space,
out of time, out of sound, in the depth of
night
supersonic prisms reflect the light
of the Aeronautical Division—1907;
When goggled helmsmen in wood "air
machines"
challenged the dynastic dominion of
heaven
with flimsy flight and iron dreams.

JUNE CONCERTS

The programs of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation Concerts at the National Gallery of Art for June, 1962, will be as follows:

June

3—Last Concert of 19th American Music Festival: National Gallery Orchestra, Richard Bales, Conductor

10—Reynaldo Reyes, Pianist

17—Jeanne Gage, Soprano
Robert Parris, Pianist

24—Gladys Stein, Pianist

Following the program of June 24th, the Gallery's concerts will be discontinued until the Fall.

— and, of Nature

"Song of the Flower"

kahlil gibran

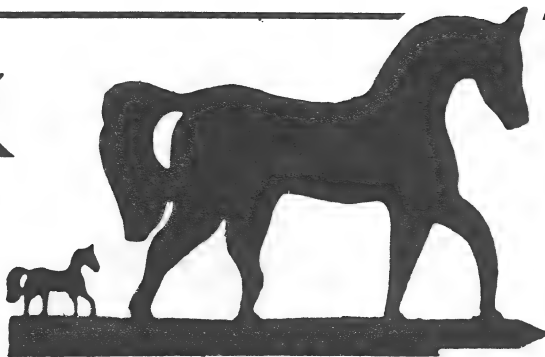
I am a kind word uttered and repeated
By the voice of Nature;
I am a star fallen from the
Blue tent upon the green carpet.
I am the daughter of the elements
With whom Winter conceived;
To whom Spring gave birth; I was
Reared in the lap of Summer and I
Slept in the bed of Autumn.
At dawn I unite with the breeze
To announce the coming of light;
At eventide I join the birds
In bidding the light farewell.
The plains are decorated with
My beautiful colours, and the air
Is scented with my fragrance.
As I embrace Slumber the eyes of
Night watch over me, and as I
Awaken I stare at the sun, which is
The only eye of the day.
I drink dew for wine, and hearken to
The voices of the birds, and dance
To the rhythmic swaying of the grass.
I am the lover's gift; I am the wedding
wreath;
I am the memory of a moment of
happiness;
I am the last gift of the living to the
dead;
I am a part of joy and a part of sorrow.
But I look up high to see only the light,
And never look down to see my shadow.
This is wisdom which man must learn.

NOTE:

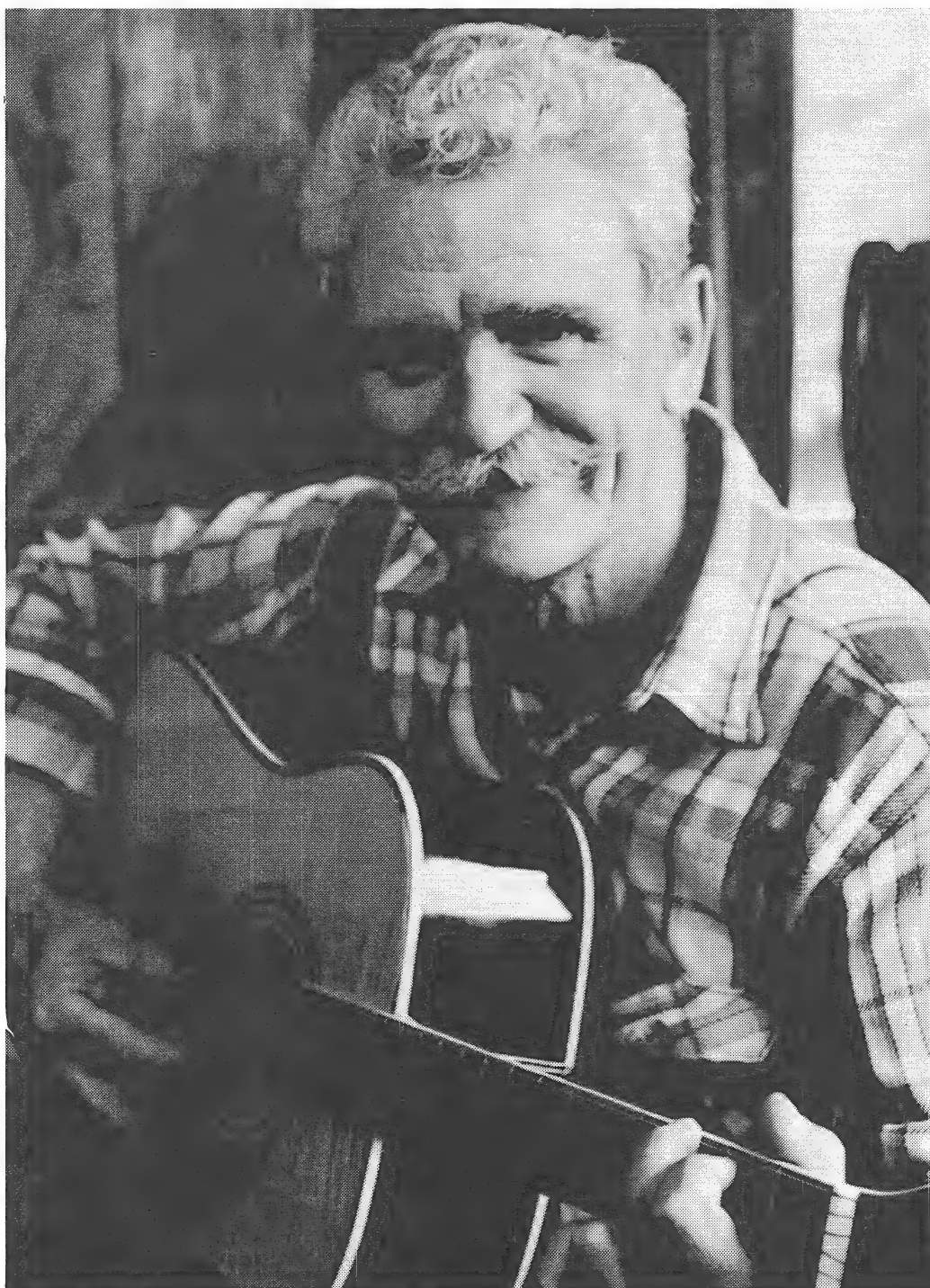
This superb poem is included in a very fine book "A Treasury of Kahlil Gibran" (translated from the Arabic by Anthony Rizcallah Ferris) which is highly recommended to fill your hours of philosophical reading. Mr. Gibran is considered to be the Dante of the Twentieth Century and this book is filled with sparkling selections that will enrich the soul.----the editor

NEW YORK FOLKLORE

newsletter



Vol. 9, No. 4
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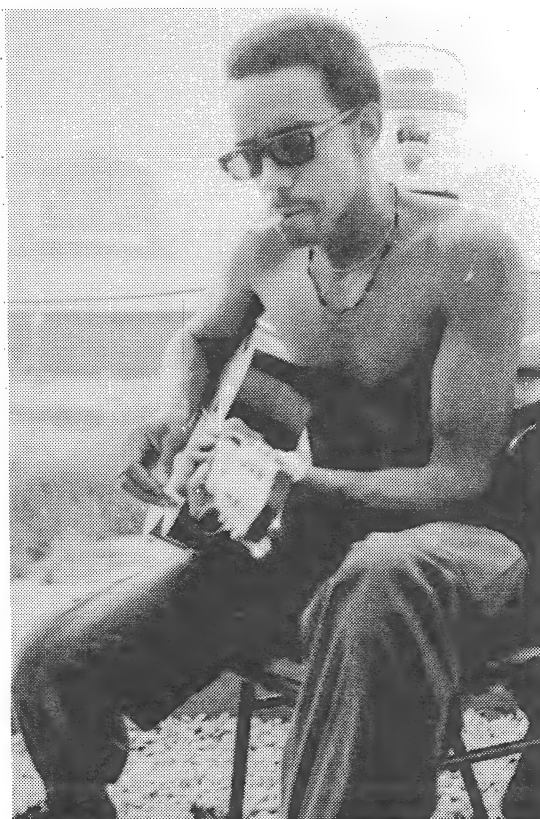


Adirondack basketmaker, storyteller and balladeer, Bill Smith of Colton, N.Y. (Photo by S.E. Edfelt.)

vided ideal conditions for the transmission of folklore. The widespread availability of inexpensive portable tape recorders meant that concerts, music nights in the mess, or informal bar performances could be recorded, copied and passed along to friends. Some especially popular groups, like the Merry-men, of the 173rd Assault Helicopter Company, made tapes for their fans and several singers had records cut. We know that these songs were occasionally played on AFVN Radio and they were probably played on the "bullshit net" which the troops operated illegally on field radios as well. The extremely high rate of troop mobility meant that these songs spread rapidly.

Songs are an important part of the occupational folk culture of the military; like all folklore they serve as a strategy for survival, as a means of group bonding and definition, as entertainment, and as a way of expressing emotion. Dick Jonas, who served with the Eighth Tactical Fighter Wing, wrote songs with themes that go back to the time of Homer: songs about loyalty to the great leader ("We Flew in the Wolf Pack with Robin Olds"), heroic deeds ("Battle Hymn of the Red River Rats") and the death of comrades ("Blue Four"). The Merry-men sang of the mighty feats of Army helicopter pilots ("Army Aviation") and made fun of other outfits ("Green Flight Pay").

Songs provided a means for the expression of protest, fear and frustration, of grief and of longing for home. Some of the songs of the anti-war movement at home were also sung in Vietnam; one night at the Khe Sanh Michael Herr saw a group of grunts sitting in a circle with a guitar singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" Bill Ellis, who wrote songs about the First Cav and sang them for the troops on the firebases, remembers that men who were in combat the day before and had lost buddies would weep when he sang his "Grunt" and "Firefight," which tells about the pain of war. Everyone, he said, was thinking about home — an emotion which he expressed in "Freedom Bird." And, like soldiers in all wars, the troops in Vietnam complained about the incompetence of the brass in the rear ("Saigon Warrior"). The most cynical and violent songs, like "Wake the Town and Strafe the People" and "We're Gonna Rape and Kill" were sung late in the war and reflect the growing frustration of the troops and the increasing breakdown of morale.



An American G.I. guitarist in Vietnam.

(Photo by Bob Hewitt.)

The most important collection of the folksongs of the Vietnam War was made by U.S. Air Force Major General Edward Lansdale, the late legendary chief of psychological operations in Southeast Asia. The collection is in two parts, the first made during the period 1965-1968, while Lansdale was serving as head of the Senior Liaison Office of U. S. Mission in Saigon. The songs were recorded at Lansdale's house by singer, composer and musician friends, both American and Vietnamese: Saigon government officials, soldiers serving as advisors to the Vietnamese, and civilians employed by USAID, the Foreign Service, CORDS, and the CIA. They range from the patriotic ("Ballad of the Green Berets") to the cynical ("McNamara's Band"), from classic soldiers songs about death in battle ("I Must Go Where Brave Men Die"), the scorn of the combat soldier for the garrison soldier ("Garri-Trooper"), epic drinking bouts ("Ba Muoi Ba") and encounters with exotic young women ("Tai Sao") to highly topical satirical songs about the political situation in Vietnam ("I Feel Like A Coup Is Coming On").

Lansdale put together a collection of thirty of these songs, with a narration explaining the circumstances of their composition and performance, and sent copies of the tapes to Lyndon Johnson and members of his cabinet and to several officials in Saigon, including Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and General Westmoreland, in an effort "to impart a greater understanding of the political and psychological nature of the war to those making decisions." This is perhaps the only example known to military history of folklore being used as a device for the transmission of intelligence. He deposited a copy of the first collection, "In the Midst of War," in the Music Division of the Library of Congress in 1975.

Lansdale returned to the United States in 1968, but friends and comrades continued to send him recordings from Vietnam and Thailand, and to drop by his house in Virginia to sing new songs they had written or collected. In 1977 he deposited a superb second collection of 160 songs, "Songs by American in the Vietnam War," in the Music Division of the Library of Congress. Both these collections were edited and provided with excellent notes by Lansdale. It is to him, as well as to collectors like Colonel C.W. Getz and Colonel James Durham (both of the U.S. Air Force) that we own most of our knowledge of the folksong of the Vietnam War.

Many of the soldiers, especially the young officers who had been exposed to the folksong revival in college, were already experienced musicians when they arrived in Vietnam. A few brought instruments with them, others ordered them from the United States (Lem Genovese remembers buying a mail-order harp from Sears Roebuck) or purchased Japanese guitars from the PX or on the local economy.

Photographs in the DOD Still Media Archives and paintings in the Army Art Collection show soldiers playing guitars while sitting in the sun at base camp or in a bunker at night. One Navy photograph shows a group called the Westwinds playing for wounded Marines about the assault landing ship *Iwo Jima*. Three members of the Merry-men met and first played together on a troopship bound for Vietnam. Joseph Tusso gives a vivid description of formal parties at an Air Force Officers' Club in Thailand; solitary singers

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with such avant-garde performance artists as Laurie Anderson; Simon Shaheen, a Palestinian violinist and oud player from Haifa who merges his native Arab musical tradition with western classical influences; Yoko Gates, a Japanese *shamisen* and *koto* player who has worked with modern, improvisatory genres and jazz; accordionist David Kasap, a recent emigre from the Soviet Union, who plays a myriad of different styles of music on both the accordion and electronic keyboards in addition to his native traditional Moldavian repertoire; Dominican saxophonist Mario Rivera, who plays Latin jazz as well as his native *merengue* music; and others.

In producing "Old Traditions — New Sounds," I have found that working on two or three programs simultaneously is both cost- and time-efficient. Thus, the first two months generally are spent collecting interviews, recording live musical performances, and gathering sound ambience. The third month of production is devoted to script writing (and rewriting!), working with the academic and technical consultants for each program, editing the actualities (interviews), recording the narration as read by Judy Collins, and finally, mixing the elements of each program together into a cohesive whole.

Many of the folk artists in "Old Traditions — New Sounds" have not been documented on recordings to date and any music that is needed — be it the traditional repertoire or the more modern style — has to be recorded either in a performance situation or in a studio. In general, I prefer to use high-quality recordings (usually digital) of live performances — weddings, parties, dances, and other social and community events — for several reasons. First, the odd background "noise" translates into radio parlance as "sound ambience," and is essential for adding context to the performance and "putting the listener on location." Secondly, musicians (and especially non-professional traditional artists) tend to freeze up in the intimidating interiors of a recording studio as they do not have any point of reference (audience) to play off of. In contrast, live recordings where an audience is watching, dancing, and generally interacting with the folkartists result in a much more lively and realistic sound.

Each program in "Old Traditions — New Sounds" contains 50 to 60 percent music, a ratio that is actually low by public radio standards. (Most radio sta-

tions prefer 70 percent music and 30 percent talk — a difficult trick in a half-hour documentary.) If the ensemble is small and the environment conducive, I am able to record the music using two excellent Shoenpps microphones and a Sony TCD-5M tape recorder. When it is a large ensemble, I hire a sound recordist who uses digital equipment. Needless to say, musical recordings of the highest quality are essential for documentary radio. Further, the folkartists are usually very pleased to have these high-quality recordings made for their own use.

Interviews make documentaries come alive. I try to let the artist speak for him/herself as much as possible, and therefore use limited narration. In general, I have found that doing two or three interviews with the featured folklorist of about two hours each over the course of several months gets the best results. This way, there is time to transcribe the interviews and ascertain what issues have been raised and what is still needed. Recuperative time for the folklorists is important too, for many find these interview sessions draining as they are asked to recall difficult issues and ambivalent feelings. Interviews with family members, leaders of the community, and musical associates are generally limited to one interview of one or two hours.

Interviews are held wherever the folk artist feels comfortable, usually in a quiet room in his/her home. It's amazing how noisy apartments and houses can be. Refrigerators often need to be unplugged, steam radiators closed, and televisions elsewhere in the house turned down. I have learned, however, that there is a point where one must sacrifice a totally quiet background for the sake of the folk artist's comfort, for many are shy about being interviewed to begin with and altering their environment for the sake of pristine recordings only exacerbates their reticence. On the other hand, what's noise to some is treasured "sound ambience" to radio producers. Sounds from an outdoor festival or the chatter of children in a neighborhood park add color and location and offer an alternate texture to that created by spoken word and music. Collecting ambience has taken me to Manhattan's Central Post Office to record the monotony of postal sorting machines; to an outdoor beer garden where elderly Armenian men play backgammon and chat; and to must

basements housing enormous wooden casks of wine which offer the bubbling sounds of fermentation.

Technical personnel for "Old Traditions — New Sounds" includes an editorial consultant for tape and text, a sound engineer, and various sound recordists in the field and studio. Each program is shaped with the invaluable advice of academic consultants, including Anna Chairetakis, Mick Maloney, Ray Allen, David Coplan, Mark Slobin, and Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, Philip Schuyler and others.

"Old Traditions — New Sounds" will air as a 13-part series in late 1989. It will be offered free to public radio stations across the country via the public radio satellite and by tape. An extensive three-month marketing plan will ensure wide national dissemination to major urban radio stations as well as to community and ethnic radio stations. Cassette copies of the programs will also be made available to public institutions and to the general public.

If you think your local public radio station would be interested in "Old Traditions — New Sounds," or if you would like further information and/or air dates, write to Rebecca Miller, World Music Institute, 109 West 27th Street, Suite 9C, New York, New York, 10001.

Offices of the New York Folklore Society

The Society now operates offices at three locations in New York State:

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New York Folklore Society, Inc.
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(607) 564-9074

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Janis Benincasa, Editor
New York Folklore Newsletter
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(914) 254-4419

Journal Office:

Philips Stevens Jr., Editor
New York Folklore
Department of Anthropology
SUNY at Buffalo
Buffalo, N.Y. 14261
(716) 636-2302

Spanish, he translated the presentation to his classmates.

Unlike many other students, Frank was neither shy nor embarrassed about presenting his traditions to his classmates. Folklorist Sciorra said he found embarrassment to be an issue for many students during the project's first year. "These traditions are usually kept in the home. Classrooms tend to downplay the cultural distinctions between students and seek a common denominator in the curriculum." While children were willing to bring in objects for the exhibit, many shied away from having parents or other relatives come in to sing traditional songs.

"We tried to break down this reluctance at the beginning with a personal approach," said Sciorra. He brought in audio tapes to a Bensonhurst classroom and played lullabies from Italian, Chinese, Yiddish and Polish traditions. "I talked about the lullabies my mother sang to me as a child, and admitted that I was embarrassed to have her sing them in front of friends." Sciorra also showed slides of ethnic festivals and practices in New York City to convey a general understanding of folklife.

To Kathleen Condon, the project contrasts sharply with programs that bring folk artists into the schools to perform for students. "Although we discovered folk artists in the community through this project, the object was to send the children out into the field. The students learn not only about the process of folklife studies, they discover that there are important traditions within their families and communities."

Sciorra amplifies the point, "It was enlightening to me to see what folklore these students discovered and presented back in the classroom. But what was most exciting was to see children actually doing fieldwork."

Condon fondly remembers the delight on one boy's face when she suggested that he bring a traditional food dish into the class exhibit. "He brought in ackees and saltfish, a Jamaican dish that he eats at home. He cut the label off a can of ackees (a Caribbean vegetable) to show a picture of the crops in the field.

"He was so proud that he had something to contribute, something that was *his*. If someone had come in and danced a Jamaican dance, he might not have made the connection that, 'Hey, this is mine!' His presentation may be less dramatic than that of an outside folk artist, but its meaning is more profound to the child."



Frank Sanchez with his mother, Haydee. Frank is wearing the traditional garb of a Guatemalan Indian.

War Songs . . .

(Continued From Page 3)

or groups provided entertainment during the meal and broadsides were sometimes distributed so everyone could join in.

In my own collection I have tapes of performances at farewell parties and concerts, in officers' clubs and bars. Competing groups representing different units provided the entertainment at Army commanders' conferences.

These songs vary as widely in theme as in circumstances of performance, from anti-war to intensely patriotic, from laments for dead friends to ribald descriptions of encounters with pretty girls on Tu Do Street. What they have in common is that they helped those who sang them and those who listened to survive. For this reason they are an integral part of the history of the Vietnam War.

Lydia Fish is the Director of the Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project. She may be contacted at the Department of Anthropology; Buffalo State College, 1300 Elmwood Avenue; Buffalo, N.Y. 14222. (716) 878-6110.



Staff Sgt. Victor Kalicki plays a Vietnamese flute to the amusement of a Vietnamese outpost guard. (Photo courtesy of U.S. Army.)

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The New York Folklore Society

Enclosed is payment of \$_____ to the New York Folklore Society, Inc. for membership in the following category:

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OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS

Newsletter Services

The *New York Folklore Newsletter* provides services to folklorists and folk arts organizations, including: free notices of presentations and special events, research notes and queries, reports on events and research, feature articles on folk arts and folklife projects, and book and record reviews. These services are free of charge.

The following copy deadlines will be strictly followed: January 30 for the Spring issue, April 30 for the Summer issue, July 30 for the Fall issue and October 30 for the Winter issue.

The Richard Reuss Prize For Students Of Folklore

The *Folklore Historian* in association with the history section of the American Folklore Society announces the establishment of the endowed Richard Reuss Prize. The prize honors Richard Reuss

(1940-1986), founding editor of *The Folklore Historian* and a leading chronicler of folklore studies. The prize of 100 dollars will be awarded to a student for a paper on a subject dealing with the history of folklore studies. The winner of the prize will have his or her paper submitted for publication in *The Folklore Historian*.

Submit papers before **June 1, 1989**, to Simon J. Bronner, American Studies Program, The Pennsylvania State University at Harrisburg, Middletown, PA 17057. For information on contributing to the Reuss Prize Fund, write W.K. McNeil, Treasurer, Folklore Historian, Ozark Folk Center, Mountain View, AR 72560.

19th Century Burial Dress Information Sought

Shannon O'Dell, a graduate student in Anthropology, is seeking information and letters, diaries, stories, etc. on the topic of dressing a corpse for burial between 1830 and 1920.

O'Dell is particularly interested in documenting what families of Central New York buried their dead in, and the process of laying out and dressing the corpses.

Contact: Shannon O'Dell, PO Box 77, Newfield, NY 14867. (607) 564-7572 or 273-8284.

Encyclopedia Seeks Contributors

The *Encyclopedia of New York City* is looking for contributors. This comprehensive one-volume text will encompass the history of the city from its origins to the present day. The editor-in-chief is Kenneth T. Jackson of Columbia University, and the publisher is Yale University Press. If interested, indicate as specifically as possible all topics — people, places, events, institutions, periods, process — about which you are qualified to write. Send letter and vita to Deborah Gardner, Managing Editor, Encyclopedia Project, New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York, NY 10024.

New York Folklore Newsletter

P.O. Box 678

Seneca Falls, N.Y. 13148

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OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS

Transcribing Service Available

Folklorist and NYFS member I. Sheldon Posen is now offering a prompt, flexible, first draft transcribing service customized for folklorists, anthropologists, oral historians, sociolinguists — anyone who works with texts field recorded on audio tapes.

The service is aimed mainly at folklore and oral history field researchers who need large amounts of tape transcribing but do not have access to secretarial services. He will provide hard copy or IBM-compatible floppy disk transcriptions customized to the client's desired format, conventions, etc. The rate is \$25/hour.

Send cassette/copies of original field tapes and indicate preferred transcription model (Ives, etc.) or enclose sample page showing desired layout, format, and transcribing conventions. Posen will return good first draft transcriptions in

letter-quality hard copy and/or ASCII files on 5¼" IBM-compatible floppy disks.

Transcriptions will be checked for basic spelling errors, etc. Clients will be advised of trouble spots and will be responsible for proofreading against tapes and fine tuning their own final drafts, if necessary. Floppies/hard copy may be returned for revisions.

For more information, contact I Sheldon Posen, 295 First Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1S 2G7, (613) 235-9947.

Call for Papers: Gender

The Winterthur Museum is soliciting papers for a conference "The Material Culture of Gender/The Gender of Material Culture" scheduled for Friday and Saturday, November 10 and 11, 1989.

The conference organizers seek a wide-ranging examination of links between

sexuality and material culture. Papers may address any North American subject from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. Potential topics include, but are not limited to: gender and value; roles and identities; the construction of gender; concepts of maleness and femaleness; power and domination; beauty; taboos and fetishes; homosexuality and the arts; domesticity; symbolism; gender in things; the ways material culture informs men's studies and women's studies.

Cross-cultural perspectives are welcome, as are contributions from any discipline. Papers describing works in progress and tentative conclusions are invited.

Speakers receive an honorarium plus expenses. Papers will be published.

Written proposals are due March 1, 1989; acceptances will be announced April 1. Contact Co-Chairs Kenneth Ames or Katharine Martinez, Winterthur Museum, Winterthur, DE 19735.

New Board Of Directors

The membership present at the 1988 Annual Meeting of the New York Folklore Society approved the following Board of Directors for 1989:

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Student Exploration of Ethnic Culture in Brooklyn

By Linda Wagner

Elisa brought a doll that her grandfather had made in Italy. Carmeto Vasquez showed the wooden fish that his Uncle Samuel had taught him to carve. Gerardo displayed a tablecloth that was made in Honduras, while Naomi offered visitors a look at the straw hat her grandmother had made for windy weather in the Dominican Republic.

The exhibitors had transformed their fourth grade classroom in Brooklyn's Sunset Park neighborhood into a folk arts museum for a morning. With artifacts that each student brought from home and descriptive labels written by the students for each item, the exhibit illustrated the diverse cultures that percolate in their neighborhood while teaching children the meaning of folklife and encouraging them to be folklorists in their own communities.

Held last May, the "exhibit" was the culminating session of a two-year pilot project entitled "Student Exploration of Ethnic Culture," sponsored by the Brooklyn Historical Society, and funded by the New York State Council for the Arts through its Arts and Education program.

During the project's first year, arts educator Amanda Ettlinger worked with folklorist Joseph Sciorra in launching a series of pilot classes and field workshops designed to teach fourth and fifth grade students how to research their own Brooklyn neighborhoods as folklorists. When Sciorra left the project due to academic commitments, Kathleen Condon stepped aboard as Folklorist, and coordinated the program's second year.

"Our objective," said Condon, "was to teach these students how to do research that's not in books. We encouraged them to value their own traditional arts and those of others, to work on communication skills, to learn the history of their neighborhood through the variety of its ethnic groups, and to get a sense of historic time by observing the ways in which objects and traditions are passed down from generation to generation."

By the end of the pilot program, the team had visited 13 classrooms in eight different schools, all located within four culturally diverse Brooklyn neighborhoods: Bensonhurst, Carroll Gardens, Sunset Park, and Windsor Terrace. Each student group received six lessons, including an introduction to folklife; a workshop in fieldwork techni-



Folklorist Kathleen Condon enjoying the student exhibit.

ques, which incorporated a neighborhood walking tour; a workshop on interviewing; an interview review; an exhibit; and in some cases, the compilation of a booklet of collected materials, such as family recipes or descriptions and illustrations of holiday celebrations.

During the neighborhood walking tours, students were encouraged to ask local shopowners about their ethnic traditions to show the value of oral histories as a means of research. In seeking objects at home to exhibit in their classrooms, students had to investigate their own family traditions and elicit oral testimony from their parents and other relatives.

One boy brought in a chicken to show

his classmates. "I was baffled at first," said Condon, "and I couldn't imagine how he viewed this as an example of folklife." But his reasoning became clear. He told her, "My family has always kept chickens in the yard. In Puerto Rico, my grandma killed them to eat. Here we keep the tradition by keeping the chickens, but we don't kill them. They're our pets."

One boy, Frank Sanchez, brought his mother Haydee to the final exhibit session. Haydee is herself a folk artist, originally from Guatemala, who weaves cloth as well as colorful wall hangings. Frank was dressed in the traditional garb of a Guatemalan Indian, which his mother explained to the class. Since she speaks only

Old Traditions — New Sounds

By Rebecca Miller

It was mid-February, 1986 and I was on the telephone, trying to line up some Irish traditional musicians to perform at a *ceili* (dance party) sponsored by the Irish Arts Center in Manhattan. As the Director of Folk Art Programs there, one of my projects was to organize a series of folkarts events in the outer boroughs of New York City. I was late in my quest for musicians because the upcoming *ceili* was scheduled for a few days after St. Patrick's Day and Irish musicians are generally booked months in advance during this holiday period. I persevered and rang up Matty Connolly, an outstanding Irish uilleann piper.

As I suspected, Matty had another job on the night of the *ceili*. Always curious to know what was happening in New York City's Irish music scene, I asked him about it.

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested, Becky. It wouldn't be the traditional music now," he answered.

Now I was really curious. I pressed him for details and it turned out that the flip side of Matty's musical personality found him moonlighting on the electric bass in an Irish-American Showband at the Tower View, a popular dance hall in Queens. He had been playing this specialized blend of country-western songs, American pop and rock numbers, and popular Irish songs for nearly three decades. The lead guitarist in Matty's group was Martin Mulhaire, who I knew to be one of the finest traditional Irish button accordionists in the U.S. today.

Greatly intrigued, I gathered interviews with both Marty and Martin regarding their motivations for expanding and diversifying their musical lives by moving away from their native traditions in favor of a more contemporary, hybrid musical style. Both men emigrated from Ireland to New York in the late 1950's and upon arrival, found that there was not only virtually no audience for traditional music, but also only infrequent opportunities to play this music socially. Also, like many other newly arrived Irish, both men sought to create a musical and social niche in their new country and did so, in part, through their involvement with Showband music. Finally, the economic realities of making a living in New York City soon became apparent and in order to work weekends as musicians, both men adapted their musical talents to what would sell.

This pattern of acculturation and assimilation was not restricted to Irish musicians and as a public sector folklorist



Folklorist Rebecca Miller with Leon Schwartz, East European Klezmer violinist at the Jewish Arts Festival, Staten Island, NY, September 1988. (Photo by Janis Benincasa.)

in New York City, I knew many folk artists from a variety of ethnic groups who pursued similar dual musical careers. Now I had the theme, the folk artists, and great musical possibilities, but how to best present it? Up to now, my experience with radio had been limited to catching AccuWeather reports on AM radio in the morning and a semi-regular diet of NPR programs. Nevertheless, audio documentaries seemed the appropriate vehicle and public radio the best route. With the help of the World Music Institute in New York City as the project sponsor, "Old Traditions — New Sounds" began to take form.

After a year-long blitz of grantwriting, "Old Traditions - New Sounds" became a 13-part series of half-hour performance documentaries. With a total budget of nearly \$115,000, the series is almost fully funded by major grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, as well as by grants from the Folk Arts Programs of New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts, and from the New York Council for the Humanities.

The series profiles different ethnic folk artists who, in addition to being masters of their native traditional music, have also gone on to learn and sometimes incorporate newer, popular American sounds into their repertoire and performance style. In a larger sense, "Old Traditions —

New Sounds" examines the immigrant experience, the influence of popular American culture on immigrant traditions, and the inherent vitality of these folkarts in the face of social change. Each program contains interviews with the featured folk artist and his/her family and musical associates; recordings of live musical performances as well as archival recordings; ambient sounds recorded in the neighborhoods and environment where the folk artists live, work, and perform; and a narration read by folk revivalist/songwriter Judy Collins, who is the host for the series.

Completed programs to date include audio portraits of a traditional Yiddish (*klezmer*) clarinetist — Sid Beckerman of Brooklyn, N.Y. — who also plays standard American dance music on the saxophone; Southern Italian traditional singer Carmine Ferraro, now of Westerly, Rhode Island, who also performs pop songs with an Italo-American band; Armenian clarinetist Soren Baronian of New York City who incorporates jazz elements into his traditional Middle Eastern musical styles; Iron button accordionist-turned electric guitarist Martin Mulhaire; and South African folk and pop vocalist Thuli Dumakude.

Upcoming programs will feature Korean *kayagum* player Sang Won Park, who also performs contemporary music

OF INTEREST TO MEMBERS

Binghamton Author Publishes Tall Tale Book

The tall tale — that ubiquitous and perhaps quintessential form of American humor — is the subject of a recently published book by Binghamton writer Carolyn (Carrie) Brown. Not content with studying only the oral tall tale, or only the tall subject matter that appears in much American literature, Brown tackles the problem of understanding how the tall tale, as a mode of communication, operates in both folklore and literature.

Drawing on previous research and her own fieldwork, she first explores the oral tall tale. It is not, she discovers, necessarily an account of the adventures of a larger than life hero, nor is it just a humorous first-person narrative exaggerated to outlandish proportions. It is as well an interaction between teller and audience — a game played at the hazy border between the credible and the incredible, a challenge and an entertainment at the same time. The tall tale is also a social statement that identifies and binds a folk group by flaunting the peculiar knowledge and experiences of group members, and it is a tool for coping with a stressful or even chaotic world, for conquering life's problems by laughing at them.

During the nineteenth century, as the tall tale moved from folklore into subliterate and literature, it often retained its essential characteristics. The most artistically successful tall tale writers were those who most creatively transformed the tall tale's subtle social functions into print. Brown probes the uses of the tall tale "relationship" in newspaper hoaxes, sketches and Crockett Almanacs as well as in major works by Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, George Washington Harris, and Mark Twain. Her epilogue suggests how and where tall tale forms and functions still appear in American literature.

The Tall in American Folklore and Literature (University of Tennessee Press) was selected by Choice as one of the outstanding academic books of 1987-88.

Brown, who holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of Virginia, insists, however, that the book is not simply "academic", but was also written for "the sophisticated general reader with an interest in the subject."

Since completing the book she has been concentrating on writing magazine articles on American folklore, history, and

the arts. She is also currently an adjunct curator of history at the Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences in Binghamton.

Erie County Folk Art Exhibition

In 1986-87, a folklorist Mia Boynton conducted a survey of the folk and popular arts of Buffalo and Erie County, under the auspices of the Arts Council in Buffalo and with funding from the Folk Arts Division of the New York State Council on the Arts. In her proposal to NYSCA, Boynton stated, "The art of working class people — folk art — is not only art. It is tradition. Many of its aesthetic principles are class-based, aligned with family and economic tendencies rather than with high art standards. Buffalo's abundance of skilled industrial workers and ethnic families have produced a population of highly creative folk artists."

In her searches for and visits to Buffalo's folk artists, Boynton looked for the idiosyncratic and the home-grown, particularly if in some way it seemed to be communicating intensely with the people among whom and for whom it was made.

Folk art has frequently been the subject of debate between academic and commercial interests. Craftspeople often claim to be selling "folk art" while folklorists search for itinerant folk artists who derive joy and satisfaction from their own work and creations, often following family-honored traditions.

Boynton's searches for improvisations and scrap art/building have led her through Erie County looking "for the spirit of the people."

"Real folk artists follow themselves, not patterns from a book," she explained. "I like seeing the historical blend with the new. There is real joy in not being slavish to modern technology."

The Burchfield Art Center is presenting an exhibition of selected objects and paintings from Boynton's folk art survey, which will run through March 9. The show is organized into the following categories: 1) miniatures and models; 2) pictorials; 3) human and animal figures; 4) scrap and component-built objects; and 5) large and unmoveable folk art sites.

The "large and unmoveable" category, which includes some of Buffalo's more extraordinary housefronts, storefronts, grottoes, yard shrines, and folk gardens — will be presented in a special section of the

exhibit through the color prints of Buffalo photographer Marion Faller. Faller is known for her color photography of rural and vernacular yards, gardens (and more recently, in collaboration with folklore consultant Kate Koperski) folk Catholic ritual in western New York.

On Saturday, February 11, at 2 p.m., there will be a slide talk and public dialogue, "The Interpretation and Photography of Outdoor Folk Art Sites: Two Views." Key protagonist in this dialogue (as well as the audience) will be exhibit photographer Marion Faller and New York City area folklorist Joseph Sciorra, who in 1985 directed a groundbreaking photographic survey of Italian-American lawn shrines, yard decorations and public rituals in the boroughs around New York City.

New FOLKLINE Number

FOLKLINE, a telephone information service jointly operated by the American Folklore Society and the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress, has a new number.

Callers can reach FOLKLINE's recorded message at 202/707-2000 to learn of training and professional opportunities and other news notes of national interest to those in the field of folklore and folklore studies and public programming. The message will be updated every Monday morning between 9 a.m. and noon, Eastern time, and will be available 24 hours each day until the next Monday morning.

Brief notices include: grants, graduate fellowships, intern positions, field schools, news of graduate programs, and other information of interest to students; professional and academic public programming positions in folklore and folklife, grant and fellowship information; meeting calendars and other timely news notes of national interest.

FOLKLINE complements the more extensive coverage given to these and other topics in the *AFS Newsletter* and *Folklife Center News*. It is intended to keep those in the field up-to-date between issues of these publications.

Press releases and other information of national interest may be sent to:

FOLKLINE
American Folklife Center
Library of Congress
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From the Delta to the DMZ: Folksongs of the Vietnam War

By Lydia Fish

To most of us, the Vietnam War has a rock and roll soundtrack. Almost every novel, memoir or oral history of the war by a veteran mentions the music that the author listened to in country. All the songs of the sixties were part of life in the combat zone; troops listened to music in the bush and in the bunkers. Sony radios, Akai stereos and Teak tape decks were easily available, American music was performed live by the ubiquitous Filipino rock bands, AFVN Radio broadcast round the clock, and new troops arrived weekly with the latest records from the states. GI-operated underground radio stations, playing mostly hard acid-rock, were part of the in-country counterculture of the war. Even the enemy contributed to the sound of American music on the airwaves; Radio Hanoi played rock and soul music, while a series of soft-voiced, Oxford-accented women announcers known collectively to the troops as Hanoi Hannah competed with Chris Noel for the hearts and minds of the American soldiers.

The troops had their own top forty, of songs about going home, like "Five Hundred Miles," or "Leaving on a Jet Plane," or of darker or more cynical album cuts with reflected their experiences: "Run Through The Jungle," "Bad Moon," "Fade to Black," or "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." References to popular music are an integral part of the language of war: "Puff the Magic Dragon" or "Spooky" meant a cargo plane outfitted with machine guns, "rock and roll" fire from an M-16 on full automatic.

But there were other songs in Vietnam, too, songs that the American public never heard. These were the songs made by the



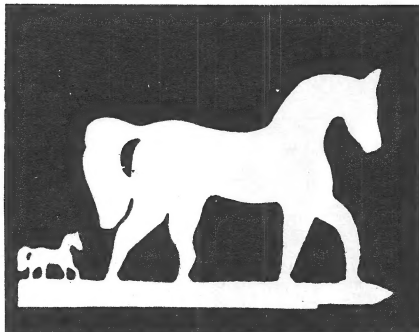
"The Westwinds" aboard the assault landing ship Iwo Jima providing impromptu entertainment for Marines recovering from wounds resulting from a recent encounter with the Viet Cong. (Photo Courtesy U.S. Navy)

troops, for themselves. Some of these were closely related to older military traditional music. The pilots who flew off the carriers and out of Thailand sang songs that were known by the men who flew for the RAF in World War I. The grunts learned "I Don't Want to Join the Army"; sung by Wellington's soldiers in the Napoleonic wars, from Australian troops in Vietnam. Other songs grew out of the folksong revival of the late fifties and early sixties.

Youngsters who had been members of folk or rock groups before entering the service often wrote and performed songs

about their war experiences. Sometimes they formed trios and quartets and sang at Red Cross Clubs or Commanders' Conference. A few became "official" performers and toured the outlying fire bases, where the USO performers couldn't go, singing for the troops. These songs, in the words of General Edward Lansdale, belong to the Americans who served in Southeast Asia and express their own emotions about a war, a people, and a land far from home.

The same technology which made it possible for the troops to listen to rock music "from the Delta to the DMZ" pro-



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